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The captives of Korea.

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BOOKS BY WILLIAM LINDSAY WHITE

THE CAPTIVES OF KOREA

BACK DOWN THE RIDGE

BERNARD BARUCH

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

LOST BOUNDARIES

REPORT ON THE GERMANS

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

WHAT PEOPLE SAID

THE CAPTIVES OF KOREA

THE CAPTIVES OF KOREA

AN UNOFFICIAL WHITE PAPER
ON THE TREATMENT
OF WAR PRISONERS

***Our Treatment of Theirs:
Their Treatment of Ours***

By WILLIAM LINDSAY WHITE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS • NEW YORK

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DEDICATION:

▲ ▲ TO THOSE FIFTY-EIGHT PERCENT

OF OUR AMERICAN ARMY PRISONERS

IN KOREA ▲ WHO WILL NEVER RETURN

▲ FROM COMMUNIST CAPTIVITY ▲ IN

THE HOPE ▲ THAT THESE STRIVINGS ▲

WILL HELP TO GET FOR THEM

THEIR LITTLE PLACE

IN HISTORY ▲ ▲

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PREFACE

IN the spring of 1955 there drifted onto my desk a compact, moving but piteously underpublicized document—the official White Paper issued by the British government on the treatment of Her Majesty's prisoners during the Korean War.

Well, what about ours? Surely, in the vaults of the Pentagon and the State Department, material for a far more poignant story must exist, since America, having sent vastly more men to that fighting line, had incurred a far greater loss in prisoners. Surely the story of their captivity could produce a White Paper which, even if unofficial, would chronicle their struggles while in Communist hands.

There was furthermore, and by contrast, the dramatic story of the prisoners we United Nations had taken from their Communist armies—men who, perhaps because they had enjoyed good treatment and every protection of the Geneva Convention, at last had risen in dramatic revolt, with the result that more than half had refused to return to their Communist homelands.

Long before the agony of Hungary, this rebellion against Communism of the Chinese and Korean prisoners on Koje-do seemed to reveal—for any who care to look—widening cracks in the foundations of the Communist Slave-Empires, seemed to prove beyond question that these “Tank Democracies”, saddled by the Soviet Union on countless millions after World War II, had utterly failed to gain the support of the people they ruled.

Why not then an unofficial White Paper which would tell the significantly inter-related stories both of their treatment of our prisoners, and our United Nations treatment of theirs?

From the outset, our Government gave the project full support. I enlisted the help of an old friend, Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., who put the essential machinery in motion,

and gave guidance and encouragement each step of the way, with the result that any reader who regards this compilation as a public service owes a particular debt of gratitude to him, and also to his Special Assistant Earl D. Sohm, who in implementing these matters, went far Above and Beyond the Call of Duty.

Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson was particularly helpful in disentangling for me some of the complicated political aspects of the Armistice Negotiations, since he himself had flown to Seoul to rectify with President Rhee various misunderstandings.

John Lindbeck, Public Affairs Advisor in the State Department and a specialist on our somewhat tousled relations with the Chinese Communists, gave me help in this and many other fields.

I am most grateful to Gordon Grey, Assistant Secretary of Defense, for his original interest and continuing help was reflected throughout the Defense Department.

Here Major James Kelleher spent countless hours guiding me through the archives which told—sometimes by statistics or affidavits and occasionally by tape recordings—the piteous story of what had happened to our prisoners in Communist hands during their Yalu captivity.

Lieutenant Colonel James Monroe dug out for me most of the source documents on “brain-washing”—if such a thing exists. I had full access both to the Communist sound films showing American pilots declaiming their fabricated “confessions” of germ warfare, and also to sound films taken after their return, in which they repudiated these false confessions. Throughout, Colonel Monroe ably and persuasively laid before me the Air Force viewpoint on this problem.

I am deeply grateful to Colonel Kenneth K. Hansen, Infantry, now in the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but formerly chief of Psychological Warfare for the Far East Command, who was asked to give me facts dealing with our handling of prisoners from the Communist armies in northern Korea and with collateral matters during this pivotal period, and most generously did so.

Colonel William R. Robinette, Artillery, now in the office of the Chief of Special Warfare, Department of the Army, but also

formerly head of Psychological Warfare in the Far East, most gallantly filled gaps in this narrative by supplying me with his experiences while a prison commander both on Koje and Yonchodo, and also with colorful and first-hand accounts of the Explanations at Panmunjom, which he attended as Chief United States Observer of Explanations to our North Korean prisoners.

Reporter Paul Garvey, who attended Explanations as a reporter for the United States Information Agency and is a trained and accurate observer, was generous both with his time and his background material on this period. Since no stenographic account of these sessions exists, I have occasionally filled in dialogue from the excellent reportage given by the *New York Times*.

Major Harold Whallen, who was and is with the Army's G-2 section both in the Far East and in Washington, gave me his most vivid account of our necessary political screenings of the Chinese prisoners we held, in which he could take part since he is China-born and a fluent Chinese linguist.

For fresh and first-hand accounts of Communist treatment of our American prisoners, the Defense Department put me in touch with a group of highly intelligent young junior officers, recently back from captivity, who were willing to tell their stories. From these I wove the typical prisoner's narrative, from point of capture, through the terrible death marches, then to Communist interrogation, from this to calculated starvation which was a prelude to propaganda, and hence to final release.

While the Defense Department has cautioned me to avoid, in these sections, the use of real names in order to protect from further pain the families of men who died under such treatment, I nevertheless wish to thank Majors Clarence Leroy Anderson and William Preston, Captains Paul Thomas O'Dowd and William L. Lewis, as well as Dr. Sidney Esensten—all of them returned prisoners of war—for giving me a considerable part of the material which went into these composite narratives. They would be the first to insist that their experience was common to thousands—hence its importance to this narrative.

My final bow of gratitude is from the waist, and to sundry Communist publications which I browsed in the Library of

Congress, so that I could present their argument along with our own, thus giving the reader the chance (impossible in any official White Paper) to weigh both in the scale of his own judgment.

Somehow the name "White Paper"—tagged as a working title to this material in its early stages—still seems to fit. For even though it is sometimes sternly critical of our American policies or behavior (unthinkable in any rigid government treatment) it still remains a cry to the world to examine the facts, in this strange matter of Korean captives.

But the finished work is flagrantly unofficial. In releasing the material to me, both the State and Defense Departments gave me not only valued corrections in fact, but also admonitions as to some of my conclusions, as well as to the uncombed language in which sometimes I had couched these.

Such friendly warnings I was free in part to disregard as, of course, they understood. For any work bearing an author's name must include his interpretations, however much in error some may hold them to be.

Therefore, not one featherweight of responsibility for any opinion, error or phrase of mine should be put on the shoulders of those men—from Under Secretary Hoover on down—who to my mind performed the important public service of rescuing this material from the official vaults, so that it might be laid before the Free World.

So if any should take offense at what they may view as the Cro-Magnon opinions here expressed, or the Baroque phrases with which they may be adorned, this blame is mine alone.

William Lindsay White
February 15th, 1957
EMPORIA, KANSAS

THE CAPTIVES OF KOREA

THE EVEN MORE COMMUNIST U.S.S.R.

THE MORE OR LESS COMMUNIST CHINESE
• MUKDEN

• ANSHAN

(A Soviet Mig Base)

Here in these Yalu Prison Camps
our U.N. Soldiers starved

THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC
REPUBLIC OF KOREA

Korea Bay

• PYONGYANG

SUAN
(Pak's Palace)

KAESONG PANMUNJOM

Sea of Japan

38°

38°

Here squabbled the Diplomats

FREE KOREA

MUNSAN-NI

SEOUL

YONGDONG-NI

INCHON
Here MacArthur's landings
almost won the war

Yellow Sea

• TAEUCU

KOJE-DO PUSAN

Our Korean prisoners:
Anti-Communists
Communists
Communist Officers

YONCHO-DO

CHEJU-DO

Korea Strait

Our Chinese prisoners
of both political creeds

I THE ROAD TO GETHSEMANE

GENESIS

IN the year one thousand, nine hundred and fifty, the exact center of our troubled century, and precisely at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 25th of June according to their watches and calendars, their patrols began crossing the 38th parallel at every point where there was a path, moving swiftly south.

The hour was well chosen. Crops were in. Roads were dry. By the time the frontier posts were overrun, there would be light enough for serious fighting.

By the watches and calendars of the few people left in the Pentagon, it would be 2 o'clock of a midsummer Saturday afternoon, when those few would be ill prepared to cope with a distant war.

In Switzerland, almost halfway around the world and across the International Date Line from those advancing patrols of the People's Democratic Republic of Korea (Communist), it was then 8 o'clock at night. From the headquarters building of the International Committee of the Red Cross

you could see, reflected in Lake Geneva, the dark masses of the surrounding peaks in faint silhouette against the afterglow.

But now lights began to come on in those darkened Geneva windows, one by one, mirrored in the quiet lake. For war is the business both of the Pentagon and of the International Red Cross: cables must be drafted.

By Monday it was clear to whom they should go. For the United Nations Security Council, meeting in emergency session, had declared North Korea to be an aggressor, and had called on member states to aid South Korea, whose government had already been forced out of its capital city of Seoul.

The International Red Cross (and the Free World) then knew little about North Korea, a drearily standardized "tank democracy" which had been one of the most heavily veiled parts of the Iron Curtain empire. Its capital was supposedly at Pyongyang. Its independence was recognized only by other Communist "People's Democracies." All its contacts with our West were through Moscow.

Yet perhaps at Pyongyang they knew even less about the International Committee of the Red Cross. So in Geneva International Red Cross President Paul Ruegger began his cable by spelling out in some detail that his Committee was:

A NEUTRAL INSTITUTION COMPOSED OF SWISS CITIZENS
FOUNDED IN 1863, PLANNED AS AN INTERMEDIARY IN
CASE OF WAR, WHICH NOW PUTS ITSELF AT YOUR
DISPOSAL TO ACCOMPLISH ITS TRADITIONAL TASK
IN KOREA.

He could have added that this task has little to do with national Red Cross organizations; such as the American Red Cross, the Red Cross or Red Crescent Societies of the Soviet Union, the British, Czech, Argentine, Indian, or Pakistan Red Crosses. In time of war each of these aids its own army,

and in peace they have their own loose world organization—the League of Red Cross Societies.

Sharply distinct from them is the International Committee of the Red Cross, made up entirely of citizens of neutral Switzerland so that, in time of war, its impartiality may not be questioned.

It is this International Committee of the Red Cross which has summoned nations to the big Geneva Conferences (in 1929 and 1949) for agreement to protect the helpless in war.

Still more important, in time of war, this International Committee is charged with enforcing that protection. In World Wars I and II its delegates from neutral Switzerland inspected prison camps of all signing states. These delegates make sure that a soldier, when captured, is not tortured for information, that he is not shamed or pelted in the streets on the way to camp, that his name, rank, and serial number are promptly sent to Switzerland, which then notifies his government, that he gets hospital treatment as good as that given to the army which captured him, that he is well fed, clothed, housed, and freed at the war's end. Often this IRC delegate sent out from neutral Geneva is the prisoner's only friend.

In cabling Pyongyang, Paul Ruegger pointed out that although North Korea was not one of the 61 states which had signed the 1949 Geneva Convention, she could have its benefits. Assuring them that a similar cable was going to Seoul, he ended by saying that the Committee:

WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE VIEWS AND INTENTIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF NORTH KOREA ON THE SUBJECT.

He also wired a copy of the cable to the Foreign Office in Moscow, requesting that since telegraph authorities could not guarantee delivery to Pyongyang, would they transmit his message?

He then wired American Secretary of State Dean Acheson

(by then we were in it) that his IRC was again ready to act "as on previous occasions" in its "traditional position as neutral intermediary." In fact:

INTERCROSS HAS INSTRUCTED HONGKONG DELEGATE
FREDERICK BIERI TO PROCEED TOKYO THIS WEEK ON HIS
WAY SOUTHERN KOREA. SHOULD BE GRATEFUL ANY
ASSISTANCE TO HIM. . . . ALL INITIAL STEPS HAVE
BEEN TAKEN TO SEND DELEGATES NORTH KOREA.

Any possible doubts as to our attitude were cleared up in the State Department's announcement (on July 3) that, although Congress had not formally ratified the Geneva Convention, we would be guided by their "humanitarian principles" and would "cooperate fully" with the International Red Cross.

Two days later President Syngman Rhee (his army was being battered down the Korean peninsula) found time to praise the Geneva Convention as having been "signed by most of the civilized nations" and to proclaim that South Korea "is proud to be a signatory" and "will live up to the conditions of the Convention."

The North Koreans? Nothing from Pyongyang as yet. So Paul Ruegger decided to poke them up politely with another cable, informing them in graceful diplomatic French that the South Koreans had accepted the IRC's offer "identical to that we sent you" and that, as soon as North Korea authorized the necessary travel visas,

OUR DELEGATE REYNIER WILL APPROACH YOUR GOVERNMENT,
TO STUDY WITH YOUR CONSENT ALL MEASURES FOR THE
SAME PROTECTION [including] THE POSSIBILITY OF
CREATING SECURITY ZONES TO PROTECT WOMEN, CHILDREN
AND OLD PEOPLE FROM BOMBARDMENT. . . . THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS
RESPONDED. . . . HIGH CONSIDERATION.

RUEGGER, PRESIDENT INTERCROIXROUGE

However high Mr. Ruegger's consideration of Pyongyang, it brought him no answer. Instead on July 13th the North Korean Communist government "had the honor to inform" the Secretary General of the UN that:

THE ARMY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF
KOREA IS STRICTLY ABIDING BY THE PRINCIPLES OF THE
GENEVA CONVENTION IN RESPECT TO PRISONERS OF WAR.

PAK HEN YEN,
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
PYONGYANG

To Geneva this was glorious news, yet one detail might have given Paul Ruegger pause. For in all but name, the United Nations and North Korea were now at war. Was it only through diplomatic naïveté that Pak Hen had telegraphed his foes, instead of more correctly releasing this news through neutral Geneva?

It was, however, no time to puzzle over manners, for three days later came the news that South Korea, following through on its pledge,

AUTHORIZED MR. FREDERICK BIERI'S APPOINTMENT
TO KOREA [as delegate and inspector for the
IRC] AND PROMISES NECESSARY TRAVEL FACILITIES
[their broken armies were falling back, their
roads clogged with refugees] SUCH [telegraphed
their harassed Foreign Minister] AS WE HAVE.

No further word from the North. So on July 18th Paul Ruegger in Geneva gently re-nudged the taciturn Pak Hen, reminding this diplomat that his government had announced it

WAS ABIDING BY THE PRINCIPLES OF THE GENEVA
CONVENTION. WE HOPE THEREFORE TO GET SOON
LISTS OF PRISONERS CAPTURED BY YOUR TROOPS . . .

He suggested that Geneva would pay cable tolls and depicted himself as being

EQUALLY PERSUADED THAT YOUR GOVERNMENT [here came the big question] WILL ACCORD OUR DELEGATION CHARGED WITH GOING TO PYONGYANG ALL FACILITIES AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR COMING RESPONSE . . . HIGH CONSIDERATION.

In the prisoner-of-war stockades of South Korea, IRC Delegate Bieri was already reporting to Geneva on conditions, so that presently Paul Ruegger could notify Pak Hen that in United Nations Compound #100, the 245 former soldiers of his Communist army were now confined in a "healthy area, outside combat zone. Newly constructed: no barbed wire," that their food was the daily ration of the South Korean Army, i.e., "5 hops of rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ hop barley and wheat" with an allowance per man (to buy perishables) of "230 wons in cash." Anxious families of these Communist prisoners could be given the assurance that "capture cards and lists are being prepared" and the carefully neutral Mr. Bieri pronounced general conditions satisfactory, "taking into consideration the fact that this camp has just been opened."

Presently Geneva could assure Pak Hen that on July 29th Delegate Bieri had found similar conditions in the United Nations POW Camp #1, with the difference that these prisoners' capture cards had already been forwarded. Also, in talking to Bieri, the prisoners had requested him to ask the camp authorities to serve their ration in "three meals daily." Meanwhile, Bieri, on his own, had warned camp authorities that "in bad weather, they need blankets."

From Pak Hen, however, no answering cluck of gratitude, so Ruegger now took up with Bieri in South Korea various schemes for getting the other IRC delegate, Jean Courvoisier, into North Korea, where he could inspect Communist prison stockades holding United Nations POWs. Bieri reported the

Chief of the Soviet Mission in Tokyo would not even give Courvoisier permission to go to Vladivostok until he had a North Korean entry visa.

Failing this, Paul Ruegger explored with Bieri various romantic possibilities. Could not Courvoisier be taken to the front lines of the retreating United Nations armies, from thence to be encircled and captured by the advancing Communist divisions? Or perhaps parachuted from a United Nations plane?

The UN Command, however, harassed with the problems of withdrawal before a Communist avalanche, could not take responsibility. So Ruegger now diverted his cables to the North Korean Red Cross, which had, according to his records, at least a paper existence in Pyongyang, be it only a desk in their Ministry of Health.

On August 2 Ruegger informed this shadowy institution that Bieri was already at his neutral tasks in South Korea, and

DEEM IT ESSENTIAL THAT OUR DELEGATE JEAN
COURVOISIER, ALREADY IN THE FAR EAST, GO TO
PYONGYANG STUDY WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT POSSI-
BILITIES PERFORMING SAME FUNCTIONS IN TERRITORY
OF PEOPLE'S [Communist] DEMOCRACY OF NORTH
KOREA. COURVOISIER ARRIVES TIENTSIN AUG. 7.
CHINESE GOVERNMENT READY TO LET HIM CROSS THEIR
TERRITORY. ASK YOUR SUPPORT OUR EFFORTS WITH
YOUR GOVERNMENT. THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE.

When no answer came to this, nor from Pak Hen, Ruegger gingerly took the dangerous step of going over his head. There seemed little to lose, and conceivably he had addressed the wrong department. So now he cabled Pak Hen's boss, the Prime Minister of North Korea. He first listed that ample nest of Geneva's previous cables on which Pak Hen was setting,

TO NONE OF WHICH HAVE WE MOST REGRETTABLY RECEIVED A REPLY SO FAR, [and then begged transit visas] FOR JACQUES DE REYNIER, DIRECTED TO LEAVE FOR KOREA BY LAND THROUGH USSR [but who cannot] EXPECT A TRANSIT VISA UNTIL YOUR GOVERNMENT'S ENTRY PERMIT IS GRANTED, [and also for] DELEGATE JEAN COURVOISIER . . . WHOSE TRANSIT THROUGH CHINA CAN [according to cable from Chou En-lai] ONLY BE FACILITATED WHEN YOUR GOVERNMENT'S ENTRY PERMIT IS GIVEN . . . APPEAL MOST EARNESTLY AND PERSONALLY TO YOUR EXCELLENCY.

First, silence, and then in mid-August a ray of hope, and Ruegger from Geneva is joyously cabling Chou En-lai in Peiping:*

LEARN ENTRANCE PERMIT ON CHINESE TERRITORY
GRANTED OUR DELEGATE JEAN COURVOISIER PRAY
ACCEPT SINCEREST THANKS . . . RUEGGER.

A few days later Courvoisier is hopefully knocking on the door of the North Korean Embassy in Peiping, only to be told by underlings to write His Excellency a letter. (It got no answer.) Then from Peiping he is cabling Pyongyang, requesting his entrance visa in order to take up with them matters concerning the bombardment of hospitals and the establishment of security zones for civilians, to make these known to the aircraft of the other side. (It got no answer.)

Perhaps Korean Communists feel proud silence becomes a victor, for by now the North Korean armies had herded the

* The spelling of China's ancient capital is today a matter of hot political dispute. In roman letters it was originally written as "Peking" by the English and "Pekin" by the French. Before World War II it was renamed "Peiping"—City of Peace—by the Kuomintang government, and this variant today is used by all anti-Communist Chinese, the U.S.A. and the Author, while pro-Communist Chinese and Her Britannic Majesty's government have reverted to "Peking."

All three forms, in their appropriate documentary contexts, appear in this volume. W. L. W.

American 24th Division and the remnants of South Korea's armies into a tiny perimeter around Pusan, with some likelihood that they could be pushed into the sea. And Red Cross Delegate Bieri was assuring Geneva that if this happened, he would stay on in Pusan, in the hope that the victorious Communists would let him look after their American and South Korean prisoners.

But the Communist silence (whatever its reason) was now broken by what in Washington might almost have seemed a triumphant cackle from Pak Hen, who on August 16th cabled Geneva:

HAVE THE HONOR TO TRANSMIT TO YOU . . . A FIRST
LIST OF 50 AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR CAPTURED BY
THE PEOPLE'S ARMY OF THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF
KOREA. THEY ARE IN PYONGYANG PRISON CAMP . . .

This made still more urgent the matter of getting Courvoisier into North Korea. Perhaps the Soviet Union, her giant protector to the north, might make Pak Hen see reason, so the heartstrings of Jacob Malik were plucked by a cable from Ruegger addressed to him in New York where, as Foreign Minister, he represented the USSR on the UN Security Council:

. . . I HAVE REPEATEDLY REQUESTED THE GOVERNMENT OF
THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF KOREA TO GRANT
NECESSARY FACILITIES TO OUR DELEGATES . . . THESE
ACTIVITIES ALREADY BEING PERFORMED IN SOUTH
KOREA . . . THE IRC . . . WILL APPRECIATE ANY
IMPARTIAL SUPPORT OF ITS AIMS, WHICH ARE EXCLUSIVELY
THE PROTECTION OF WAR VICTIMS.

It got no answer. So far (it was now late August) the net result of Paul Ruegger's persistent cables in flawless diplomatic French had been to get for the International Red Cross one useless Chinese transit visa. Yet nothing should be overlooked, and, in scanning the bulletins of the various

national Red Cross societies, he paused at one from Hungary and then wired:

WE LEARN THAT YOUR SOCIETY HAS ANNOUNCED THE
DISPATCH OF AN AMBULANCE TO KOREA. . . . [we] ARE
READY TO CONTRIBUTE A GIFT OF MEDICINES OR OTHER
NECESSITIES. . . .

. . . for needed drugs might find their way to UN prisoners held in North Korea, even if no Red Cross inspecting delegate had yet got in.

The General • I

So now, what of those prisoners? Hear first from an American general who, in the confusion of mid-July, had got separated from his command and 36 days later (the last 20 with nothing to eat), "became overconfident and walked into a small patrol." He was not spotted as a general but "at Chonju they put me in a jail by myself, on account of my being an Occidental. The next morning, someone who could read English identified me. The officer in charge . . . was very apologetic, said he knew officers of high rank shouldn't be kept in a jail . . . gave me a haircut, a shave, and a bath, and put me in a cottage outside. . . ."

Now during all those 36 days of dodging and hiding, The General had dreaded not particularly death, but rather interrogation. For during them as he skulked through the brush, drank foul water from rice paddies fertilized with human manure, and slept in ravines, he had carried with him the war's most important secret.

This he had learned on about July 4th, from a member

of General MacArthur's staff who had come over from Japan when our armies still were being knocked loose from one strong point after another. The staff officer had explained that they could expect no immediate help through more American divisions landing at Pusan, toward which southern port they were now desperately retreating.

But when they had reached Pusan and were fighting with their backs to the sea, outnumbered and presumably with little hope, a new American striking force would suddenly be landed at Inchon, the port city of Seoul far to the north, now firmly in Communist hands. From here, driving across the Korean peninsula from the Yellow Sea toward the Sea of Japan, it would sever enemy lines of communication as you might snip the legs of an octopus from its head.

Once these were cut, starving Communist armies might be crushed between this new Inchon striking force and that from Pusan then moving triumphantly north.

All hung on surprise. Were this secret not kept, that new striking force, loaded in Tokyo and perhaps even now at sea, might be met by Communist divisions massed on the Inchon beaches, its men butchered in the shallows of the Yellow Sea before ever they got ashore.

After those 20 foodless days The General was hardly more than skeleton. Under skillful questioning—and who knew what pressures—would his mind be keen enough to guard that secret, on which hung the lives of thousands of Americans, and perhaps (who knew?) the fate of Asia?

Next morning after that bath, shave, and night's rest in a clean bed (treatment correct even by Geneva's standards), it began. When The General was led to the room, he expected to find an interpreter and perhaps two military interrogators. Instead here were perhaps a score of oriental faces.

Now the questions: Why had America intervened in this Korean Civil War? Why were American planes slaughtering

innocent Korean women and children? Why should American boys be sent across the Pacific to maintain in power that puppet of Wall Street Imperialism, Syngman Rhee?

In parrying these, The General tried to maintain the dignity of his American uniform. But he was puzzled that no sober military questions were asked. None of them seemed to care what plans we might have for saving that army now tightly hemmed in at Pusan, how many other American divisions were on their way, nor where they might be put ashore. He also noted that some of the voices and faces in this room were curiously familiar.

Not until much later did he learn that this had been only a press conference, held to display an American general as a war trophy, and that he had been facing only reporters, some of whom had attended press conferences he had given when he had been Military Governor of South Korea, when they had goaded him with bitter Marxist questions. Permitted, of course, in that democratic land.

Now they told him that tomorrow he would be taken to Seoul, Korea's ancient capital, now in Communist hands, where once he had presided as military governor.

THE NEUTRALS

MEANWHILE from Geneva the International Red Cross was forwarding to North Korea the September 5 report of IRC Delegate Frederick Bieri on the condition of Communist prisoners held by the United Nations. Although a victorious Communist army was tightening its net around beleaguered Pusan, the 8th US Army's POW Camp #1 just

outside that city held 2,252 prisoners, of whom 480 were wounded. Delegate Bieri noted that in each compound "corner tents are marked PW in large white letters . . . with the Red Cross emblem" and at night "signs are illuminated." The Geneva Convention was being scrupulously observed. Food? "Plentiful and of good quality." Under Medical Care: "On arrival each POW deloused and vaccinated." Health, very good—"most prisoners are gaining weight."

As for capture cards, "1,535 have been mailed to the International Red Cross in Geneva" (for transmission to North Korea), "remainder in course of preparation." Complaints? "Our delegate questioned officers, other ranks, able bodied and wounded concerning food, treatment, etc.—no complaints were made."

There had, however, been questions. The Communist camp spokesman had wondered whether the daily calories were really sufficient, but when told by Bieri that the "daily caloric intake was 3,500—more than enough for a non-working POW—he was satisfied with this explanation" but requested "more meat and fish in the diet." IRC Delegate Bieri discussed this "with the Camp Commander, who immediately took up the matter with his supply officer." The report concluded that "the Delegate's impression was that the camp was extremely good."

Geneva had also located an expert in Korean calligraphy, so the IRC was now mailing to the North Korean Ambassador in Moscow a letter not this time in diplomatic French, but in the ink-brush characters of his own language:

O Excellency!

We are happy to wish you good health in this lovely harvest season [it was September 11th] when ten thousand wheat spears ripen. [And then to business:] We have sent, as quickly as possible, the names of war prisoners to their respective governments. But since the only

means of communication with your government is by telegraph, we have not sent you the official prisoner lists transcribed in Korean. We now venture to ask if it would be possible for you to forward to your government these lists in Korean which we are now prepared to send.

Before a reply could come back from Moscow, Geneva was elated by a telegram from Pak Hen in Pyongyang, who had . . .

THE HONOR TO COMMUNICATE TO YOU LIST #2 OF
60 AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR. THEY ARE ALL
IN PYONGYANG PRISON CAMP

Did this mean that the Communist boycott was relaxing and that, perhaps after all, Delegate Courvoisier, fretting in Peiping, would soon get his North Korean entry visa? Or did it only mean that victors could afford to be magnanimous? For Communist divisions were daily tightening their noose around the shriveling Pusan perimeter. Surely it would not be long

What no one knew, either in Geneva or in Pyongyang, was that American cruisers and destroyers, screening a school of landing craft, on this night had already rounded the southern tip of Korea and then had turned due north, keeping well down under the horizon from land, but moving toward Inchon. There were to be no more cables from Pak Hen.

The General • II

IN Seoul came The General's first real military interrogation. No reporters; grim-faced soldiers in this circle—"they knew now they had a top officer" and "that night they

started hammering . . . I very foolishly talked to them." They wanted to know "what was coming over and in what strength . . . I tried to tell them we only brought about 7,000," but they knew better, for they "had captured people from all our combat units by that time. They took great delight in telling me how far off base I was."

There remained the terrible secret of Inchon: The General was "fearful all the time they would start hitting me" on this. They did. They said, "What are your plans? What are you over here for?" I'd say I came over here to assist the Republic of South Korea in driving the aggressors north of the 38th parallel." Because this "aroused their anger," it worked; they "didn't start hitting me on anything of military value," and shipped him north to Pyongyang. For the moment his Inchon secret seemed safe.

For the two-day trip they hoisted him up to the bed of a three-quarter-ton truck on which they had set "an ordinary barracks chair," probably a throne of state in deference to The General's rank, but which he feared was "going to tip over." Sure enough, even before the truck bumped into Kaesong, "the chair collapsed" and for the rest of the trip "I sat on the floor and the guard sat on me."

He got to Pyongyang late the second night and was "met by a very pleasant Korean who said 'I am Lee. I am to take care of you.'" He had "a cot and some sheets, and they put me to bed."

Now The General's dysentery (probably from drinking ditchwater) had already started at Chonju, and by this time "I was really very ill. I had lost more weight. They let me stay in bed about two days, and then they sent in Colonel Kim. His first interrogations didn't mean much."

They were, in fact, at this point asking The General to do them only two trifling favors. One was to "broadcast to the American troops that the South Koreans had started the

war," that our boys had been brought into it "under a false assumption," so "there was no use fighting, to go home."

The second was "to sign a statement saying that Syngman Rhee was a son of a bitch." They had many more expressions in their oriental translations.

In return, they were prepared to extend The General unusual courtesies. They asked if he drank. He said no, "except a little sherry wine before dinner." They said "they would be able to get some sherry from the Soviets . . . all I had to do was to sign this and say that, and everything would be hunky dory. I'd soon see my family."

Mark well that up to this point, the Communists' treatment of The General had not violated the Geneva Conventions. Since his capture he had been adequately fed, housed, and treated with the respect due his "age and rank" as Article 44 provides.

True, already there had been reports of combat-zone atrocities, and more were to come. Helpless American prisoners who surrendered in good faith were to be wired together and then, in the retreat, slaughtered without mercy. Such cases were to be numerous. They have been verified beyond question. They are flagrant violations of Geneva's rules. They do not here concern us.

Instances when, during a hasty retreat in the combat zone, a cowardly or sadistic guard has shot lagging prisoners in panicky fear that it is his life or theirs are common in badly disciplined armies such as that of North Korea, but not unknown in the best of armies and in almost every war.

Nor are we concerned in these pages with prisoners' deaths, however tragic, due to unavoidable wartime shortages in what was, even in peace, a stark and primitive land.

All are beyond our scope and we focus on what will happen, not in the irresponsible heat and fear of the combat zone, but instead on those things which are to be done with

cool skill, by men in top authority, in carrying out calculated plans of governments presumably responsible, if not to their people at least to a creed.

Back now to The General, his bowels wracked with the fire and water of dysentery (which was no fault of the North Koreans), lying on their sheets while they seek information. Geneva's Article 17 says a prisoner "*... is bound to give only his name, rank, date of birth, and serial number ...*" We have already heard The General, in sparring to guard his precious secret of the Inchon landings, divulge far more than this. Captors are free to squeeze out what they can by persistence, coaxing, or guile. Such shrewd questions and studied answers can even become a game (the stakes are high) which, played skillfully from both sides of the table, may be as exciting as chess. Geneva bars no question, except that "*no physical violence or mental torture nor any other form of coercion may be inflicted.*"

As for The General's interrogators, "they talked hours and hours. I would see that beautiful bed that I had enjoyed so much for two nights, but I couldn't get on it again," and after three days of this they took him to Suan where they had partitioned off the chancel of a little Catholic church for a cell. "They even took the rug out. One guard stayed in the cell with me," and Colonel Kim had come along, persisting day and night about those two statements.

"What was his attitude?" The General was asked later in the Pentagon. "Was he trying to be peaceful about it?"

"Oh yes, sir. I was his best friend. I was only misguided. I might be a fair soldier, but I was politically ignorant." The General noted that Colonel Kim not only questioned him, but also was keeping track of his bowel movements, which at the start were only 16 a day but had reached "35 times a day, and I was kind of weak getting out to the latrine, . . . in fact, a couple of times I couldn't get out. I was running

out of clothes." It was after 1 o'clock when they let him go to bed, but two hours later Kim came back. They were returning to Pyongyang, because "I had to do something about calling off all this bombing of their cities."

When The General had been in Pyongyang two days before, he had heard from his prison window the overhead hum of what he guessed were our Navy light bombers, but he also noted that they were missing their target—the nearby Pyongyang railroad yard that was still operating.

This now gave him an idea Kim might accept in place of those two statements. He told Kim he'd write "a letter to [General] Walker. I know your people can deliver it; you are so good at going through the lines."

Carefully worded, the letter assured Walker he was being "treated very well. I am ashamed I let you down. Ashamed to be a prisoner of war. And I urge that you get your air concentrated on military targets, and not on civilian targets."

The General hoped, if Walker recognized his handwriting (it was hardly a scrawl), that he would see that our planes silenced those Pyongyang switch-engines. At least the next day they let him go back to bed.

But not long after this a three-star North Korean general handed him a list of questions: What were America's aims in the Orient, what secret weapons did we have, and (this was dangerously close to the Inchon secret) what are General MacArthur's plans? "You've got to write," said Lee grimly. So The General wrote. When he was through, Lee picked it up and read:

I don't know any of these answers. I am just an infantry division commander. I am very fortunate that I don't know. Because, if I did, I wouldn't tell you.

"You have 24 hours to think it over," he said.

As promised, Lee returned with a team of three and, working in shifts, they questioned him. The thing he remembers most clearly is the hard chair. He was by now so thin that the weight of his spine was poking his bones through the skin of his buttocks, against that hard wood. He could sit on his hands until they began to swell.

Colonel Kim (no longer his best friend) was pounding the table and sometimes, when he got on the subject of American bombing, talked so excitedly that he spit in their faces. On one of those nights The General came back at him with the story of the men of the 21st Infantry we had found shot dead with their hands wired behind their backs.

"If you say more," screamed Kim, "I shall spit in your face! Close your eyes, I am going to spit!"

"Hell," said The General, "you've been spitting in it for the past half hour." Anyway, these subjects kept them away from the Inchon landings.

There was also the matter of his being a war criminal, "not for having come into this war with the 24th Division, but for my misdeeds as military governor of Korea." He had been trying to hold South Korea's first free election, but in one area Communist agents had led guerillas down from the hills to break up voting boxes and burn ballots. They had killed a great many people. "We sent down a constabulary which is now ROK. They were fighting each other, both sides wantonly killing families suspected of harboring. When they did kill one guerilla, they put his head on a pike.* Naturally I took it off the pike. And I brought the policemen to trial for having killed women with spears, and for having killed people without trial."

Colonel Kim now "showed me a photograph of that guer-

* An honor traditionally accorded unsuccessful politicians in Tudor and Stuart England and persisting, in Northeast Asia, down to our own times. W. L. W.

illa's head on the pike. And they said trying those policemen for murder didn't bring the other people back to life. They were going to try me for murder."

Toward dawn of the first night of this, The General got a chill. "I couldn't keep my teeth from chattering. That irritated Kim. 'I'm sorry I'm cold,' I said."

Then Kim had screamed, "This is not cold! I'll show you what is cold!" And he had the guards strip The General down to his PX shorts. The General remembers that Colonel Kim was at the time wearing "one of those big, Russian-style officer overcoats. It was cold as the devil in that church."

At the end, when they stood up, Kim had said, "All right. You can't have any soap. You can't have any water. You are a dog. Act like a dog. We're going to put you outside." In his adjoining cell there had been a cot. This they now removed, and pushed The General inside. Exhausted, he lay down on the floor.

He did not know that, even as he slept, a barrage from our naval guns was thundering down on Inchon, blasting to bits whatever wire they might have put up on those beaches and that, under the protective arc of tracers, a swarm of landing craft was moving toward the beaches, so that his terrible secret of Inchon need no longer be kept.

Sleeping on the stones he could not know that, because he had guarded it so well, our armies could climb up empty beaches, move into Inchon and past it almost without casualties.

Until, weary years later, he was sent home, he could not understand the two-day break in his interrogation, during which he could doze on that stone floor. Nor account for the fact that, when they came back, they asked no more about MacArthur's plans for Korea (his divisions were al-

ready in Seoul) but instead were frantically curious about Japan. Had it been stripped bare for Korea? If not, how many divisions? How much anti-aircraft—ships—submarines? In case of attack, what were our defense plans for Japan? Over, over, and over. "This time they went 44 hours. Then a short break and once again, 32 hours. . . . Each one was continuous and, during all of them, I was on the floor with no cover."

Then The General adds something in fairness to his best friend, Colonel Kim. "During all of it," he says, "I was never hit or slapped."

THE NEUTRALS

BACK now from The General's chill cell to the stately Waltz of Diplomats. In Geneva Paul Ruegger is reading with fresh hope an answer from North Korea's Ambassador in Moscow.

That letter [written in Korean characters] is not only acknowledged, but his Plenipotent and Extraordinary Excellency in Moscow expresses to Mr. Ruegger "my most lively respect; your Committee having done everything* conscientiously to execute the International Conventions." He went on to agree that postal links between Geneva and distant Pyongyang were "for the moment nonexistent."

"Therefore we pray you to have the kindness to send the official POW lists to our Embassy here" (in Moscow). He

* (Yes, but, up to this point, what had His Excellency's government done in return? W. L. W.)

was, with a flourish, "Tchou Nyung-Ha, Ambassador Plenipotentiary & Extraordinary, of the People's Democratic Republic of Korea."

Surely this was hopeful, and likewise the warm answer from the Hungarian Red Cross to Mr. Ruegger's offer of a gift of medical supplies for that ambulance which Hungary's Red Cross was sending to their fellow Communists in North Korea. Budapest now ecstatically informed Geneva that

it is with joy that we receive these sincere manifestations of your desire to help . . . gladly accept your proposal . . . enclose a list of needed medicines . . . thanking you again. . . . Highest consideration,

Etienne Florian
Under Sec'y General,
Red Cross of Hungary

Who might he be? Perhaps some timid pre-war intellectual who has found what he hopes is a safe niche in the Communist bureaucracy of that sad land, but who now burbles with delight (is it discreet?) at this chance of contact with the Free West.

These two friendly Communist answers roused in Geneva some hope that the unhappy Courvoisier, their anointed delegate to North Korea still fretting in Peiping, might soon get his entry visa. So now in a telegram to North Korea's Foreign Minister, humbly Geneva begged that he

AUTHORIZE AT LEAST A SHORT VISIT COURVOISIER
PYONGYANG FOR EXCHANGE OF VIEWS OR, FAILING THAT,
INSTRUCT YOUR AMBASSADOR PEKING TO RECEIVE
COURVOISIER FOR DISCUSSIONS. . . . SHOULD YOU
DESIRE . . . CONTACT . . . IN A DIFFERENT WAY,
PLEASE INDICATE AT EARLIEST CONVENIENCE.

PAUL RUEGGER,
INTERCROIXROUGE

Our Treatment of Theirs

MEANWHILE not far from Pyongyang IRC Delegate Frederick Bieri was looking after the welfare of Communist prisoners held by United Nations armies. On September 30 he saw 6,284 prisoners, bagged following our landings two weeks before, now temporarily housed in Inchon's jail where there was "no lighting yet . . . installations damaged by former occupants." Their state of health he found only "fair," probably because many had, like our General, been dodging about the ridges for some days or weeks before capture, so that "nutrition and personal sanitation . . . extremely poor on arrival"; and "Since September 15 [the day we landed on Inchon] there have been 19 deaths—majority dead on arrival." But, on the date of Bieri's unannounced visit, he found the half-starved men wolfing down "rice, fish and soya beans." There was of course an "interview with spokesman: mentioned he thought ration scale low. On being informed it was about the same as that of the ROK Army, he declared himself satisfied. No other complaints."

Summarizing his report, Delegate Bieri found that "under present conditions," the stockade was "a very good transit camp, and conditions satisfactory." Also (and in contrast to the stone church floor on which our General was then lying) Delegate Bieri noted that "nearly all POWs have a blanket and a mat. Further issues will be made shortly." This, like all Bieri's reports, the IRC dutifully forwarded to North Korea via Moscow.

For aid to UN prisoners perhaps one road might lie through Hungary via that Communist ambulance. So pres-

ently Ruegger in Geneva is assuring Etienne Florian in Budapest that

"we are sending you . . . as rapidly as possible the medicine and instruments, which we beg of you to use in aid of victims in the People's Democratic Republic of Korea. Our first shipment left the 6th of October. Please accept the assurance of our most distinguished consideration . . ."

He also apprised Pak Hen in Pyongyang:

HAVE JUST FORWARDED ONE TON MEDICAL SUPPLIES . . .
IN COLLABORATION WITH HUNGARIAN RED CROSS, WHICH
WILL TAKE OUR GIFT FROM BUDAPEST TO KOREA . . .

Meanwhile the Western press was flooded with stories of hair-raising Korean atrocities. On October 19th Ruegger braved the continuing silence of Pyongyang with still another message,

APPEARS CERTAIN FRONT LINE FIGHTERS ON BOTH SIDES
INSUFFICIENTLY INFORMED PRINCIPLES HUMANITARIAN
CONVENTIONS . . . WOUNDED AND SICK, MILITARY AND
CIVILIAN, FRIEND AND ENEMY MUST BE COLLECTED AND
PROTECTED . . . EVERY MILITARY ENEMY SURRENDERING
MUST BE TREATED WITH RESPECT . . . NOT KILLED OR
MOLESTED IN ANY WAY . . . NONCOMBATANTS NEVER
ATTACKED . . .

At most it might help; at least, it was on record. For even in hopeful Geneva, Pak Hen's continuing silence to appeals was by now losing some of its surprise. Even so Geneva followed up, a few days later telling Pak Hen they would be

VERY GRATEFUL TO LEARN WHAT STEPS YOU HAVE TAKEN
TO COMMUNICATE TO YOUR ARMIES THE SUMMARY OF
ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITARIAN CONVENTIONS
WE BROUGHT TO YOUR ATTENTION.

Nor was all rosy in South Korea. Around Pusan the besieging army of 600,000 Communists had, with the news of

the Inchon landings, melted into the hills, casting away their uniforms, and begging or stealing civilian clothes. As our freed Pusan divisions now moved north to join with the Marines new-landed at Inchon, they had to push through surprise attacks of guerillas disguised as peaceful farmers and wandering refugees. Bewildered because friend could not be told from foe, our harassed commanders had appealed to the South Korean civil authorities.

The bloody results of this confusion brought from the Red Cross delegate a blistering letter of protest to President Syngman Rhee.

Neutral Frederick Bieri told President Rhee that on October 20 he and an IRC colleague had seen "a batch of civilian prisoners (both male and female, some of the latter carrying infants on their backs) all tied to a rope marching toward Westgate Prison," in Seoul, and later others similarly trussed, "on their way to a center of interrogation in the building of the Ministry of Justice." Rumors had it that these people were jailed only because they "were alleged to be . . . members of the Communist Party."

But it was stoutly denied by the Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs: ". . . contrary to rumors spread against the [South] Korean Government, arrests were made only of those who are criminals, suspects, traitors and collaborators, and *no* civilian persons were ever arrested because of their political beliefs."

Between this official and his colleague the Minister of Justice there had hardly been a meeting of minds, for the Minister of Justice had explained to the inquisitive Swiss that since "Communists think only of killing" it had been his duty "to put them into jail," and "kill them first, before they had an opportunity to kill others."

His explanation was, to the neutral Swiss, simple perhaps, but highly unacceptable. Quickly they demanded permission

to visit these jails, and reported what they saw both in photographs and stern prose: "about 50 dead bodies of men, women and babies," and an estimate, "from prison doctors themselves, that the daily death rate due to starvation alone is about 100 (One Hundred)."

The IRC delegates now demanded of Syngman Rhee that all such political prisoners "be released or . . . be placed in Civilian Internee Camps, in accordance with . . . the Geneva Convention . . ."

Note that the South Koreans let the neutral Swiss see the prisons, however shocking, let them send abroad (even into the Communist world) their reports and photographs, while North Korea barred all inspection. Mark also that Frederick Bieri presently got from South Korea's Foreign Minister a sober letter,

... we are engaged in a life or death struggle, . . . are sorry to say that conditions are not what they were before the war . . . [but the President had granted] a special clemency and many capital punishments were commuted. . . . We are doing everything possible steadily to improve conditions.

What mattered more, following IRC suggestions, Civilian Internee camps were soon set up.

Back in Geneva the International Red Cross, ever seeking to give the UN's Communist-held prisoners the same neutral protection, now played what seemed their highest card. To date, the only official of North Korea's Communist government who, in answer to their countless pleas, had given even one courteous reply had been its Ambassador to the USSR. Perhaps this diplomat would be moved if they humbly sought him out, in Moscow and in person. Face to face, they might uncover and then allay some secret doubt Pyongyang harbored about the International Red Cross. For it could be that Pyongyang just did not understand.

The result of this abasing pilgrimage is told in a letter, a fly preserved in the golden amber of Swiss diplomatic prose.

Addressed to His Plenipotent and Extraordinary Excellency in Moscow, it sets forth that the IRC mission, headed by its President Paul Ruegger, had arrived in Moscow, and "on November 17 I telephoned your Embassy, but was told that unfortunately you were not present at the moment." Accepting this polite fiction, the IRC envoy nevertheless the next day "went to your office, where I was received by two of your colleagues." With these smiling but uncommunicative underlings he had left, first, copies of that mountain of telegrams from Geneva to Pyongyang, "which, alas, have so far had no answer," plus still another copy of the Geneva Convention.

He had then asked the underlings to remind His Excellency that the IRC was still imploring his government to grant an entry visa allowing even one of their delegates to enter Pyongyang, also that a ton of IRC medicines had been sent through the Hungarian Red Cross, and further that Geneva's War Prisoner Agency had so far received from Pyongyang a list of only 110 prisoners (all Americans) and now hoped for "further lists [they never came] of prisoners it has captured."

And in plaintive conclusion the IRC would now "be happy to know, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, what you propose to do about these different communications and messages?"

No answer then or ever, but, as bitter winter settled over Korea, families of United Nations soldiers had a mounting anxiety over the fate of thousands reported "missing in action," which resulted in more imploring telegrams from the IRC to Pyongyang:

HAVE RECEIVED 2,000 STANDARD FOOD PARCELS FOR
BRITISH-AMERICAN WAR PRISONERS HELD BY PEOPLE'S
ARMY. PLEASE INDICATE MOST RAPID SENDING ROUTE . . .
[—this one baited with the information that in

South Korea the IRC delegate, out of IRC funds,
was providing Communist prisoners with] FICTION,
EDUCATIONAL BOOKS, GAMES, STATIONERY, CIGARETTES . . .

And the following week the IRC, under pressure of frantic United Nations parents, was reminding Pyongyang that it had already received through IRC channels 5,230 names of its *own* North Korean prisoners, so

ANXIOUS RECEIVE SOONEST LISTS ADDITIONAL THOSE YOU
CABLED AUGUST 15th AND SEPTEMBER 12th. SUCH LISTS
SHOULD ALSO INCLUDE BRITISH MILITARY AND CIVILIANS
TAKEN PRISONER . . . GRATEFUL YOUR IMMEDIATE
ATTENTION THIS ENTIRE PROBLEM.

But, in this last gambit, the gentle Geneva Swiss surely were wasting their humanitarian breath. For why should the anxiety of any prisoner's family constitute even remotely a "problem" for a North Korean Communist official?

The General • III

DAY and night they hammered at him. When at intervals they let him sleep on the stone floor of his improvised cell in that abandoned Catholic chancel, it was not from consideration for him, but to get a rest themselves, or to think up more questions which might pry from him our defense plans for Japan, since he had, as they knew, been Chief of Staff for the 8th Army.

There had followed one question period which lasted 68 hours. Eventually "they quit because they were going to take me to a torture chamber in the morning, just a mile away."

"You talked to them quite a bit, back and forth?" he was later asked in the Pentagon.

"I was trying to divert them from those oriental tortures. A person can talk without giving away anything unless he thinks he is smart and tries to make up a story. It's a human tendency not to want to appear dumb—especially before the enemy. I'd always say I was the dumbest officer in the American army."

As for the torture chamber, they "described it. They were going to force water down my throat and up my rectum. This was fine, because I would die quickly. But then they told me about the old sliver thing. I'd seen corpses that had had that. Hammered up under your fingernails."

It was at this point that The General decided to kill himself. Not to avoid the pain, but for sober, soldierly reasons. It was to guard those Japanese Defense plans and the still more terrible secret of the Inchon landings. The General preferred life, as who does not? But "with the lives of so many others involved . . . I felt I had no right to gamble with my own powers of endurance [he was now reduced by sleeplessness and dysentery to a shivering skeleton loosely hung with skin] I was afraid I wouldn't die fast enough, might tell them something."

He planned it carefully. That night lying on the stone church floor, he waited until both the guard on one side of him and the interpreter on the other seemed asleep. Then he made a dive for the guard. He got the tommy gun, all right.

Of course, the terrible secret of Inchon, for which The General was trying to give his life, was secret no longer. Two weeks before, the Marines, achieving complete surprise, had landed there and had rolled on up to Seoul. As the weakened man struggled to get the tommy gun's muzzle in his mouth and his thumb on its trigger, he was probably the only man in all Korea who did not know this.

The struggle had awakened the interpreter. He jumped on The General, who got the sudden strength to knock him

down. By this time the guard was on his feet, and together they managed to get the tommy gun.

Next morning they took him north, but not to the torture chamber. Because of the well-kept secret of Inchon, United Nations armies were pushing them toward the Yalu and The General learned that they "were fleeing. First they took me up to Pyongyang. Then to Huichon, Mampo, and on the 27th of October they took me across the Yalu into [neutral?] China for four days. They re-crossed the night of the 30-31st about midnight back to Mampo. On the 12th of January they started me down to the Pyong area, and I stayed there the rest of the war."

Nor in the end did his trial as a war criminal ever take place, although The General believes they planned it and therefore kept him for three years not only in solitary, but carefully concealed even from their Chinese allies. What their real reason was, the West may never know.

In his own clear eyes The General is no hero, for "having been a prisoner entitles a soldier to no more than the right to clear himself of suspicion that his capture was the result of his own treachery, cowardice, or misconduct." The man who tried to die to save Inchon feels that "I wouldn't give myself a wooden star for what I did in Korea."

Our Treatment of Theirs

ON the day that the Communist interrogators started their flight northward with their captive General, neutral IRC Delegate Frederick Bieri, moving also north in the wake of the victorious UN armies, was in Taegu in-

specting the 64th US Field Hospital, because it was treating 80 POWs and "more were being brought in." He watched them eating a meal, found the "issue good and ample. Two with heads bandaged from napalm burns . . . comrades feeding them with a spoon through slits in the region of their mouth." Of two POWs dying of tetanus he watched "one having a transfusion (USA blood)" and found that "The U.S.A. doctors are animated with the desire to do everything possible in the interest of their patients."

We next find this careful Swiss inspecting the United Nations prisoner stockade at Inchon, by now (November 8th) swollen to 32,107 captives including (this was surely strange!) seven Chinese. He noted all had "sufficient blankets, comforters and wraps." He checked their food to make sure that it was the standard army ration given by South Korea to her troops, and found it included each day:

Rice	5 hops (26 oz.)
Barley	.5 "
Fish or canned meat	1 pound per 10 men
Kokochon (Korean pepper sauce)	1 " " " "
Rice flour	3 pounds per 9 men
Seaweed leaf	3 per man
Cigarettes	10 " "

There was also a cash allowance to buy fresh things in the local markets. In the warehouse he saw "tinned tuna, codfish, sauerkraut, milk (from USA), rice, corn, salt, onions, garlic, unsalted radish [daikon] and dried fish." His report noted that "many arrive in a semi-starved condition [from hiding before capture] . . . delegate saw a group whose bodies resembled skeletons" and while among these there were 102 deaths, "none were due to lack of medicaments." He found that their captors had allowed the prisoners to organize themselves and that these "companies, battalions and regiments of POWs have proved their value." The mess lines

formed with "neither confusion nor noise. Each man got his share. . . . There were no UN guards in sight. Everything was done by the POWs." As for the small UN staff, "all concerned do their utmost," wrote Delegate Bieri, "to comply with the Geneva Convention. The stockade is . . . a very good one."

Two days later he was visiting a stockade of 10,468 North Korean prisoners and (again!) two Chinese, near the recently fallen North Korean capital city of Pyongyang. He found this 10,000 eating the "normal basic ration" which soon would be divided into "3 hot meals a day." Further, "all have received issues of military uniforms from abandoned stocks. Each . . . is properly fitted and has wool blankets."

And although the authorities themselves felt the camp was "not yet in perfect order," still he predicted that "results will be excellent, judging by what it has been possible to do in a few days." Delegate Bieri signed this report and forwarded it to Geneva, where they sent it on to what little by then was left of North Korea. It was never acknowledged.

Our Treatment of Theirs: Rehabilitation

Now in this autumn of 1950 we found after Inchon's noose had been tightened that we had taken about 60,000 prisoners, so gentle that they could be marched to the rear in almost unguarded regiments. But a surprising number startled us by asking when we were going to give back their guns, so that they could join in fighting the Communists.

Those who thought they knew Asia best pointed out that "turning around" prisoners—arming them to fight their former leaders—was an ancient oriental tradition, practiced for centuries by China's mainland warlords. Still, these Koreans seemed so eager to free their homeland of Communism that perhaps it was more than deference to custom.

Geneva strictly forbade us to give them the guns they asked. Yet there are other ways of fighting the Communist idea, and Geneva did not bar education, provided there was no compulsion.

And thus sprang from the minds of the Pentagon's shrewder intellectuals the "Rehabilitation Project for Prisoners of War," approved by President Truman. It was under command of a Marine colonel, but in charge of education was Mr. Monta L. Osborne, a civilian employee of GS 15, who during the occupation of Japan had been charged with the task of picking democratic textbooks for the children of that conquered nation—a job which ended with the peace treaty.

The Army—and in particular Colonel William R. Robinette, who later worked with him—remembers Osborne as "a very fine man—a teacher with a fullback's shoulders," then in his mid-forties, 200 pounds, horn rims, close-cropped hair. His background was a decade in the Orient. In World War II in the China-Burma-India theater he had worked with the Chinese government, and had been discharged as a major.

Under Osborne the Army took 500 POWs chosen as a cross section in age, education, politics, and occupation. Most were simple farmers. Then, in dwindling percentages, they were laborers, clerks, merchants, and teachers. This test-tube sample was assembled near Seoul at Yongdungpo.

Why were they there? Osborne told those 500 guinea-pig POWs that his hope was to show them the Free World's viewpoint, which they had never experienced because pre-

viously they had only known the thought control of Imperial Japan, followed, in 1945, by that of the Soviet Union.

If what they were told puzzled or annoyed them, they were free to put questions or to protest. If they disliked any or all of his educational program, they were free to stay away entirely.

Propaganda cafeteria style?—not even that. For Osborne's program contained no sneers at Stalin or scowls at North Korean Communism—aimed only to show the ways and viewpoint of the Free World.

The US Information Service gave them a weekly translation of its news release, and also its magazine, *America*. Newsreels used in Japan to explain Democracy were now brought to Korea. But because, although most Koreans speak Japanese, many hate their former rulers, the sound tracks were disconnected.

Then one day a projectionist fumbled, and the prisoners discovered that those silent movies had Japanese sound. Why could they not hear it?

Osborne answered that we had cut it, lest some be offended. Would they like to vote on this? More than 95% balloted yes. Now Osborne gave them their second lesson in Democracy, which was that the 5% minority which disliked Japanese also had its rights. So they said, run it again for these with no sound track, but with explainers speaking Korean.

Asked if they wanted religious services, none wanted Buddhist, but many requested Christian ministers. The second Sunday, 45 went to Catholic mass and 165 to Protestant services.

Various prominent South Koreans—cabinet ministers, diplomats, and educators—came down to Yongdungpo to explain what was being done to put that country on its feet as a functioning democracy.

There were earnest discussions, and presently 20 prisoners were picked to lead a forum. Soon many were rising to tell how they had been pulled into the Communist army, what the Communists had said the war was about, and what they now believed. This took real courage, for both we and they then assumed that soon all must go back.

Monte Osborne's little experiment had lasted only a month when it had to be broken up and his 500 moved down to Pusan with the rest of the prisoners (by now we had 100,000) to escape that fast-rising Human Sea of Chinese "Volunteers." But at this point Osborne's 500 overwhelmingly sought to enlist in the now-retreating South Korean forces, and were angry when we told them that this war could be no longer theirs, and that they must remain behind wire.

As we swept the fragments of this little experiment into our huge prison camps to the south, we had no idea that anything further would come of it. We had learned what we wanted to know, which was that North Koreans, once exposed to concepts of freedom and fair play, would just as eagerly grasp them as had those of the South.

Like other pieces of seemingly useless information, the results of "Rehabilitation Project: POW" were shelved and for a time forgotten. It was, however, curious that so few of those 500 had wanted to return to North Korea. That we remembered.

With the other 100,000 near Pusan and on Koje-do, their winter was as pleasant as any can be, for men behind wire. Their hospital, lavish with American drugs, was manned by their own Communist doctors, so that it also served as a message center. In the later political riots, these patriots were to destroy all records, but all prisoners were gaining weight since capture, and their death rate, compared with the disease death rate of our own UN combat troops, was even lower, for syphilis and hemorrhagic fever are endemic

among Korean civilians, and some UN troops caught them.

Any differences between the POW diet and that of our fighting men had been carefully worked out in the Pentagon to meet oriental tastes, and in conformity with Geneva, Article 26 of which decrees that "account shall be taken of the habitual diet of prisoners."

Just as certain Oriental delicacies such as fragrant stewed dog, pickled seaweed, and octopus tenderly simmered in its own ink lack for Western appetites an instant appeal, so Orientals fail to warm up to some of our strange Western dainties. Instead the prisoners got what they wanted, bolstered by plenty of rice, and in late winter all were busy planning spring gardens, which would produce an abundance of tomatoes, potatoes, Chinese cabbage, and cauliflower.

Scan now the official report of neutral Swiss IRC Delegate Frederick Bieri, who in late November dropped in on our POW Camp #1 at Pusan. Here he found 91,662 POWs getting "3 meals daily" and that "69 tons of rice and barley are now transported daily to the camps." He found that "large amounts of winter clothing have already reached Korea" so that, "in Pusan, every POW has received either greatcoats, jackets or else warm underwear; many have both."

Under "Medical Care" he reports "nutrition: poor on arrival, good after 10-14 days." Of more than 3,000 patients in the POW hospital, since September 9th only 226 had died "—of these, most died on arrival."

Under "Complaints: none. The POW seem content with their lot. The finest feature is the first class medical care, which is very much appreciated by the POW. The camp commanders are all the right men in the right places, who do what they can for their charges . . . an excellent camp." So for the moment we leave them, but with this final word: that later when this pastoral idyll was to change, and bloody

civil war break out among these prisoners, there was not to be the slightest difference between the food we provided in Communist and anti-Communist compounds. The Communists who were to stone our soldiers and kidnap our unwary generals fought us on plump bellies, and smoking their daily share of our American cigarettes.

Their Treatment of Ours: The March • I

THE Artillery Lieutenant was captured in this wise: he had been acting as liaison officer between his field artillery battery and the 8th ROK Division, when the Chinese overran their positions one night in bitter winter. For a few hours he and the handful of men under him hid behind a ridge. An hour or so before dawn they could hear a column passing in the valley below, so The Artilleryman sent a man down to sneak close, and find out who they were.

His report was, Americans for sure. You couldn't mistake the outline of an American pack or the contour of our helmets. So The Artilleryman and his handful hastened to scramble down onto the road and fall in behind them. It seemed a well-organized American outfit that clearly knew where it was going, which apparently was to get the hell out of this overrun area. This was just what they also wanted to do. Where they were headed, he could find out at the next halt.

There was, however, something just a little unusual: following them in the dark, the clomp of their combat boots came back to him more gently than you would think. In the

slow dawn, he could first make out the unmistakable outlines of American helmets. Then he got a start. For some of this outfit had turned to stare, and surely they were Mongolians. He was just wondering if they could be ROKs when they opened fire and he was hit—nothing much, grenade fragments.

He was soon to learn that those ahead had been a Chinese outfit, trained in the last war by General Joe Stilwell and of course equipped by us—still wearing the same GI helmets, packs, and fatigues—stout US clothing which they had later worn all during the Chinese Civil War, fighting on the Communist side, except of course for their leather boots, which were now replaced by Chinese sneakers.

With the firing his handful scattered. But it didn't take the Chinese long to round them up. There was one last weird minute of freedom. They were hiding in a creek bed, in which the others had made him lie down in hope that the cold water would stop the bleeding from those grenade fragments. An unarmed Chinese officer almost blundered over the creek bank into his arms. The Artilleryman had whipped out his .45, had taken a bead right between the Chinaman's eyes, but then (you won't believe this) had suddenly turned chicken. Because, standing there, with that scared Chinaman's eyes looking right into his, he couldn't make his finger pull the trigger! Doing it that way, almost in cold blood, his finger wouldn't work!

For a long minute they stood staring into each other's eyes, The Artilleryman twitching his hand to make that trigger finger work. Then those with him started yelling at him to drop the gun and surrender, and one finally came up and he let him knock it out of his hand.

Because the truth was the Chinese were swarming like ants all around this creek bed in which they had been hiding; one shot would have brought a hundred on the run. The

Americans wouldn't have had a chance in ten to get away.

A few minutes later the Chinese had led them to a Chinese command post where no one seemed to speak English. The Artilleryman cursing himself for having got them into this, first because he hadn't gone down himself to make sure that was really an American column, and secondly because his trigger finger had gone chicken. For if they had made a break then, surely some of them might have got away.

Then a Chinese officer, standing in front of him, took a pistol stance and a bead on him, and The Artilleryman, knowing this was at last it, stood straight. And shut his eyes.

Now The Artilleryman says that other people who thought their last moment had come have said later that during it they had thought of their mothers. Others of their wives. Or of other loved ones. Or the state of their souls.

But during his, remembering how his dumb blunders had got them into this, all he could think of, standing there in that compound with his eyes shut, was, "This is a piss-poor way to die."

After a while he heard the Chinese laughing. So he opened his eyes. The officer had put his pistol back in its holster. After another while an English-speaking Chinese came over to them, and said they were not to be killed, because of the Chinese Lenient Policy. The Artilleryman asked them what this was.

"It is lenient because we do not kill you. So long as you cooperate, you will live."

Then The Artilleryman, who during his World War II service had been drilled in the Geneva Convention, asked if the rules were the same.

He was told the Lenient Policy was better, and that the Geneva Convention was a capitalist, war-mongering, bourgeois document they did not accept.

He answered that Kim Il Sung himself had said North Korea would abide by Geneva's spirit.

He was told that this was Kim Il's business, but it did not apply to them, as they were Chinese volunteers. When they now passed out long questionnaires, another American tried to tell them about the Geneva Convention, which says a prisoner need only give his name, rank, and serial number. The Chinese said it was all right to give more; that even American majors had done it. The Artilleryman however confined himself to that minimum. For the time being, he got away with it.

Then they were all moved into a schoolhouse, where there were about 300 ROK prisoners of the 8th ROK Division who had been rounded up that morning. Among them were a dozen ROK nurses, and one Korean boy whom The Artilleryman recognized as a kid who spoke English and had sometimes interpreted for him. The boy came over.

Then some North Korean guards came in, led by a very sharply dressed North Korean staff officer. He began talking to the ROK soldiers.

The boy said it was a recruiting speech. The South Korean prisoners were being given a choice either of being turned over to the North Korean Security Police, to be tried for treason against the Korean people, or they could volunteer to join the forces of the Korean People's Army to drive out the American invaders and aid in the unification of Korea. He asked for a show of hands.

What The Artilleryman then saw needed no interpretation. The South Koreans, scared, first mumbled a little, but a lot of hands were raised. None of the nurses raised their hands. The officer now took a tommy gun from one of his guards, grasping its thin muzzle in his right fist. Then, stepping over to the nearest nurse, The Artilleryman says he beat the —— out of her, bashing her face with the butt end of that gun until her nose was mashed flat, and her cheek laid open. Then the officer stopped, and looked around the room. All

hands were up now, including the nurses'. The English-speaking kid, who also raised his, whispered he was going to desert back to the ROKs the first chance he got.

After this, the guards distributed an issue of rice and tobacco among the new volunteers. None was given the Americans, who had not been invited to help unify Korea. Then the new recruits were taken away.

Late that afternoon they were joined in the schoolhouse by about 40 more American prisoners, half of them walking wounded and not in good condition. Then all of them were started on a three-mile walk to a collecting center for American prisoners of war, where they would spend the night. It had a room so tiny that only about half could get inside. Our boys decided preference should be given to the more seriously wounded. Although it was about 20 below, those left outside were not allowed to build a fire. Presently a rice bag full of boiled soya beans was brought in. They ate with their hands. Then more American officers arrived. Their new Chinese guards now frisked everyone, taking rings and watches.

The night was terrible. The Artilleryman spent it walking up and down, beating his arms to keep circulation going. Next morning they found one of the men outside frozen stiff as marble. He had not been wounded, but had made the fatal mistake of lying down to sleep in moist hay when his clothes were wet with sweat.

Then the Chinese brought them in another rice bag, this one full of whole-kernel field corn which had been boiled in the sack. Since there was not enough to go around, they decided that the wounded inside should get theirs first, with the cold people who had spent the night outside dividing what was left.

But one unwounded soldier came running into the room and stuck his hand in the bag.

"No God-damned officer is going to tell *me* what to do," he said.

Now The Artillery Lieutenant, who had only a flesh wound, knocked him sprawling. Then the enlisted men picked him up and got hold of him.

"Who in hell hit me!" he said.

"One of those God-damned officers you were talking about," said The Artilleryman. That ended it.

The Chinese told them they were to be moved another two miles to a still larger collecting center, so they rigged up stretchers out of rice bags tied to poles, for their wounded, including one officer with a bad leg wound. No doctor had arrived, and the Chinese who searched them had lifted their first-aid kits. But a Negro medic produced some hydrogen peroxide which probably saved his life.

Our Treatment of Theirs

INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS

Dec. 6th, 1950

Inspection Report

Camp:	U.S.A. 10th Corps Collecting Center.
Location:	Hamhung.
Strength:	153 North Korean POWs, 9 Chinese.
Food:	Two meals daily, standard army rations.
Medical Care:	Large heated cell with cots used as sick bay. All wounded comfortable under their multi-colored Korean covers.
General Remarks:	POW appear contented. Conditions very satisfactory.

Frederick Bieri
IRC Delegate Inspector

Their Treatment of Ours: The March • II

CARRYING the wounded on stretchers, they next arrived at what turned out to be the take-off point for the long march to a temporary holding pen near Pyongyang, which they were later to learn was called by American prisoners the "Bean Camp," 300 air-miles from where they were captured.

They were now told the wounded must be left, including the officer with the leg wound. Some said, let's carry him anyway. Others said that the Chinese might kill him if it slowed the pace.

They now met a Chinese who introduced himself as Comrade Liyu and said he was to lead them on their march. He was a political commissar in the outfit which had captured them. This, they learned, was the 17th Regiment of the Chinese 4th Route Army, still using the American helmets, fatigues, packs, and rifles they had been given when they were trained under Stilwell, for whom Liyu said he had a great admiration.

Liyu promised that at the end of the march north they would find a wonderful prison camp—concrete barracks, electric lights, and books. The Artilleryman thinks Liyu believed it. Liyu also put their senior ranking officer, a Lieutenant Colonel, in charge. There were, at the start of the march, 320 Americans, of whom 17 were officers. These, Liyu said, were to march at the head of the column. And there was to be no mingling with the men.

Even by day the winter cold was bitter. Because of our

planes, traffic behind enemy lines now moved only by night. A march would begin at dusk. Just before dawn, when they would halt to sleep for the day in some Korean stable, the temperature would usually fall to 20 degrees below zero.

For the first few days, while they were in the area of the Chinese combat armies, the food often included some rice, and so was not bad. Beyond this zone they got largely cracked corn, and in quantity, the ration seemed to be whatever their Chinese guards could persuade the Korean villagers to sell. Occasionally (while they were still in South Korea) it was decent. About as often it was nothing at all. It was plain that neither the Chinese nor the Koreans had made any real arrangements for feeding them. Except that their Chinese guards were always well fed. Furthermore, of these only stocky (and well-fed) Comrade Liyu was able to make the trip as far as Chorwan Valley, in spite of the limp which, he was proud to explain, he had got fighting the Japanese under Stilwell. The other guards worked relays, and were replaced by fresh men every few days.

If, when they passed through a Korean village, there was enough light, the guards would rouse the villagers to see the American prisoners. Most loyal South Koreans had fled south with our armies, and those left would only stare. Later in North Korea the children would stone the prisoners, or spit at them.

They got water only once every 24 hours—at dawn, when they stopped for the day's sleep. Typically the 17 officers would be crowded into one room, so that no one could stretch out. But it was as well, for often the only heat was their body warmth.

In the early days, passing through South Korea, the people, secretly friendly, would often feed the prisoners well—rice, cabbage soup, daikon (a turnip-radish), and peppers. But once over the 38th parallel it was cracked corn, sometimes

not even that. The kernels were only splintered, not ground. The boiling left sharp edges. To this pig-mash they would add a little soya-bean paste as a binder, so that it could be squeezed into the shape of a baseball. One of these at dawn, when they turned in after a night's march, was dinner. Another at dusk, when they were awakened, was breakfast. Typically that was all.

The Artilleryman points out that each baseball contained no more than 800 calories, and they were being marched 40 miles a night. Not even a Korean, he says, could live on that. Also often it lacked salt, which may be why, after a few days, some of the men began going off their rockers. A soldier would start screaming or shouting in the column. Unless the others could quiet him, a guard would bash him with a rifle butt and, if he could not get up, the column would march off, leaving him in the road.

Now some kind of diarrhea began, maybe from eating dirty snow or scooping up ditchwater on the march: it was hard to stop them. Soon all had it, and the sharp splinters of that half-cooked corn, tearing away at their gut linings, made it worse. The men were allowed no halts to relieve themselves during those ten marching hours. All were getting weak. But you hoarded what strength you had to run up to the head of the marching column, take down your pants, and be done and back in the marching line before you were overtaken by the rearguard who, if he found you still squatting, would knock you sprawling with his rifle butt, to be left to freeze in the dark.

In addition, vitamin shortages gave part of them night blindness—The Artilleryman got it. When the sun is down all is inky black, and you have to hang onto someone to keep your place in the column. Once when it was just getting light and they were crossing a high bridge without siderails over a frozen torrent, a kid who had it bad wandered over the

edge. After a bit they heard him hit. The guards would let no one step out of line to see if it was on ice or rocks. But since the drop had been about 70 feet, maybe it didn't matter.

The only breaks they got were when their guards would drive them to the side of the road, as an armed column was passing on its way down to the fighting. If it was North Korean, The Artilleryman noted (before his night blindness got bad) that its equipment was always 100% Soviet. But if Chinese, then usually it would be Jap stuff used in World War II, grabbed by the Russians in Manchuria and turned over to the Chinese Communists. Stuff which in the last five years had been used to drive Chiang Kai-shek out of China (our arms embargo was on). It now was being used against us. One night he counted 500 Jap field pieces rolling by—a model he knew well from the other war. It had a mule-drawn caisson, but was a decent piece of equipment.

Another night they were pulled off the road to let a Chinese column pass and, since the soldiers were on their way to the front, the Americans gave an ironical cheer for the "Chinese Volunteers."

One officer stopped and looked right at them. "I am Chinese," he said in English with hardly an accent, "but I am no *volunteer!*"

Still later Liyu explained why he came to Korea. His Commander, answering their government's appeal, had "volunteered" their entire regiment.

On those night marches when The Artilleryman thought at all, it was why he had been so stupid as to get captured. But more often he was so weary that putting one foot ahead of the other was all the thinking he was up to. Often at the end of the night he would come out of a dream world, to realize he remembered nothing of what had happened since they started at dusk. The column marched in silence. Except

now and then a wounded man would moan a little. Or someone would mutter how thirsty he was. Or how tired.

Orders were no wounded could be carried, so the men strove to keep on their feet and going. One man with no feeling but pain in his badly frozen feet often would stumble. Then the Chinese guard would bash him brutally in the back of the head. They would also do it to anyone who coughed. This frightened the others. Did the Chinese want to rid themselves of the weak who were slowing the march? Then they might do it to anyone who even groaned, or had an open wound. The Artilleryman had held the lips of his open wound together, so that it would not bleed and attract notice.

Carefully they studied the Chinese guards. Their brutality might not be just senseless. Maybe the guards were following rules the Americans did not understand. At the head of the column Liyu often would praise Stilwell, insisting that Chinese soldiers trained by this great general were better fighters by far than American troops.

In the early part of The March, when their strength was still fairly high, The Artilleryman and two other officers figured they might take off, along with an enlisted man who spoke Japanese, which Korean adults understood. Whispered along the column, this plan finally reached the American colonel's ear. He passed word back that if anyone left, the Chinese might shoot everyone else in the column, so no one should try. He said if anyone did escape and live, he would see that they were court-martialed when they got home to the States.

The colonel's threat was empty. But none could foresee that of the 320 who had started this march hardly a third would ever live to see the Yalu (the final camp for UN Prisoners), that of their 17 officers only four would survive captivity, or that the colonel himself was to die in a Commu-

nist interrogation camp. Perhaps it was as well they could not.

The column was getting shorter. Each dusk when the night march began, some were too weak to get up. Others collapsed on the road and were left in their tracks. Still others, knocked down by guards, were too weak to rise. Perhaps some may have taken off, trying to escape. But if so, The Artilleryman says that no one in the column knew it. Nor were they ever heard of again.

One morning they were moved into a Korean village to sleep for the day. Just before dusk they heard a flight of our F-80s, saw them peeling off and coming down to strafe, so all took cover. The planes made 10 or 12 passes. "The building we were in," says The Artilleryman, "started to burn. In our room, one officer was killed, and another hit below the eye by a bullet which came out his other cheek and made a crease in my jacket. A whole bunch of enlisted men in the next room were all shot up."

When the planes left and they let them come out of the burning building, they could see the whole valley burning in the twilight. And hear it exploding. For they had been housed in a Chinese ammunition dump. In the compound or against each building was a loaded and camouflaged Russian truck.

Geneva forbids quartering prisoners near military targets, and requires that their camps be marked so that they may be seen from the air. So some of the officers now raised hell with Liyu about this.

Liyu was sorry, but, "So long as American aircraft indiscriminately bomb peaceful Korean villages, these things will happen."

It was the same when they protested about food—their daily baseballs.

"Your planes are destroying Korea's food," he would answer. True, we were getting their supply columns. But,

because the Americans feared Liyu, they dared not point out that he and his guards were well fed, as were the Chinese combat outfits they passed on the way to the front.

In these, each man carried his rations in a sack about the length and thickness of a woman's stocking, which he wore draped around his neck like a scarf. One end was weighed down with rice, the other with ration cans of beef or pork. No one expected Chinese fighting men to march on boiled cracked corn.

They did, however, persuade Liyu to abandon the compulsory calisthenics he had insisted on every evening the first week. Already men were dropping out, and, "You'll wear the men out before ever we get to camp," they had protested.

One night they passed a column of ROK prisoners, under guard as were they and in as bad shape, but "they tried to beg from us," says The Artilleryman, "still sure *all* American soldiers *must* have candy bars and cigarettes."

Our proud American spirit was going fast: what broke it? Very probably the food. We are what we eat and, like laboratory animals studiously misfed, our men were now but half alive. All were bitter about being captured. A few (and The Artilleryman thinks these were the healthiest) blamed themselves: the others blamed someone else. Most were too weak to quarrel. The enlisted men were not insolent to the officers; just passive. If the officers hadn't washed out, they felt, they wouldn't be here.

The company-grade officers blamed the field-graders and, marching together at the head of the column, there was occasional bickering and sharp back-answering. The field-graders blamed the top brass for fouling things up. The top brass shoved this buck along back to the Pentagon. So it went.

Finally the Chinese announced they might carry their wounded, instead of leaving them to freeze. This meant

they were getting near the camp. Stretchers were now rigged out of empty rice sacks and poles. Then they found they couldn't get the enlisted men to carry stretchers. An order meant nothing; the men would silently walk away.

Each was living alone in his little private hell of fear that, if he gave his dwindling strength to someone else, maybe tomorrow he would be left to freeze in the dark. Sometimes (rarely) one would consent to carry a sick buddy from his own squad.

So all of it fell on the officers, and particularly the junior-graders—the majors insisting that they were too frail. The marching column included one Britisher—a tough old sergeant-major from a veteran regiment. The Artilleryman says he was "all man." He would carry stretchers, but was furious that he could get no one to relieve him.

"I've always hated you God-damned Yanks"—he shouted at the column—"but I never knew why until now. You won't even carry your own wounded!"

Weak as they were, says The Artilleryman, carrying stretchers was terrible work. There was little meat left on your shoulders, and those poles would rub to the bone. An hour of it and you could hardly totter. The litters were put at the head of the column—partly because only officers would carry them, but also in hope that it would slow the pace. But this the Chinese would not allow: the guard kept raising hell with them.

After three days of it, they arrived at the "Bean Camp." Had they been on the march two weeks, or was it three? While their point of capture was only 300 air miles away, the back roads and twisting trails they followed could almost have doubled this distance. They knew only that of the 320 men who had started The March, 120 had now arrived. And these 120 had lost from 60 to 90 pounds each since capture.

The others? Days or weeks later, a few drifted in. But of these, not one lived to return to America. They would hob-

ble in, skin and bones. Then presently they would die. The young lieutenant who had been shot through the face in that American air strike on the Chinese ammunition dump crawled in a clicking skeleton—his skin one huge purple bruise from beating. He was able to tell them that he had stayed around the dump three or four days and then, when no one came, he had tried to take off back to our lines. He had got close to the front when he was recaptured. He said they hadn't fed him on the trip up. He told them this in the first 24 hours. Then he died.

Our Treatment of Theirs

COLLECTING and moving prisoners is a problem for any army. Glance now at what was happening to the prisoners in our hands, during this terrible winter of 1950-51.

Frederick Bieri, still looking for something to complain about, as was his duty as protector of prisoners, had moved on to visit (on February 15) the UN transit POW camp at recently captured Chungju. Again his report to Geneva:

Strength:	222 POWs of whom 20 Chinese. 60 POWs were just leaving the camp in a truck en route for Pusan. Each had a blanket.
Accommodations:	Camp opened in destroyed city . . . in remains of local prison. North Korean major had a cell to himself. Sufficient blankets.
Food:	Usual ration . . . no complaints . . . three Chinese POWs asked for some more rice . . . which was immediately supplied.
General Remarks:	Cells clean, camp efficiently run.

Onward, now, with neutral Delegate Bieri to the UN transit camp at Taejon, where he found:

Strength:	452 POWs of which 91 Chinese. On the day of visit 441 POWs were shipped. Our delegate watched at the station. The POWs traveled in boxcars. Drinking water in jerry-cans, and sufficient food for 6 days was on the train. A Korean doctor traveled with them.
Complaints:	None. The treatment is fair and correct. The Korean POWs, as well as the Chinese, seem satisfied.

The Bean Camp • I

THE 120 who had survived the March now got a chance to look around. The Bean Camp (so named by our troops because of the diet) was a collecting center for POWs on their way up to the final camps on the Yalu banks. It was about 40 miles southeast by east of the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, and was within half a mile of a main supply road. Since it was unmarked, it was continually bombed, but for a long time was not hit.

It had been an old mining camp. The shaft was about a mile away and the prisoners lived in what had been barracks for laborers. Each room was about eight feet square and eight or ten men were put in it.

The first hour they were there, one of the men recognized the place; took them to one room and pointed to where his initials were carved. He was an Australian-born British regular who in World War II had been captured by the Japs at

Rabaul in 1941, and had spent four years here. At the prospect of spending more years in this place he now went off his rocker. But The Artilleryman says he was a very good man who eventually straightened out.

They were the first to arrive but presently more groups came in, some in better shape than others, but with the same story of a long, hard march. And although men kept dying—"we buried between 125 and 150 in the six weeks we were there," says The Artilleryman—new groups kept building it up until there were about 700 still living when the captors decided to abandon the Bean Camp.

A Chinese commander was in charge, and under him a dozen English-speaking Chinese, each one looking after a row of barracks. However, the Chinese used the unoccupied part of the barracks to house their own troops moving down to the front. Our men would look hungrily at those ration bags slung around their necks, plump with rice and canned beef or pork.

The camp was so named because the ration was two daily cakes of a mixture compounded of soya bean, whole-kernel corn, millet, and kaoliang (unsweet sorghum used in America to feed cattle).

This would be boiled. Neither the soya beans nor the corn were ever cooked enough. It would then be squeezed in a mold to make cakes about two and a half inches thick and two inches wide; you got one twice a day.

"They were still moist and crumbly, like the baseballs we got on The March. I never saw a Korean or a Chinese eat this stuff," says The Artilleryman. "It was just an easy way of throwing it together to feed prisoners."

At night they got, in addition, half a pint of soya-bean soup—saltless, as were the cakes. Water came from contaminated wells, which did not help things, and now, what with weakness and this diet, came a frightening rise in pneumonia deaths.

If neutral Delegate Bieri had been permitted to inspect the Bean Camp, he might have noted (to the credit of the Chinese) that they had reserved a special soft diet for the sick, consisting of boiled millet plus some preserved turnips which, if not tasty, contained precious salt and minerals for which the men were starved.

Since all were sick, half the camp began getting in sick line to get this better food. So the diet went to those strong enough to line up, while the sickest lay quietly in their rooms. Sometimes a man would say he was carrying food to a sick buddy, but would eat it himself. So there was never enough for the sickest, and many languidly died.

Cooking was in charge of a special UN nationality group (French) appointed by the Chinese. They would sell prisoners extra food, taking tobacco, fountain pens, and wrist watches that had been overlooked. These they would trade to the Korean guards for sorghum candy, which they ate themselves. All the cooks were plump.

Our American organization? The Chinese had broken it up, and put in none of their own. Our officers (their number grew to 40) were segregated from the men, forbidden even to talk to them. The senior colonel himself was sick. If in this situation it was American dog-eat-dog, the Chinese did not care. Or maybe had planned it so.

For the 40% who had pneumonia, the Chinese provided no treatment. The only medicine they offered was "a mixture of gunpowder with charcoal made from baked dog-bones" for diarrhea, which for a while, says The Artilleryman, "at least put a plug in you. But when you did cut loose, that plug tore your guts right out."

Fires were allowed, and those who could walk were put on a wood detail, climbed seven miles under guard up a pass just over which the Chinese had a firewood dump. Here each man got a piece of rope, 30 or 40 pounds of scrub-

oak logs were tied to his back, and then he started down those seven miles to the Bean Camp. If a man stumbled or fell, the guards kicked him until he either got up or was dead. "Many," says The Artilleryman, "died this way."

One morning a flight of our F-51s, flying over the Bean Camp, spotted those Chinese combat uniforms and came in strafing, "shot up a whole mess of them," says The Artilleryman, "and about as many of us. Then within an hour, doctors arrived—a Korean team from an army medical unit stationed in the hospital at the head of that gold mine, only a mile away. We had not known they were there. They dressed our wounds, set bones, gave morphine, shaved head wounds, painted with merthiolate, stitched and bandaged. It was the first medical treatment (aside from witch-doctoring) that we had seen."

"The Chinese seemed annoyed that they had discovered us. One Japanese-speaking American boy learned from these Korean doctors that they would have come long ago, had they known we were in need. We never saw them again."

Now the men appealed to the camp commander. If this was a prison camp, why didn't he remove the Chinese combat troops and mark it as one, as provided by international law?

First, he said he had nothing to mark it with. Our boys said they would take care of that.

Next, he said even if it was marked, the US planes would come anyway. The American officers now volunteered to stand out in the open compound and wave the planes away. This he wouldn't allow.

"Because," he said, "American prisoners are not entitled to special protection so long as these planes are killing Koreans and Chinese."

But one afternoon around Easter, as they were sitting around outside sunning themselves and picking lice, a flight of F-80s came in so fast there was no time to take cover,

"so," says The Artilleryman, "we all stood up and waved at them."

A wonderful thing happened. "One of those American planes peeled off from formation to look us over, and made five passes low, the pilot rocking its wings right over our camp. It was his way of waving to us—as good as a letter from home."

Our Treatment of Theirs

MEANWHILE neutral Red Cross Delegate Frederick Bieri is inspecting Communist sick and wounded in the 8076th Surgical Field Hospital, then at Chungju in South Korea:

Description:

... Well heated and equipped with everything necessary for full and modern treatment of wounded or sick. Most patients X-rayed. All 5 operating tables were in use as our Delegate passed through. Patients shipped south by air as soon as possible.

Patients:

POW and UN treated alike; no distinction made. Most arrive 5 days after being wounded and following field hospital treatment. Commandant of POW transit camp said they were most cooperative on all POW cases.

Medical Supplies:

Plentiful, sufficient for all emergencies.

General Remarks:

An extremely well-run hospital, patients remarkably quiet. One POW was complaining about a pain in his chest. He was told he would first be X-rayed and then attended to.

Delegate Bieri then moved on to the United Nations POW Camp #1 where he inspected (22 Feb 51) the Communist Officers Compound:

Strength: 2,175 officers, including 24 Chinese.

Accommodations: Tents with blankets and mats. Space for exercise and recreation. Company lines are decorated with stones and shrubs. Drinking water in each tent.

Food: Spokesmen thought supplementary ration somewhat insufficient. On being informed that the calories had been worked out and considered sufficient by UN medical authorities, he stated he was satisfied. Admitted none were hungry.

Clothing: All well-clothed—over 17% of the officers wearing leather US Army boots.

Requests: For exercise books, pencils, sports gear. Our Delegate will issue them soon.

Remarks: The officers are well cared for, seem satisfied.

Then followed a footnote on the 24 Chinese officers whose spokesman "stated the POW were very well satisfied with food and treatment. They looked contented and well."

Delegate Bieri also paid a surprise visit to Sub-Camp #3 at Pusan, but found only the same monotonously good conditions and a spokesman for the Communist prisoners who "stated he was satisfied with both food and treatment. No complaints."

To make doubly sure, the Red Cross delegate asked for an interview with the North Korean medical officers who were looking after their own men. These told him that in the camp the general health was "good. No sickness due to living conditions in the camp. Medical supplies are good and

are ample." By which they surely meant more than gunpowder and charred dog-bones.

A look now (through the neutral eyes of Delegate Bieri) at our main bag of Communist prisoners—137,212 of them now held in Camp #1 at Pusan, where "great progress had been made. All tents in hospital compound (and many others) now have liquid fuel stoves."

Food and Clothing: Satisfactory.

Medical Care: From $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1% arrive malnourished. These get supplementary food. Others: good.

Third Field

Hospital: 450 patients, X-rayed on capture, found to have TB. Deaths: 25 daily, causes not due to camp conditions—all seriously ill on arrival, could not be saved.

Fourteenth Field

Hospital: Patients all battle casualties. 60 Chinese frostbitten due to inadequate equipment (rubber shoes). Many amputations will have to be made.

Remarks:

No complaints on food or treatment. Much camp decoration was in evidence. Discipline good, treatment fair and correct.

THE NEUTRALS

MEANWHILE Paul Ruegger, head of the International Red Cross in Geneva, was still striving to get for our prisoners in North Korea the benefits of that Red Cross inspection which Delegate Bieri was giving Communist pris-

oners we held in the South. Or aid of any kind. There was at least new word from Etienne Florian of the Hungarian Red Cross, who earlier had accepted "with joy" Geneva's offer of a ton of medicines for the ambulance the Hungarian Communists were sending to North Korea.

But something was changing even here. For Florian now only coldly notified Geneva that "the medicines on the enclosed list have arrived safely" and "in the name of the Korean people struggling for their liberty we thank you infinitely." (None of his Communist superiors who read it could now accuse him of unorthodoxy.)

Ruegger telegraphed the North Korean Red Cross in Pyongyang, reminding them that Geneva was forwarding

ABOUT ONE TON OF MEDICAL RELIEF TO YOUR COUNTRY
IN COOPERATION WITH THE HUNGARIAN RED CROSS [had
also] REPEATEDLY PROPOSED TO YOUR GOVERNMENT
SENDING REPRESENTATIVES [and was asking their help,
particularly in the matter of prisoners' names].

No direct answer, but at least the IRC delegate in Hong Kong could monitor a Peiping taped broadcast of New Year's greetings from Communist-held UN POWs to their families. He registered 52 reels, which he put on 36 records to be mailed—at least these families would now know their sons still lived.

Throwing protocol to the winds and standing on no invitation, Ruegger cabled the Communist Foreign Minister at Pyongyang:

I CONSIDER IT MY DUTY TO PAY YOU A VISIT TO CLEAR
UP PROBLEMS RAISED IN PREVIOUS [and unanswered]
DISPATCHES. [He announced that he would arrive]
IN A SWISS PLANE [bringing] ONE ASSISTANT, ONE
MEDICAL ADVISOR AND MEDICINES FROM NEUTRALS AND
THE SWISS GOVERNMENT [and] NOW ASK WHERE THIS
AIRPLANE CAN LAND NEAR THE SEAT OF YOUR GOVERN-
MENT . . . [He even gave his itinerary, which was]

VIA INDIA, SHANGHAI, AND THEN PEKIN OR VLADIVOSTOK
[and furthermore] WE ARE REPEATING THIS MESSAGE BY
VOICE RADIO IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH TO MAKE CERTAIN
OF DELIVERY—HIGH CONSIDERATION—RUEGGER.

At least this drew an answer, but it was from the Chinese Foreign Minister, to whom he had sent a copy and who regretted he was

IN NO POSITION [to permit] TRANSIT OF YOUR MISSION
THROUGH CHINA . . . BEFORE MISSION HAS CONSENT OF
KOREAN PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC—WANG PING-NAN.

That seemed to settle that.

The Bean Camp • II

AFTER that American F-80 pilot had waggled his wings over the Bean Camp, the prisoners had no further fear of bombing. Clearly the F-80s had reported the location of this unmarked POW camp; word had gone out to let them alone. So now when planes passed over the camp, no one ran.

But then, about two weeks later—and how do such things happen? It could have been a new bunch of pilots. Or maybe a briefing officer forgot to give the location of the Bean Camp. Or perhaps later recco planes had reported seeing only Chinese down there. Anyway, one cold sunny afternoon, when a few were outside watching the vapor trails of a flight of F-51s, slowly those trails curved. Down they came. Roaring in. Blasting the Bean Camp with four rockets.

“They killed 30 or 35 of us,” reports The Tank Lieutenant. “One hit our room and the five other officers in it were killed. One man was blown to tatters. Two died that night.

Two others, hearing the noise, had time to get through to the kitchen. Being on a lower level, it seemed a likely air-raid shelter, but both died crushed by falling debris. Other rockets hit a large room packed with enlisted men—it was a shambles."

When they could start digging, they pulled out The Tank Lieutenant. He had a concussion—bleeding at the eyes, ears, and nose—and also his balance was gone. Even sitting on the ground he would suddenly fall over to one side, thinking he was still upright. Walking was out of the question.

The Chinese now decided to clean out the Bean Camp, which at this point had built up (after deducting 150 deaths) to about 700. They left behind only the advanced pneumonia cases and those so badly wounded by the rockets they could not walk, and started north.

The Artilleryman, who when he was captured weighed 150 pounds and was now down to 90, says it was just another march like the first. Of the 650 who started it, only 200 arrived at their final camp on the Yalu banks. But these were so weakened that only nine lived through the winter and spring famine to get back to America after the war.

THE NEUTRALS

THIS strafing raid placed a further burden on the gentle gentlemen of Geneva, where Paul Ruegger of the International Red Cross is presently reading a letter from the American Consul General in that city. It points out that, according to a Peiping broadcast,

*American raiding planes have killed 23 American
Prisoners of War and wounded another 31 in Prisoner*

of War camps in Korea . . . [with the result that the American Consul General had been] instructed by my government to ask if a further approach can be made to the North Koreans, with specific reference to the Geneva Convention concerning the placement and marking of Prisoner of War camps, and notification as to their location . . .

R. E. Ward, Jr.,
American Consul

Summarizing this to Pak Hen in Pyongyang, IRC President Ruegger invited his attention (in French) to the fact that the Geneva Convention's Article 23 stipulates that all prison camps should be marked with the "*lettres PG ou PW de façon très visible.*" He also asked for a list of the prisoners who had been killed, so that their families could be notified. He further assured Pak Hen that he was at their disposition to transmit to the Americans any reply they cared to make.

They cared to make none to anyone.

A few weeks later the unrebuffable Ruegger is telegraphing them, "*sur demande des Autorités Americaines*," the latitude and longitude of seven well-marked United Nations prison camps in South Korea, so that no Communist plane would, by mistake, kill a Communist prisoner. It was never acknowledged.

What was the United Nations' behavior in respect to Article 23? Turning now to Red Cross Delegate Bieri's inspection of our installations at Koje-do and Pusan, we find that:

All compounds are marked PW in white or yellow. During a flight over the enclosures, our Delegate observed these markings. Very satisfactory.

This was reported to Pak Hen. Since he knew his men were safe, why should he care about ours?

Pak's Palace

THE Tank Lieutenant was one of those left in the Bean Camp, which may be why he lived to tell what next happened. Because of the concussion his memories are not too clear. He remembers being put in a truck. He was told it was taking them to a hospital. In it were five other officers, all ranking Air Force people. Since some had been recently captured, you could call them almost plump. None were bandaged or looked particularly sick. But, because of the concussion, this did not then strike him as curious.

The ride down is a blank, and the next he remembers is being bedded down in a large building which had been the headquarters of a Japanese brickworks. You could see the kilns about 300 yards away, and near them the workmen's barracks where prisoners now lived.

Next morning, hanging to a railing, he stepped outside for a breath of air and was amazed to see his old commanding officer walking along.

"Why hello, sir!" said The Tank Lieutenant. "What are you doing here in the hospital?"

The C.O. gave him a strange look.

"This is no hospital," he said, and walked quickly on. This turned out to be right, but The Tank Lieutenant says you should have a run-down on this C.O.

He had come up from the National Guard to a staff job under a big-name general during World War II because he was smart, likable, and hard-working. His desk was always clean. Everything was in the right baskets.

And don't think (says The Tank Lieutenant) that such a

staff job is just planning dinner parties; this officer had actually conducted visiting Congressmen up to where shots (although distant) could be heard when fired in genuine anger.

Because through this big-name general he had met and become liked by all the brighter people in exactly those West Point classes soon to become the most pivotal, wisely he stayed on in the army.

After five years of rapid advancement, the fact that he had never handled troops under fire, rose as a block to further promotion. Korea seemed made to order. Presently he arrived in charge of a tank unit.

On the scene he was disarmingly frank. While wars were of course won by weapons, logistics, and staffwork, he was not one of those who wrote off this insistence on actual combat experience as old-fashioned nonsense.

He was not here, he had told them, only to get a dirty job over and out of the way so that there could be no question about that general's star before he was 40. For there was, he explained, really something to a combat command. And he wanted it later on record that he actually had handled one well.

His personal bravery sometimes alarmed them. True, he was unmarried, and a decoration would help on his fitness report. But that last reconnaissance mission he had led himself, up a narrow canyon, leaving the infantry flank cover far behind. No one could say he had exceeded orders. Nor had it been just grandstanding. For, had they come through, the pay-off to us, in that particular situation, would have been considerable.

It still came under the head of a calculated risk. For statistically no one could have predicted that a Chinaman with a potato-masher grenade would be sitting behind that particular rock, to smash the left track of the lead tank. Nor that

other Chinese, with a mortar, would appear out of nowhere to immobilize the column. So there they were, with nothing to do but come out with their hands up. Their C.O. had done everything bravely and brilliantly by the book. It only just happened to come open at the wrong page.

Arriving at the Bean Camp, the C.O. had immediately sought out someone of suitable authority.

"You can't do this to me!" he had pointed out to the Chinese camp commander. By way of proof he had given a brief résumé of his high connections and staff experience. The camp commander's attitude had changed. He now listened with deferential attention. Fifteen minutes later they had jammed the C.O. in a jeep, headed for this brickworks which, The Tank Lieutenant was soon to learn, was Pak's Palace, North Korea's interrogation center.

Was it really a hospital? If so, when were the doctors coming? The Tank Lieutenant says the North Koreans kept putting them off. Meanwhile they revelled in the food, which was wonderful after the Bean Camp. The soup was not just hot water, but sometimes had nourishing dog-meat in it. Rice, too. And all you wanted of both. Even a tobacco issue. And the very sick could get special foods—scrambled eggs, even cocoa.

While there was no medical treatment, it later developed that nearby there was an Iron Curtain hospital—Romanian, Bulgarian, and Hungarian—perhaps balancing units which the Swedes, Indians, Norse, Italians, Germans, and Danes had sent to South Korea. Someone would occasionally jeep over from the brickworks to bring back medicines. Now actually the need was not enormous. In a few days The Tank Lieutenant began to feel much better. The Air Force officers who had come with him had not been sick at all. So why had they been sent here?

On the fourth day The Tank Lieutenant found out. They came for him, carried him up the front steps (because of that balance thing it was a month before he could really walk), and propped him in a corner. By keeping one shoulder blade pressed against each angle of the wall, he could be sure he was sitting upright and not fall over. True, the room seemed to revolve crazily but he was learning to keep a stance, at least sitting down.

Now a uniformed North Korean came, who they said was a Major Pak. He was very crisp and sat down opposite with a low table between them, on which The Tank Lieutenant could brace his arms. This helped with that balance thing.

Pak handed him a whole batch of handwritten stuff.

"Read this and tell me if it is true," he said. "Do not lie to me. If you do, I worry about your future."

The handwriting seemed somehow familiar. As he read, Major Pak smoked, but tea was brought for both of them. Whoever had written all this had certainly spilled his guts—had sung like a canary. The Tank Lieutenant realized he was in an interrogation center. The handwritten stuff gave everything they would like to know about our tanks. Then there was a kind of Pentagon Who's Who—personality sketches of every officer who might get sent out here, and just how he made his decisions. At the bottom of the last page was his C.O.'s signature. As he stared at it, he realized that they had brought him to Pak's Palace to cross-hatch with this C.O.

Pushing the stuff back over the table toward Pak, he said,

"This is written by a top field-grade officer. I'm only a lieutenant. I don't know if it's true or not. But he should."

For the moment Pak let him think he was satisfied. Then, a lot of questions about the guns our tanks carried—their ranges and the weights of the rounds.

Now lying is not easy. The Tank Lieutenant knew that later they would lead him through the whole thing again.

He must be sure to remember his lies. So he decided if he now transposed the figures on weights with those on ranges, he could remember.

Pak now got very excited. He tossed out a tank manual, which of course contained all the dope he had been asking. This The Tank Lieutenant now looked through and said yes, the stuff here was all okay, only he had got it mixed up because of the concussion.

Pak suddenly leaned over, grabbed up his left hand from the table, clamped the end of his middle finger between the jaws of a pair of wireman's dikes, and squeezed hard.

Scared, The Tank Lieutenant involuntarily jerked his hand back, leaving in the jaws of those dikes his fingernail and also a hunk of meat the size of a pea. Of course he screamed. Anyone would scream.

He now agreed to write out for Pak what he knew about tanks, just as the C.O. had done, being sure he could confine it to what was in that manual they had already captured. Every few days he had a session with Pak, who, says The Tank Lieutenant, was schizophrenic.

He could be very nice like a big brother, give you cigarettes—most charming until either you lied or refused to answer. Then he would go beserk—beat you, kick you, swear at you. He once threw The Tank Lieutenant not only out of the room but down a flight of steps into the courtyard.

Then he would quickly change to remorse, turn on the charm, and apologize for losing his temper, say he couldn't control himself, because his family had been killed by our bombers.

A British major told The Tank Lieutenant that this was true. In Pyongyang, Pak had seen a 2,000-pound bomb hit his house with his sister in it. After that Pak had gone nuts.

These sessions went on until The Tank Lieutenant had written for Pak everything he remembered from the book, and convinced Pak he knew no more. Then they moved him

out of the administration building of this former brickworks where, with a few others, he had been living with Pak, down to the workman's barracks with the other prisoners. This meant he had graduated, although from time to time some others would drop in to ask a few questions.

The Tank Lieutenant thinks he got off easy. For instance, later three Americans were able to take off from this compound with the help of Captain "Spud" Gibbons of the Royal Artillery, who had distracted a guard. The Tank Lieutenant had watched as Pak drove bamboo splinters under Spud's fingernails. Then he wired Spud's middle and index fingers together, put a steel rivet between them, and twisted it—

ARTICLE XVII . . . NO PHYSICAL VIOLENCE NOR MENTAL TORTURE NOR ANY OTHER FORM OF COERCION MAY BE INFILCTED ON PRISONERS OF WAR TO SECURE FROM THEM INFORMATION OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER . . . —The Geneva Convention for the Protection of Prisoners of War.

—and then he took out Spud's penis and scrotum, grabbed them tight in his fist, and twisted hard. But Spud would not tell Pak which escape route the three had taken. The Tank Lieutenant thinks maybe Spud did not know.

The extra food they had had at first—to build them up for interrogation—now disappeared. The Tank Lieutenant's legs began to swell. It was, he later learned, wet beriberi, from vitamin shortage. He also had pneumonia, but was still too confused to know what it was.

When Pak had milked his group dry, early in June they threw them in a truck and shipped them on up to the permanent Yalu River camps for UN prisoners. The Tank Lieutenant made this trip with his C.O., who, however much he may have talked to Pak, was unusually quiet in the truck.

The Doctor

BECAUSE we needed doctors badly they had pulled him out of civilian life, flown him over to head a battalion aid station with the 1st Cavalry Division.

When, after the Inchon landings, they could turn north, there was for a time little fighting.

At the 38th parallel they had paused. Their radios told them some kind of debate was going on among the United Nations. Apparently the buck was being passed to MacArthur; they wouldn't quite say he could or could not cross. Then the ROKs went over. The next day we followed. But still, that actual crossing of the 38th had been an eerie feeling. Yet there was no real fighting until we got near Pyongyang.

Once in this former North Korean capital, you would have thought the war was over. Our MPs were breaking out with white gloves and belts, the officers insisting the men clean up—garrison life. Even newspapers and magazines began to come in, telling of the "MacArthur Line": we might move on up to that narrowest neck and just sit there.

After a week The Doctor's outfit moved on up toward Unsan, and bivouacked in a cornfield. It was very quiet. All the civilians seemed to have taken off. The Doctor had a queer feeling of mounting tension. The battalion which was already in Unsan seemed to be having a hell of a fight. Wounded were coming in. But you could not hear a sound.

About midnight The Doctor was told to pack up his aid station—we might have to fight our way out. And he should

send on ahead as many of the wounded as he could. Yet it was absolutely quiet. Not even a far-away thump.

So he loaded his truck, hitched it to his trailer, was directed down a side escape-road, but found it blocked by a stalled howitzer battery. Wounded were now wandering around, trying to get out of the situation, saying they were encircled (it turned out to be right), and begging to hitch rides on his truck.

He got permission to unpack enough to dress their wounds. Now they heard gunfire, right outside battalion headquarters. They hoped it was only two American units firing at each other by mistake. It wasn't.

The Doctor set up his aid station in the headquarters dug-out, which soon filled up with wounded—maybe 50. When he came out next morning he found what was left of the outfit had dug shallow trenches around a little perimeter they hoped to hold. But the enemy was all around. They were only a headquarters company now, plus three tanks, a few stragglers and his wounded.

Early reports over their tanks' radios were that a task force was on its way to relieve them. Then at 4 o'clock—with hardly an hour of daylight left, this force reported it had been stopped by a Red roadblock. There was no more hope that day. Much later The Doctor learned the task force had radioed to them that now they were on their own—to fight their way out as best they could.

They were running low on ammo and medical supplies, so now the tanks radioed for a parachute drop. About noon the next day a helicopter came in, circled low, but didn't land. There had been no small-arms fire, but the pilot could see the entire circle of the enemy and knew they were holding their fire until he was on the ground.

Finally an observation plane came over and dumped a mail pouch full of medical supplies—a free-fall, so no plasma

—but The Doctor could now get busy with morphine and bandages on his wounded.

“About noon,” he says, “the captain who had taken over authority called me in, said they were running out of ammo and would have to pull out—make a run for it under cover of the tanks.”

Somehow this news got out to the wounded. As The Doctor made his rounds that afternoon, they would say, in low, scared voices, “You aren’t going to leave us, are you, Doc?”

The Doctor explains that “I just didn’t have the guts to leave them.” (For this lack of guts The Doctor’s wife, presumed by the Pentagon to be a widow, presently was sent what both she and the Pentagon then thought was a posthumous decoration for bravery.)

The captain told The Doctor that he was a God-damned fool, that he could do nothing, and that very probably he would be killed. But if he wanted to stay, the captain would not order him out.

Between them it was agreed that after the others left The Doctor would wait an hour, and then try to surrender himself and the wounded.

All the others—about a hundred of them—now took off under a smoke-screen cover. Then it got very quiet. Apparently the enemy did not realize everyone else had gone.

It was also getting dark, and the enemy’s usual tactic would be to try to rush them during the night. In this case, of course, all the wounded probably would be killed.

To prevent this The Doctor now took off his T-shirt, put it on a stick like a flag, and started walking out across those shallow, deserted trenches of the perimeter toward the enemy, shouting to attract their attention. When he had gone about a hundred yards, one of them stood up and pointed a gun at him, motioning him to come over. He did, and now three others stood up and walked toward him.

One of them stuck a bayonet into his solar plexus, and The Doctor pushed it away. This happened three or four times before The Doctor realized the man was only trying to tell him to turn around.

They then led him to a nearby command post, where he explained the situation to a boy who spoke a few words of English. Then, with a platoon, they took him back to round up the wounded—now more than a hundred.

Meanwhile the boy who spoke English seemed to be trying to explain that they were going to kill him. At last the boy got over the idea that this was exactly not what they were going to do. He later learned this outfit had been given special indoctrination—to take as many American prisoners as possible, and to treat them well.

He was moved to a collecting point, and five days later a truck took him up to Pyoktong on the banks of the Yalu River. After a few days he was moved to a small prison camp called the "Valley" about 10 kilometers due south of Pyoktong, arriving on November 20, 1950. He was quartered here with the officers. The Korean compounds which straggled along this declivity now held about 750 men, arrived either direct from the Bean Camp, or from the interrogation center at Suan.

Among them was another captured American doctor—a Red-Bearded Surgeon, from the Middle West—to share in the care of this group. The two were to become close friends.

In each compound the rooms had the Korean heating system of underground clay pipes leading from the kitchen stove. This gave just enough heat to cook the morning and evening meal. The room next to it got unbearably hot at these times, and others progressively cooler, so for the night the men would rotate in the rooms—those in the warmest lending their clothes to those in the coldest. Those on the

outside, says The Doctor, often got severe chills and, although they huddled to save heat, a few froze to death.

Morale was breaking badly, but some spirit remained. While the officers were segregated from the enlisted men during the early part of this Valley period, the non-coms were still with them. These old army wheels did much to keep their chins up. Furthermore the doctors were then allowed to make their rounds from compound to compound, and could serve as a link between officers and enlisted men.

Most Americans had arrived after marches not quite so hard as that of The Artilleryman. The food at this point was supposedly 400 grams per day of boiled cracked corn or millet, plus occasional issues of soya beans or Chinese cabbage.

The Doctor estimates that theoretically this would provide about 1,600 calories per day. Not enough to maintain weight in a patient flat on his back in bed.

In proof of this, when President Eisenhower was stricken with a heart attack and it was imperative to reduce his weight, almost the first order of his doctors was to put him on a 1,600-calorie diet which, as he lay quiet in bed, rapidly stripped off pounds.

But calories only measure a food's value as fuel—are in fact heat units. No account is taken of precious vitamins, without which life cannot continue. Those daily 1,600 calories provided the stricken President were rich in vitamins from orange juice, lean beef tenderloin, and strong skimmed broths, so that the other delicate chemical balances of life could be maintained in full vigor while the dangerous fat melted away.

Turn now to that corn-millet diet given our prisoners. Many vitamins are killed by heat. Whatever precious speck of them was in the heart of each grain kernel disappeared in the long boiling needed to soften the surrounding starch so that a human stomach might digest it. The end product was

at best almost pure starch with roughage, the only protein coming in this period from occasional issues of soya beans.

While our Western dieticians disdain protein from beans as a "low-grade" kind, far less valuable than that from beef and pork, the soya bean is for the peasant of Asia almost his only source of protein, and in America is highly valued as a cattle-food.

But a minimum of 24 hours of cooking, according to The Red-Bearded Surgeon, is needed to prepare soya beans for human stomachs, which the Americans did not then know. The half-cooked beans produced irritating diarrhea.

In the makeshift hospital provided by the Koreans, things were better. Here a Korean did the cooking, and he further had been provided with a beangrinder which cut down the boiling time.

The two American doctors noted that the Korean medical team with whom they were working ate much better. True, the two daily bowls of cooked grain were equal in size. But the Korean doctors' mixture was one-third rice and two-thirds millet (no field corn). Also they got fish (which gave them protein, vitamins and minerals) at least twice a week.

There was furthermore no lack of fuel to cook the soya beans they ate, while the American prisoners were so weak that it was hard for the American doctors to single out those who they hoped might be able to stand up under the wood detail, to fetch in fuel for cooking. They could bring only enough for an hour's boiling twice a day.

There was also the fact that, back in the Bean Camp, many had seen their comrades dying of diarrhea. What caused it? Our doctors who watched say that in most instances it was only a familiar symptom of the last stages of starvation. In others, it may have been infectious dysentery, to which, in their weakened condition, the men had low resistance.

However, all the enlisted men who had come up from

Suan to the Valley were sure it came from the soya beans, and now flatly refused to eat them. Perhaps at this point it was as well. For the hard splinters of the undercooked beans were indigestible, and their sharp edges painful in the bowels of many men already sick with diarrhea.

As for their captors, there were plenty of Koreans anxious to get the soya beans disdained by the Americans. Why should they bother to run a cooking school for prisoners? Why go to the trouble, when they took away the rejected beans, to provide a more familiar substitute? Was it their responsibility if Americans then died for lack of protein?

Geneva says firmly yes. Article 26 on "Rations" says they must be sufficient

TO KEEP PRISONERS OF WAR IN GOOD HEALTH, AND TO PREVENT LOSS OF WEIGHT, OR THE DEVELOPMENT OF NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCIES. ACCOUNT SHALL BE TAKEN OF THE HABITUAL DIET OF PRISONERS.

In our camps, strictly following Geneva, we were putting ourselves to the bother of providing our Communist prisoners not only with ample rice, but with such strange oriental delicacies as dried octopus, on which at Koje-do they were gaining weight. Looking back at this period in the Valley from the vantage point of a terrible three months later, we can say that conditions seem curiously good. In spite of the starvation diet of the 750 UN prisoners then confined there (most were from the American 1st Cavalry Division), only 22 had yet died, of whom 14 had been seriously wounded.

Why so few? Because a healthy man can live for a surprising number of weeks on little or no food. His body burns first surplus fat for energy and then, lacking meat, cannibalizes its own plump muscles, which shrink slowly. Min-

erals and vitamins, mysteriously stored, are likewise eked out.

Even those 14 wounded need not have died. The Doctor at this time was quartered with a Korean medical team, along with The Red-Bearded Surgeon. The two of them would make their rounds of the compounds and, turning in their sickroll to the chief Korean medical officer, would list the drugs needed for each.

What they got was, very sporadically, limited amounts of two sulfa compounds outdated and no longer used by our army. For instance the standard Medical Corps treatment for pneumonia was, when used, six grams of sulfa the first day, followed by four daily grams for a week, totaling 30 grams.

The medical officer in charge (who headed the group because he was the ranking Communist) would allow only six grams per case. The two Americans knew this was useless, so they hoarded their sulfa, giving it only to those who would not pull through without it.

In early January the two American doctors reported to their Korean chief that they had 12 men who must have surgery or die. The Americans refused to operate without an anaesthetic, for all were so weak they would probably die of shock.

When the Communist chief said there was no ether, they asked him either to let in Red Cross medical supplies, or to contact the UN Command by radio for a parachute drop—including drugs, antibiotics, splints, and anaesthetics.

The Communist doctor denied both requests. But after all of the 12 wounded had died as predicted, he brought in two ampules of ether, two of morphine, some pentathol and crude instruments.

“With these,” says The Doctor, “we were able to perform one operation on the 16th of January. The amputee did

splendidly. We were glad that, even if we could not save his leg, at least they had let us save his life. And so we had, for the time being. The man did not die until May. And then it was from starvation."

Our Treatment of Theirs

Now on January 15th, the day before this amputation in the Valley, Frederick Bieri, International Red Cross Delegate, was inspecting the United Nations hospital for Communist prisoners down in Pusan. He writes in his report:

The average number of daily sick calls is about 1600. . . . There are two dispensaries in which, besides medical orderlies (both UN and POW) 9 North Korean medical officers are employed. The North Korean Medical Officer stated that the supply of medicaments is good and sufficient. . . . At time of visit, 50 POWs were being taken in trucks to hospital.

The Valley

MORALE among our men seemed low (no one foresaw the pathetic depths it was soon to reach), and the American doctors (still free to go from compound to compound) did what they could to bolster it.

From newly arrived prisoners they got a story of an offensive in preparation. So in making their Christmas Eve rounds,

The Red-Bearded Surgeon told them to buck up; that help was surely on its way, that General MacArthur had told his men they might well be home by Christmas; any minute now they might hear the roar of American tanks coming over the crest of the pass at the end of the Valley.

Mercifully they did not know the truth, which was that on November 24th, 100,000 UN troops had started their advance "to end the war"; that one advance patrol had even sighted the Yalu, but that, on November 26th, 200,000 fully equipped Chinese "People's Volunteers" had crossed that river into Korea, had swarmed through and around our columns. They were to reach the 38th parallel on New Year's Day, and from there, retaking Seoul and Inchon, were to stab on down deep into South Korea in what General MacArthur was to describe accurately as "an entirely new war."

Our Treatment of Theirs

As the strength of UN prisoners was dwindling on that cracked-corn diet in the Valley camp, neutral Swiss Delegate Frederick Bieri was inspecting Communist prisoners held by us around Pusan. On January 15, 1951, he dropped in on Sub-Camp #3, which, according to this report, held: "38,940 North Koreans . . . in a healthy area." Here he found the food "sufficient and well prepared. The bill of fare on date of visit was rice and fish."

While our men on the Yalu lacked strength to carry enough wood for fuel, with these well-fed prisoners we held there was the problem of working off their surplus energies. Consequently,

The Camp Commander stated that the volleyballs given by the IRC to his camp on December 28th were all in use, and greatly appreciated by the POWs. Our delegate was present at one volleyball game. [Clearly morale was good because] there are many decorations at compound entrances, and decorated markings of POW company lines . . . the POWs looked well . . . a very good camp.

The truth was that many of these North Koreans were now getting from us a better diet than they had ever had in their lives. These surplus calories and vitamins presently sought an outlet more vigorous than volleyball. In this period our huge bag of 136,906 prisoners had been divided into enormous compounds of about 5,000 prisoners each. These were giving us no trouble, but every few mornings our guards would discover hacked corpses at some compound gates.

Why? It was hard to find out. Elected spokesmen were not talking. Slowly it became clear that these murders were not in settlement of private grudges. A political struggle seemed to be going on.

Geneva provides that prisoners shall elect their own spokesmen, with preference given to the ranking officer. What seemed to be taking place here was that in some compounds the prisoners, perhaps fed up with Communists, had chosen others. So the Communists were fighting to regain control.

In other compounds, prisoners had elected not the ranking officer, but the ranking Communist political agitator. He and his gang had taken over and were ruthlessly purging all opposition.

And neither faction, in this period, was being frank with their captors. Often the elected spokesman was only a figure-head. A little Korean with the humblest task in camp might be the real boss-man.

But why should we interfere? So long as we followed

Geneva and fed our former foes well, what difference did it make to us if they found political murder a more exciting sport than volleyball?

The trouble was, we had to act. Because right there in the Book (Geneva Conventions 1949, Article 121) we could be held responsible for the "death or serious injury" of any POW, even if caused by "another Prisoner of War."

Clearly we must do something. Because if we failed to keep them from bashing in one another's skulls, Geneva could hold us responsible. Yet could we legally separate political factions? Back now to the book, where Geneva's Article 16 says:

ALL PRISONERS OF WAR WILL BE TREATED ALIKE BY THE DETAINING POWER [again, us] WITHOUT ADVERSE DISTINCTION BASED ON RACE, NATIONALITY, RELIGIOUS BELIEF OR POLITICAL OPINION. . . .

Read together, the two articles meant that if we failed to segregate, we would be responsible for the deaths, but each faction must get equal treatment. We now went about the delicate task of pulling them apart. It was not easy. Communist political agitators resisted being plucked from what in their terms were disloyal compounds. It was their duty to stay on and regain control.

As for us—the American captors—few then realized that we soon were to have the painful task of umpiring an important part of Korea's Civil War, which, revived by our good food, was to rise in our POW camps. It was, for the moment, our duty only to put a stop to those mangled corpses which appeared at the compound gates, before the neutral Swiss could protest. Let these North Koreans fight it out after they got back home, we said.

It had thus far occurred to no one that some might even refuse to return.

The Doctor · Camp V

ON January 20th of 1951, The Doctor, the Korean medical group, and all the men in the Valley were moved closer to Pyoktong, to a site later named Camp V. In area it was no more than six city blocks. Most of the farm compounds they were moved to had been bombed. Guards and barbed wire soon penned in about 2,000 men.

For the 1st Cavalry Division prisoners were joined by those from the American 2nd Division, mostly taken around the 1st of December. They had had a rougher capture, and a higher death rate on a rougher march.

During it, they had tried to pull their sick and wounded on sledges.

“It sounds tough,” says The Doctor, “when a wounded man stumbles up to you and gasps, ‘Doc, I just can’t make it.’ But put him on a sledge and you know he won’t. Surely and certainly he will freeze.”

These men brought news.

“They told us the United Nations troops had been defeated—rolled back south of Seoul, that at home there was small interest in this war and therefore little hope of winning it.”

The 1st Cavalry men had not believed all this. There had been a number of fist fights. When they did accept it, morale hit bottom.

For the next three weeks The Doctor, still living with the Korean medical team and allowed to make sick rounds in the compounds, also worked hard to bolster morale.

With surgical skill the Chinese had removed all leadership. Officers were penned in one compound, senior non-coms in a second, corporals in a third, and privates in a fourth.

Need, The Doctor found, was greatest among the American enlisted men. Other nations had sent to Korea modest forces—the British Empire contributing a Commonwealth Division, the Turks a brigade, the Philippines and Thailand each a regiment, while the others sent a battalion or less.

Yet each had put its best toe forward. Those token battalions were the pick of each regular army, highly trained veterans, often with service in World War II and resentful at being sent out again—but exactly the type of mature, trained soldier who best stands the strains of combat and of prison camp.

Typically also the battalions had been picked from veteran regiments with high traditions of glory. The men had trained together, had been captured together, and knew that, once released, they would serve together again. Even with their officers removed, they worked together, helping one another.

In sharp contrast to this the average American at capture was 21, half of them ranging down toward 17. Most of this younger group were draftees into our civilian army who, after three months' basic training, had been sent to the occupation force in Japan. Abruptly, and to bolster a caving battle line, they had been thrown into Korea, a country of which they had barely heard, and with no clear idea of what the war was about. After a few brief weeks of fighting they had been captured.

In no sense were they yet soldiers. Their home training had been of the postwar "soft" type. To each replacement, his unit was a faceless thing, with a number instead of a name, and his buddies, faces he might never see again after his draft hitch was finished.

Most lacked the maturity which would have taught them the value of discipline. Having heard frequent boasts that the American Army was the best equipped, best cared for and best fed in the world, they were utterly unprepared for the hardships of prison life.

Now, cut off from officers and non-coms who would have given them stability, they were a frightened and leaderless mob.

Also the diet was getting worse. The Chinese (who now controlled Camp V) had allowed the men of one compound to buy (with American dollars) a sick cow for a New Year's feast. But the Chinese guards ate most of her. Then vegetables disappeared, and they were back on that mixture of boiled field corn and millet—600 daily grams per man, "so we were told," says The Doctor. "We had no way to measure it." While in theory this might have been enough calories, as bodily stores of proteins, vitamins, and minerals were exhausted, the camp death rate climbed.

In February even that sad diet dropped—from 600 grams to a theoretical 400. But doctors think the actual figure was closer to 300, which might be 1,200 calories.

Meanwhile the Korean doctors and the Chinese guards, served from the same kitchens, were eating decently if not well. For in addition to the boiled corn and millet (a Korean diet staple), they were getting fish and soya beans several times a week and often rice.

Could it all be part of a plan?

The death rate was now soaring mysteriously in the American 17- to 19-year age group. They began collapsing by the hundreds.

Sometimes they died of pneumonia. Often it was diarrhea, usually brought on by lack of salt and minerals, but there were so many cases the men feared it was contagious dysentery. Usually there were symptoms of beriberi and pellagra.

But however many diseases a man might have, although the American doctors faithfully reported them in their requisition requests, "Dirty Hands," the Chinese political chief of the medical unit, would issue medicine for only one malady.

"Dirty Hands" had little training or interest in medicine. He had started as a stretcher-bearer in the Chinese Army, and now headed the unit only because he was the ranking Communist. He had absolute control over all doctors and medicines.

But what was killing these American teen-agers? Was it lack of medicines, of morale, or of vitamins? Those who were working to save them were only sure of what was happening:

"At a certain point in starvation a boy would complain he was too weak to go out for chow. He would lie down, pull a blanket over his head to shut out the world, and refuse, first food, even if his buddies brought it (sometimes they didn't bother), then water, and in a few days he would be dead.

"He would usually die in a foetal position—curled up on his side—the position of a baby safe in its mother's womb. This sequence happened so often that when we saw the first symptoms, we could predict the end in a few days."

Why were the younger ones giving up? Was it because they had no wives and children to live for?

Or could it be because at a certain point in starvation, lack of certain vitamins brings loss of appetite, so that a man (or a laboratory animal) will finally lie down and listlessly die even in reach of food?

If it was purely chemical, then why were only the youngest (supposedly the strongest) dying in such frightening numbers?

Stranger still (since all were issued the same meager rations), why had no Turkish prisoner died?

But with teen-agers collapsing all around them, the

doctors had no time for theorizing. If it was morale, something could be done. They could be cheered up, urged to exercise and to eat.

On February 10th the Chinese (perhaps annoyed by the American doctors' efforts to bolster morale) now confined them to one compound, to which the sick should report. But often the sick were too weak (or listless) to get there. Such a boy with diarrhea might also be too feeble to go to the latrine or even to rise. In this case he might have in his squad a buddy strong enough (and also willing) to wipe him clean, to try to get for him fresh clothes, or at least wash out and air his soiled ones.

But too often he would be left alone, to die miserably in a pool of his own feces. At worst the squad bully, objecting to the stench, might drag him out into the compound, to freeze quickly while still feebly alive—often an unintended act of mercy.

For now that the doctors were confined to their sick house, the last trace of authority vanished in the American enlisted men's compounds—as the Chinese intended it should. What remained of discipline was, in each squad, the rule of the physically strongest, who might be the squad bully.

In such squads it was dog-eat-dog. If a sick man refused food, why coax him? When he died there would be more for the strong. One boy whose squadmates could not be bothered to bring him food, but who managed to pull through, told The Doctor he remembered hearing them quarrel loudly over which would get his pathetic little pile of personal belongings, when he had been carried away.

Sometimes there was in all this a terrible justice. A man who in February had been strong enough to tyrannize his squad and steal food from the sick would weaken in March. The others, remembering, would stand over him to say, coldly,

"We're glad you're dying, you son of a bitch. It'll be a pleasure to be on your burial detail."

However much or little this lack of morale and discipline in the American enlisted men's compound increased the death rate, it shocked those who saw it.

An American doctor, trying to help these dying teen-agers, reports that they 'had no discipline. Give them an order and they'd say, 'Go to hell'—which was just what the Chinese wanted. They refused to be ordered about, reasoned with, or forced."

A British officer reports that "the spectacle of Americans being taken out of their huts [by other Americans] and left naked to freeze, was something we just did *not* understand."

Echoing him, another American reported to Washington that "our greatest need was for devoted, utterly unselfish leadership. Korea showed that prisoners from a well-disciplined unit continued, in captivity, to maintain a high standard among themselves. The difference in the death rates of the Turks, the British, and the Americans [ours was highest] was due to lack of American discipline."

Yet the picture is not all black. For every bully who robbed the sick of food there were, in the American enlisted men's camp, a dozen who nursed their buddies and volunteered their remaining strength to go on wood and water detail for the camp.

And, say the doctors, it was the helpful ones who in the end stood the best chance to survive. No one is sure why. Maybe because an extra store of vitamins gave such a man the life-force to think of and help others. Certainly because, when one of these sickened, the others, remembering his helpfulness, worked hard to nurse him back to health.

Yet helpfulness could be overdone. "Seeing these kids just give up," says The Doctor, "sometimes we deliberately adopted a harsh, unsympathetic attitude to jar them out of

it; lectured them on the dangers of inactivity. With such a man, an over-helpful buddy who pampered him and brought his food might even be hurtful." The doctors who had to force-feed these sagging 17- to 19-year-olds, and drag them to get them to move, think that "psychotherapy might have helped, but we couldn't catch up with 2,000."

At the start they began putting down "starvation" as the cause of every death, which was true, whatever the contributing factors, but this "Dirty Hands" would not allow. They compromised by using the phrase "bowel disturbance"—the end-symptom which meant starvation to the American doctors.

Months later in the indoctrination phase, the Chinese insisted their high death rate came not from lack of food, but because the Americans were riddled by syphilis and gonorrhea. The truth? In the entire camp "we had," says The Doctor, "one case of VD—in a man who had returned from leave in Japan the day before he was captured."

In each case, reports The Doctor, there was one final argument with "Dirty Hands." "After a boy died, we would try to put one dog tag in his mouth and keep the other, so that the bodies could be identified and, in some dim future, be brought back home. But this he would never allow."

Perhaps because the Communists kept no track of their own dead. The concept that each man has dignity, even in death, is a Western idea. In Communist Asia, the River of Humanity has no individual droplets.

How many died there? If the Chinese bothered to keep figures, they gave none to their captives. As more marches tottered in, Camp V, from its small beginnings, built up to a population of about 3,500 by the war's end. Meanwhile, based on the rough but dependable estimates of American doctors, 1,500 had died there, all of diseases directly traceable to malnutrition, and most in the first quarter of 1951.

When toward the end of February the rate touched a daily 28 (in two months all would have died), it alarmed even the Chinese, and the American doctors were called up before the Chinese camp commander.

"I demand that this death rate be stopped in two weeks," he said, "and I'm going to give you all the medication you can use."

He then gave them 2,000 units of sulfadiazine and 1,000 of sulfaguanidine. They thanked him, but ventured to tell the interpreter that they could do nothing unless the diet improved.

This the commander imperiously waved away. As prisoners they had been brought in only to get orders.

They were, however, delighted to get the drugs, says The Doctor, "even though the quantity was piddling. Since we used it in proper doses, it was quickly gone. We were then told there was no more. Nor could we again get access to the commander."

But a few days later, after The Doctor himself had been taken seriously sick, leaving The Red-Bearded Surgeon in entire charge, one of their Korean medical team named Liu rushed into their sick house, placed 10 tiny vials on the table, and announced joyfully,

"The penicillin has arrived!"

Now penicillin, to be effective, must be given in massive doses. Each bottle contained 200,000 units. With this total of two million on the table, they might hope to save three men. To try to stretch it would be a waste of the drug, as the American doctors knew. They also knew Liu knew it.

"We will now go out into the compounds," said Liu, "and give an injection of penicillin to the thirty sickest men!"

The Red-Bearded Surgeon blew up. He asked Liu if he knew what he was doing (which of course Liu did). He told Liu that if they diluted this tiny amount to that point,

they would save nobody (which of course Liu knew). He said it would only be a propaganda gesture (which was what Liu intended). And he told Liu flatly that he as a doctor would not bastardize his profession by wasting the precious little amount they had, on more than three men.

No one noticed that one of the English-speaking Chinese had been listening to this speech, which caused Liu a great loss of face.

They compromised on giving the penicillin to 10 men, plus injections of a Chinese sugar-water preparation to 10 more who were told it was penicillin. Syringes were prepared and the penicillin diluted. The sickest were already lying in the next room, but Liu insisted (this had been part of the compromise) that the 10 should be picked from five separate compounds, so that more would know about it. Trudging through a snowstorm with Chinese aid men and interpreters, guided by flashlights and a carbide lamp, they spread these tidings.

The weakened penicillin (enough to check but not to kill the bugs) gave the 10 some temporary relief. Forty-eight hours later, all were as sick as they had been. Eventually all 10 died.

Not long after this the Chinese told The Red-Bearded Surgeon they had no more need for his medical services, and he was sent back in disgrace to the officers' compound.

In this way Liu recovered face.

In March the diet improved a little. For cracked corn the Chinese began substituting kaoliang. Its coating gave B₁ vitamin in minute but precious amounts. Now and then they would get seaweed in the soup, as well as dried garlic and pickled peppers from the root-cellars of Korean farmers. They were unappetizing, but the doctors hoped they would supply needed minerals.

It was not enough, however, to check the rising death rate, and morale was further depressed by the news of the April Chinese offensive, when 600,000 of them again chewed through the United Nations line and, again driving across the 38th parallel, put the Chinese on the ridges overlooking Seoul. What hope now to win the war?

Spring • Camp V

WITH the start of political indoctrination in April, the American doctors began to wonder if there could be a connection between this and the starvation diet.

At first the Chinese had blamed all shortages on the American Air Force.

“You are hungry? Your planes are destroying the Yalu River barges. What can we do?” Yet somehow they found space for Communist study texts, newspapers, and magazines now coming in by the bargeload, even if there was none for salt.

A little later they had given a second reason. When the American doctors protested that the guards were much better fed than the dying prisoners, the Chinese pointed out that the prison fare was no worse than that given in their own country to class enemies—landlords, merchants, and property owners—who were put for two years on such a rough diet at hard labor, to condition them to accept the viewpoint of the New China.

Could it be that cracked-corn diet had been a carefully planned Pavlovian conditioning? To make them hate their countrymen who were starving them to win what the propa-

ganda lessons now said was "Wall Street's war?" And to love the Chinese who, under the "Lenient Policy," did not shoot them as war criminals but instead worked hard to improve their diet?

For every wisp of seaweed added to the soup, the Chinese attitude was that they should show their gratitude by harder study of the propaganda.

But for many starving American teen-agers in the enlisted men's compound, the faintly improved diet was too little, come too late. Each day their reserves of minerals—sodium, potassium, chlorides, phosphates, and ammonia from broken-down proteins—had been going out in urine. Once such bodily stores are used up, then surely and certainly a man will die, regardless of his morale or of how many starch calories there may be in his diet.

Along with these shortages came "bone pains." The Doctors could detect "no swelling or redness, but it was impossible to make the boys comfortable. Often they would come down with cramps in their sleep. Walking around helped a little. But you could hear grown men crying in the night."

On the first warm day in May, two men collapsed and were brought to the hospital to die of heat exhaustion. Why? The salt deficiency, says The Doctor, "was serious. The loss of salt in that tiny bit of sweat had killed them."

Yet that same sun in the same month cut the enlisted men's death rate in half. The Americans noticed the Turkish prisoners, out at the edge of their compounds, picking the first green weeds of spring. Now all followed suit, and the camp's cooks could make weed tea, rich in the vitamins and minerals for which they were starved. Presently they could be more selective, seeking out dandelions, lamb's-quarters, and sheep sorrel.

Then a few spring vegetables appeared in the rations. The

cooks now got a little wheat flour, plus small amounts of soya-bean oil for cooking. There were rare issues of pork liver, and a sugar issue was even started—first a teaspoon per week per man, and then a tablespoon.

Now that the American death rate was falling, the doctors had time to note the curious fact that, although the Turkish prisoners had lived under the same conditions, not one Turk had died.

At first this seemed an unanswerable indictment of the background and training of our American teen-agers, who in this period had been the first to die.

For the Turkish discipline remained perfect. They had formed a chain-of-command—I am the leader but if I am taken, then he is the leader—so on down to the bottom of their totem pole.

The Chinese had been unable to crack them. During the indoctrination period they were not to find a single Turkish “Progressive” who would serve as monitor for their Communist propaganda.

In part the Turks were protected by their language, which no one else understood, until the Chinese finally located a Greek who spoke Turkish. But the Turks had told him they lived next door to Russia, so no Turk needed any Greek to tell him about Communism: let him go back and spread these doctrines among his fellow Greeks.

But could high morale alone account for the astounding difference in death rates? Then they remembered that all winter the Turks had been out scraping away snow to pick any unfrozen bit of green, perhaps a bulb or even tender bark. For these peasant boys were close to the soil. Their instincts as to what might be good to eat, unblunted by city life, were sharp as an animal's.

Furthermore, the 38th parallel bisects both Turkey and Korea. Very probably there was, in the staple diet of rural

Anatolia, a bean not unlike the soya, so that all winter the Turks had been able to cook these with skill and eat them without fear.

There was, however, little time to study the Turks, for, as the teen-aged American death rate dropped that May in the enlisted men's camp, unexpectedly and in spite of the spring sun it rose in the officers' compound.

Up to this point few officers died. Was this due to their firmer characters, better discipline, and higher morale? For whatever reason, in May the officers began dying—of maladies directly due to vitamin and mineral starvation. Minor symptoms were sore mouths, swollen tongues, and bleeding from the gums and urinary tracts. Many died from wet beriberi, in which swelling began in their legs and moved up until at last, in spite of being propped up, they would fall over in their sleep to drown in their own phlegm of beriberi pneumonia.

All through June and July mature West Point graduates died by the dozen. When the last officer's death occurred in August, their percentage had exactly equalled that of the enlisted men.

Why the difference in timing? The highly competent doctors who in Korea were trying to save them, have no clear answer. But, seeing the problem from afar, there is some chance that the young, with faster rates of metabolism, had rapidly exhausted their reserves and so died first. Their youthful pituitary glands, whipping them on to grow even under starvation conditions, had quickly burned up their stored vitamins and minerals, whereas the higher age groups, long past their growth years, consumed their reserves more slowly. But in the end they died in equal percentages, and for the same cold chemical reasons, on the Yalu's banks in that terrible spring and summer of 1951.

Yet morale remains as a strong survival factor. True, the British, who were so shocked at our lack of discipline, died in fewer numbers. But their death rate was still so disturbingly high as to give rise to a soul-searching report to their War Office, after their survivors returned. This records that units which survived best were regiments with ancient traditions of military glory, whose men felt they should hold them high even in prison camp.

They found also that a man with a firm belief in any creed stood a better chance to survive. Faith in God (these hard-bitten British officers decided) stood him in as good stead as faith in a regiment. Anything which moved a man to help his fellow men somehow buoyed up his own physical powers.

For it was those who believed in Nothing who died squalidly of Nothing at All.

THE NEUTRALS

BACK in Geneva typewriters were busy. At exactly that early spring period when our American death rate was hovering around a daily 20, the International Red Cross was reminding the Red Cross Society of China that as early as

OCTOBER 26, 1950, THE AMERICAN RED CROSS INFORMED
THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS IT HAD PREPARED
2,000 STANDARD FOOD PARCELS . . . FOR AMERICAN
AND BRITISH WAR PRISONERS IN NORTH KOREA.*

* These could have saved every prisoner on the Yalu, had they been admitted. W. L. W.

They then explained that the only remaining hope of delivery was through Chinese territory and

IF, AS THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS HOPES, THE LOT OF MEDICAMENTS EARMARKED FOR POWS IN NORTH KOREA CAN BE FORWARDED THROUGH CHINESE RED CROSS CHANNELS, IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THESE PARCELS MAY FOLLOW THE SAME ROUTE.

From Madame Li Teh-chuan, President of the Red Cross Society of China, this brought (on April 9th) an answer:

THANKS FOR YOUR CABLES. . . . BEFORE THE IRC AND THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC REACH AN AGREEMENT, WE ARE NOT IN A POSITION TO CONSIDER FORWARDING YOUR MEDICAL CONSIGNMENT.

Nor need she waste words to explain that this also would apply to the food parcels.

All winter and spring, while UN prisoners were dying, Pak Hen in Pyongyang had preserved his smug silence. When in January Ruegger had tried to visit North Korea, bringing a Swiss planeload of medicines, there had been no answer to his cables. The plane had only got as far as Peiping. In desperation Ruegger now (April 10th) cabled the North Korean Red Cross, explaining that:

. . . ON WAY TO PEKING BROUGHT IN PLANE MEDICAL SUPPLIES INTENDED WAR VICTIMS. THESE STORED HONG KONG WAITING BE TRANSFERRED YOUR SOCIETY. WE HAVE REQUESTED CHINESE RED CROSS SOCIETY ACT AS INTERMEDIARY AND WOULD BE GRATEFUL HAVE YOUR AGREEMENT RECEIVE AND DISTRIBUTE EQUAL PART THESE SUPPLIES.

RUEGGER

PRESIDENT INTERCROIXROUGE

To which no answer came, then or ever.

Our Treatment of Theirs

WHILE United Nations prisoners were dying on boiled cracked corn, neutral Swiss Delegates Bieri and Bessero were visiting United Nations camps for Communist prisoners on Koje-do. Here is what they found (Report No. 28): ". . . based on the month of April, with an island population of 93,484 . . . 200 tons of food per day went into the stomachs of the POWs . . ." In addition to 79 daily tons of rice, we gave our Communist prisoners, according to the Bieri-Bessero report, the following other foods that month:

Barley	500 tons	Canned salmon	55 tons
Peas	349 "	Dehydrated eggs	87 "
Canned beef	85 "	Salt	57 "
Fresh fish	241 "	Bean mash	37 "
Canned fish	234 "	Vegetables	1,028 "

"On our compound visits," reported the Swiss, "we saw for the preparation of meals:

Rice	Beef and gravy
Red pepper flavor	Sardines
Bean sprouts	Shrimps
Peas	Vegetables

Kitchens: Clean, tidy. Cooks wear long-sleeved white shirts. Hot water at entrance POW kitchen. Guard sees that each POW, entering, washes his hands.

Cigarettes: 10 per day for each POW.

Treatment: Fair and correct.

Morale: Excellent.

Weight: Prisoners are weighed monthly. In one compound, an increase of from 40% to 60% was noted. [Most had been prisoners since October, 1950.] On the personal weight cards, our Delegate noted average gains of 2 to 3 pounds per month (some gains went up to 6 pounds).

Spokesmen: Met with them from enclosures 6, 7 and 8. No complaints concerning treatment were made.

Requests
(from spokesmen):

- (a) The issue of more leather boots. (At first these had been disliked.)
- (b) Supplementary soap for POWs who are specially interested in wearing clean things (spokesmen, cooks, guards and clerks).
- (c) More copies of the Geneva Convention. The one copy per compound not sufficient. (Commandant says POW very interested in the Convention, quite new to them.)
- (d) One camp spokesman requested that matches be issued with cigarettes (during winter, stoves served as lighters). Brought to attention of Commandant.

General Remarks: Our Delegate feels it is but fair to add some remarks concerning the efforts made in favor of Prisoners of War by the Detaining Power.* All concerned, the members of the Detaining Power . . . deserve the highest credit for their achievements . . . most meticulous in carrying out the stipulations of the Geneva Convention . . . an excellent camp in every respect."

* In this case, the United Nations Command. W. L. W.

This was air-mailed to Geneva. From here it was sent via Moscow to Peiping and Pyongyang. So, when the Camp V death rate was at its peak, they could in Peiping and Pyongyang read what you have read today and know their men were well treated.

2 THE BATTLE FOR MINDS

Camp V •

“Study Hard, Comrade . . . !”

As early as March of '51 The Doctor had heard the Chinese were trying to organize a “Peace Committee” among the prisoners. Being busy, he had paid little attention.

So when in May of '51 he was sent back to the officers' compound of Camp V, it came as a surprise when a close friend said,

“You can't trust everyone around here.”

The Chinese had divided the officers' compound into squads and, following the Marxist dual system, had appointed in each a squad leader and a “monitor”—a sort of political commissar. This did not always mean that the monitor was plugging the Party Line. But certainly he was always under the Chinese guns.

One day, before The Doctor had got onto the ropes, the monitor of his squad fell sick, asked him to attend the monitors' meeting in his place.

Most of the other monitors at this meeting were pounding away at the Chinese—"Why don't we get more food?" or "When will you let us get mail?"

But some would rise and say smoothly to the Chinese,

"Comrade, some of the men in my squad are very resistant. Would you suggest that we have every man write a cognition, and sign it himself?"

This, from an American officer, to the camp's head Chinese Communist political agitator! The Doctor felt dazed. Back in the officers' compound, he talked to an American squad leader he trusted.

"You'll get used to it," said his friend. "But you'll never get to like it."

Why had they gone over? One reason was food. Any man was liable to be called out by the Chinese for questioning, and you had to go. But these suspected ones, when they came back to the compound, were always vague about what had happened.

None of them would admit he had informed on the others. But a good meal, secretly given in the Chinese mess, could be a terrible temptation.

The friend now gave The Doctor a whispered list of those not to be trusted. Not all of them, of course, had sold their country for a boiled egg. A few were only indiscreet people who talked to those on the List, and therefore were as dangerous to the compound as though they were directly informing to the Chinese.

With a medical eye The Doctor now looked over that dozen officers on the List. There was no doubt. Most were noticeably less malnourished than the other prisoners. No one at this point was even plump. But few on the List were gaunt. Few had edema. Somehow and from somewhere many surely were getting vitamins and minerals, for lack of which the death rate in this officers' compound was only now beginning to rise. As a doctor, he could not be mistaken.

Second only to food, every prisoner craved to go home. No one knew when this would be. For the Chinese seemed to be inventing the rules of their Lenient Policy as they went along. But the Chinese camp commander, Ding, had made them clear in April when he lined them up to announce the Indoctrination Program.

"Study hard, Comrades, with open minds, and you will get home soon," Ding had told them. "But if you don't"—and here he had paused, for effect—"we'll dig a ditch for you so deep that even your bourgeois bodies won't stink!"*

As Ding was making his speech, Camp V's death rate from starvation, out of a total population just under 2,000, was daily 10 or 12.

The Red-Bearded Surgeon, speaking for all of Camp V, is sure that "our high death rate had been planned." For the Chinese did not begin indoctrination until starvation had brought about moral degeneration.

"They waited until we could see many of our own people die. Until a man would say, 'Why should I die like the others? I need only listen, nod my head and say yes, and then I may get more to eat.'"

At the beginning, some on the List had been frank with the others. At all costs, they were going to get home to their families. They were going to study as hard as Ding said. They were going to pretend to embrace the doctrines. They were going to get the hell out of this Yalu River camp and back to America by this method—and who would later blame them?

* This linking of food and freedom to indoctrination was no isolated instance, but a part of orthodox Marxist method in Asia. Two French doctors captured in Indochina took careful notes on the diet, which began at 800 calories, plus ceaseless indoctrination. Realizing that it was carefully planned, they pretended to accept the indoctrination. The diet then jumped to 1,000 calories. By the time they had persuaded their captors that they were fervent Communists and were therefore released, it had jumped to 2,400 daily calories. W. L. W.

These found they were trapped. Once they pretended to be converts, the Chinese said it was now their duty to inform on the other Americans. To report every word spoken in that camp.

You could not, they discovered, earn that daily hard-boiled egg plus that hope of early release just by memorizing Marx out of a book. But for most it was now too late to turn back.

It was also unsafe to lie to the Chinese, who could check their stories with other informers. Dare you let the Chinese suspect you were holding out on them? The only course now was to tell all.

"We even adopted their lingo—with our meanings," reports The Doctor. "That dozen or so of us whom they praised as 'Progressives' were rats and opportunists who would inform for an egg. The 'Reactionaries' were those of us who were still trying to hold our chins high, trying to fight off temptation, trying still to conduct ourselves with honor to our country and credit to our uniforms."

The Doctor learned that morale in the officers' compound had not always been like this. In early April, reports of United Nations advances had aroused flickering hopes that, any hour now, they might spy an American tank column lumbering over the pass on their skyline at the end of the valley.

But suppose the Chinese would then tommy-gun all the prisoners, and themselves take off over the Yalu! They could forestall this only by a mass break-out. A close-knit organization could lay careful plans to disarm the guards, so that when the liberating American tanks finally rolled into Camp V they would find the prisoners still alive.

One vigorous junior officer had set about, with the consent of others, to organize the plan—their ranking officer stepping aside because he feared the responsibility. The others had then thought this laughable. Since only American

officers would be in on the plan, how could the Chinese ever know?

"Who organized it?" asked The Doctor.

"Over there, standing by the post," said his friend. "The Man with the Drooping Wrists. But after about a week after the plan began, the Chinese called him out for questioning. He didn't come back. We knew then there were informers among us. Whom could you trust?"

"We didn't see him for another week. They had trussed him up, wired his hands behind his back. Then, throwing the other end of the wire over a beam, they had pulled it tight, until he stood on tiptoe. They kept pulling him higher until he confessed. That's why his hands hang loose, the way you see. He can't feed himself. But they didn't break the skin. They seldom break the skin."

"After he confessed, they hung him some more by the wrists, until he dictated a longer confession, implicating just about everyone in camp."

"Was it an accurate confession?"

"It was all dressed up in their lingo—we were reactionaries, planning to butcher them—but it had to be accurate. Every night they would check what he had dictated with their informers, and hang him up again next morning, either for lying or for leaving something out. It took them a week to get everything. Then they brought him back to us."

"They made quite a show. Staged it in a big wooden theatre. All us officers were there, and representatives from each enlisted men's compound in Camp V. They let us see his drooping hands, and the bruises on his back."

"Then they had him read us this long confession, with all our names in it. With him were three others with rope marks and swollen hands, but not so bad as his. They backed up his confession. Now he is with the Chinese completely."

"Does he inform to them?"

"He says so. Passed out word to his close friends, 'I'm

going along with this business because I've got to. They've got me hooked. Don't say anything in front of me you don't want them to know.'

"They sent him back to us as a monitor. He has no motion in his fingers, but can get along fairly well by clamping things between his two palms.

"Now he'll come around with their literature, saying, without looking you in the eye, 'You're supposed to read this.' If it's a peace petition he'll beg you desperately, 'Please, *please* sign this God-damned thing!' Yet we all understand. We all help him eat and dress. Because we remember when he was the bravest man in the compound."

Much later, in speaking of the Man with the Drooping Wrists, The Doctor points out that, although he had been tortured and broken, and knew just what he had to do, and why he had to do it, "he sure as Hell wasn't brain-washed!"

Meanwhile in the officers' compound of Camp V, morale was slowly sinking. After the April escape plot the Chinese started an intensive propaganda lecture program, touring the compounds. The Americans had a "Bird Dog" alarm system. When the Chinese came near, a lookout would give a low signal, "so that the Chinese would find us reading aloud Powell's *China Monthly Review* or the *Shanghai News* —both English-language Communist papers."

"But even this showed a drop in our morale," points out The Doctor. "We now feared to seem uninterested in their propaganda."

Suspicion was also a beautiful controlling device. The Chinese might call in a man for questioning, and start by saying,

"All right, we know you did it, now confess!"

Actually they knew nothing against him. But the frightened man might confess to some minor infraction of their rules.

Their next order would be to write out a "cognition" of this guilt, including names of others who might be implicated. "Because if you confess and criticize yourself, we won't punish you."

This self-criticism was the man's first step in degradation. There were slow stages. One man actually read to the camp a confession which said, "I'm sorry I got caught stealing corn. This is a great crime against the Korean People. And I promise never to get caught again." The prisoners all laughed at the Chinese—"these slope-heads!" But the Chinese were only biding their time. It would take less pressure later to get a more serious self-accusation.

The officers were now at the end of their bodily stores. At best they were barely able to drag around, complaining of bone pains and muscle cramps. Others had pellagra symptoms—diarrhea and dermatitis. Still others had beriberi, with edema of the lower legs or sometimes of the genitals, which led to elephantiasis of the scrotum, so that "even when they hobbled the short distance to the latrine, they had to carry themselves in their two hands."

A man so weakened and in this misery has little resistance to anything, whatever his character when he is decently fed. It affected their speech. They talked now in words of one syllable. Their memories were curiously weakened. Some would stumble and grope for the name of a close friend or relative. The Red-Bearded Surgeon remembers that the doctors "could not even talk medicine. They seemed to have forgotten the names of everything except those diseases they were seeing every day. Without question these memory losses were due to lack of some vitamin, for when the food improved they cleared up."

Presently their insignia of rank was taken away. A few days later the whole company was assembled in a Korean schoolhouse outside their area, where the Chinese began making speeches.

"We congratulate you. No longer are you our enemies. You are our friends. No longer will we treat you as hostile soldiers or war criminals. For you can instead become student guests. You only need to put your signatures on this paper, which states that you are leaving the Camp of Aggression, and joining with us in the Camp of Peace."

It had all been carefully staged by the Chinese. This was their signal for the "Progressives" to come forward to sign, beckoning or pushing the rest.

"Virtually all of us signed," says The Doctor, "led by these Judas-sheep 'Progressives.' They were not *really* leaders. Actually, we *shunned* them as 'horrible examples.' But, to our discredit, we had feared to whip them back into line as Americans. Now, under the eyes of the Chinese, we let them nudge us to the signing table.

"Then came the promised 'feast.' It actually contained meat—you could *taste* the pork! There were even corn fritters, fried in deep fat—for which we had been starved. There was not only *enough* of it, but it had a good *flavor!*"

From now on, according to the Chinese logic, it was up to the Americans to prove that they were sincere peace-loving students who would be repatriated, rather than war criminals who could be legally executed.

That was the price of the tasty pork fat.

Our Treatment of Theirs •

Indoctrination, USA Style

YES, we also offered our viewpoint to the prisoners we held on Koje-do, but starvation was never one of our educational tools.

It was only a coincidence that in April 1951 (the same month the Communists began their indoctrination on the Yalu) General MacArthur, remembering the success of that little pilot POW "Rehabilitation Project" in the fall of 1950, recommended it for all compounds.

Already the prisoners we held had been roughly divided into Communist or anti-Communist compounds, our only object being to stop the weird political murders. Let them finish their Civil War after all had returned to North Korea or China, when the watchful Swiss delegates could no longer blame us for their deaths.

Monta Osborne's revived Civil Information and Education program might give them something more constructive to do than butcher each other. There was furthermore an obligation, laid on by Article 38 of the Geneva Convention, which provides that:

WHILE RESPECTING THE INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCES* OF EVERY PRISONER, THE DETAINING POWER [this is us] SHALL ENCOURAGE THE PRACTICE OF INTELLECTUAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND RECREATIONAL PURSUITS . . . AMONG THE PRISONERS.

Since most of these were farmers, soon, under Monta Osborne, our islands were blooming with agricultural projects.

A compound of 5,000 well-fed men can create a considerable problem in sewage disposal. Previously this had on Koje been coped with by an enterprising Korean businessman who daily emptied the sawed-in-half steel oil drums which served as latrines into a truck, on the sides of which was gaily blazoned "Smiling Sam." He "didn't need a horn by day or lights by night," one American observer remembers. "You knew he was coming."

* There could be no compulsions or rewards. W. L. W.

Once the gardens were started, however, these golden riches promptly were diverted into the plots, after the ancient custom of the Orient. But alongside these Osborne mapped parallel strips enriched instead with commercial nitrates. Now these prisoner-farmers were amazed to see crops which grew twice the size, and by a method which did not spread either dysentery or hookworm.

Colonel William R. Robinette, a camp commander, remembers that "there were potato patches on both sides of my command post and, beyond that, a sea of tomatoes, cabbage, onions, radishes, and melons. Each compound had a certain area, and the intent was that each would get what it raised. The Communist compounds of course would have nothing to do with this or any of Osborne's other educational projects. If the hancho* said it was out, it was out. They would only garden under orders and under guard."

Colonel Robinette reports that the reaction of American camp commanders on Koje to Osborne's C. I. & E. program was also varied. One considered it a violation of Geneva's spirit and "ordered it discontinued." Another "supported it to the extent that it furnished his camp with vegetables, tools and office equipment," while a third "threatened to court-martial C. I. & E. representatives," and all three, the Colonel feels, failed to realize this program's "potential value" and its "effect on prisoners' minds." These prison gardens were soon supplying all their needs. Meanwhile others were out gathering kelp—in the Orient a staple grocery—and fishing. A few were able to escape across the East China Sea.

The neutral Swiss wrote in their inspection report for May 30, 1951, with approval of our rehabilitation efforts:

The Detaining Power is organizing a large scale Educational and Vocational training scheme. Pupils are accepted *on a*

* Chinese military title, roughly equalling captain. W. L. W.

*voluntary basis.** It includes formal instruction, broadcasts, motion pictures (65 cans of film) . . . and visual helps (posters, etc.) for non-readers.

The courses are expected to last about 30 weeks. The vocational program includes instruction in the use of tools (main accent on Korean style). . . . A special course in sports and games will be held. The Delegate's suggestion that a camp paper be provided is being considered.

Many of our captives were illiterate. The first step was to open classes for all prisoners under 18 who had not completed high school, with older prisoners as teachers.

For the Koreans, teachers were a problem. Until 1945, Korean schools had been conducted only in Japanese, and few were equipped to teach Korean. Our basic text was Frank Laubach's *Literacy Primer*.

Among the Chinese, the percentage of illiterates was far higher, and our text was James Yen's *Thousand Characters*, a standard Chinese primer slightly revised.

The Chinese divided into those who spoke the Cantonese dialect and those who spoke Mandarin. Cantonese-speaking teachers we could bring from universities on the United States mainland (most of our immigration comes from South China) as well as Hawaii and Hong Kong. Studiously we avoided bringing teachers from Formosa in fear that someone might later charge they were political propagandists.†

Mandarin-speaking teachers were scarce; finally we as-

* The italics are mine. Although this program was later to be denounced by the Communists as propaganda in its most bestial form, no strings were put on it at any time. No one was compelled to attend a class or read a book; scores of thousands were allowed to reject any or all of it with no hint of reprisal. W. L. W.

† Our scruples brought us nothing; a year later the Communists were to be shrieking that all our Chinese schoolmasters were paid assassins of "the bandit Chiang." W. L. W.

sembled enough from tiny Chinese colonies in Japan and Korea, and others from Hong Kong.

To house the project, we built in each compound a stage, complete with lights and loud-speakers, to be used as a schoolroom by day and for plays at night—usually old classic oriental operas, revived and acted by the prisoners themselves.

We also had classes in current events, but, after later screening divided Communists from anti-Communists, these were rejected by all Communist compounds.

We also provided movies. America's leading half-dozen companies sent 19 major films—pure entertainment (not a line of anti-Communist dialogue in any), plus 20 comic cartoons—for a price which only covered insurance.

We picked films like *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and many documentaries—avoiding gangster or war stories.

The closest we came to propaganda was in our choice of music for broadcasting. We let them hear old Chinese and Korean folk songs, banned by the Communists as "bourgeois."

We also brought in a varied program—the South Korean Broadcasting System, the Voice of America in Chinese. Their favorite, we discovered, was the Voice of the UN Command, because here, the prisoners felt, they were getting cold facts.

As to subject, most of all they wanted straight factual news and, after this, news commentaries, modern Korean music, traditional Korean tunes, folk songs, dramas about world events, and, at the very bottom, sports.

For the teen-aged prisoners, we set up Boy Scout troops as they had existed in Korea and China before the war. They took avidly to this at first but presently were drawn into the more militant Communist and anti-Communist factions of the adult prisoners—the Komsomols and the Korean Young Men's Anti-Communist League.

Compounds under tight Communist leadership rejected all of this (as they were free to do), suspecting that even the literacy primers might contain propaganda. Those in which Communist leadership was lax accepted parts of it. But attendance here was limited to anti-Communists and a few militant Communists who came only to take lists of the audience for punishment after repatriation.

Most compounds, however, welcomed the agricultural, vocational, and athletic parts of the program. We established blacksmith shops where they could make stoves out of oil drums. Tinsmiths turned used beer cans into many different utensils, and pounded artillery-shell cases into souvenir belt buckles. Tailors trimmed American uniforms to size for the smaller Koreans—even our shoes had to be completely recobbled for their tiny feet.

Nothing that Monta Osborne did, according to Colonel Robinette, worked faster than his distribution of Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck catalogues, to show prisoners how Americans lived. Communist hanchos at first sneered that they were only propaganda, compiled to fool prisoners. Others pointed out that no government could afford to print so huge a book, even with color photographs, just to swindle prisoners: these things must really exist. Soon prison artisans, copying the photographs, were turning out for camp use furniture, tools, hinges and filing cabinets—they could make anything that was pictured.

Some compounds developed special skills. Colonel Robinette remembers one enclosure of older Koreans, unofficially called the "Papa-San Compound," who were "the most skilled workers we had—the best carpenters, cabinetmakers, and moulders. We brought in aluminum from an Air Force boneyard on the mainland, and they melted it down into rice bowls and spoons for all the compounds."

There was also the matter of tooth brushes and powder, issued by us to all compounds, and the Koreans were par-

ticularly baffled by the powder, which most had never seen. The Papas-San had, however, an answer. Their hancho had it all collected, mixed with water, and it gave their kitchen a gleaming coat of whitewash.

Most compounds were divided into quarters, one of which was reserved as a recreation area which, in anti-Communist Compounds, says Colonel Robinette, included "a chapel, decorated with crosses and religious pictures by POW artists. The Civil Information and Education Service furnished the songbooks. In other parts of the area, the artists would improvise flowers—complete with dyed leaves and petals—out of toilet paper, and murals in the lecture hall. However," adds Colonel Robinette, "we discouraged pin-ups." Officers junior to the Colonel recall that we prohibited absolutely any pin-ups, however alluringly anti-Communist, which included pubic hair.

Instead the Americans primly directed prisoners toward exercise on parallel bars or the volleyball field. "Several built basketball courts," adds the Colonel. "Osborne not only gave them radio programs, but started them off on dramatic entertainment. Soon they were producing puppet shows—which Orientals enjoy—with dolls carved by compound artists." Incidental music here came from hand-made oriental instruments hammered out of scrap tin, and also every anti-Communist compound had its band, with instruments provided from US Army salvage, or sometimes supplied by the International Red Cross.

Some—particularly the skilled "Papa-San"—became show compounds, in sharp contrast to the dreary ones under Communist rule, where the grim hanchos would have no part of Osborne nor any pro-Wall Street works.

Meanwhile within these compounds the political lines of Korea's Civil War were again tightening. By the early summer of 1951 we had taken about 170,000 prisoners, of whom about 25,000 were Chinese. It had become clear that large

numbers of our supposedly Communist prisoners really did not want to go back. By the time armistice discussions loomed in late June, we feared this might become an embarrassing factor.

We did not then know that the Communists (whose intelligence within our compounds was good) knew this even better than we. Therefore at the armistice conference table they agreed to postpone all talk of prisoners until the very end. Homesickness, they felt, would be on their side. If armistice talks were dragged out for months, the prisoners, eager to get out, would consent even to return to their Communist homelands.

For the moment, however, we knew only that these political feuds were fouling up our educational program.

Hospital Care · Theirs

BACK now across the 38th parallel to inspect a Chinese Communist hospital in the late spring of 1951, through the eyes of The Artilleryman, who arrived there from the Bean Camp on May 10th. He made the trip in a truck, because "I had diarrhea, pneumonia, beriberi and now weighed 90 pounds."

This hospital was a former Buddhist monastery in the city of Pyoktong. Here he found more than 100 POWs lying on the floor. "There were no washing facilities, and lice were everywhere." The hospital population remained steady at about this figure, because more were constantly being brought in to take the places of the dead.

In the early period The Artilleryman noted that 10% of them died daily, and often were left for several days lying

in their own drying defecation, until space was needed for a new arrival.

Of those who died two were of keen interest to him. One was a Lieutenant, who had been one of three Americans to escape from Pak's Palace, the North Korean interrogation center.

Of course they had caught him. And he told The Artilleryman that they had beaten him until there was nothing left of him. Which was true, for, just as they were trying to lift him off the stretcher on which he had arrived, The Artilleryman watched him die.

The other case involved differences in political viewpoint between the Chinese and an American Major, one of the Army's leading authorities on small arms, whose book on that subject is a standard text. He was so weak he had to be helped up the monastery steps by two prisoners, who set him down propped up in a corner of the warehouse section where The Artilleryman finally recognized him. They had known each other on maneuvers near Yakima, Washington.

The Major explained that during an indoctrination lecture at Camp V, when the Chinese were reading from the writings of Chou En-lai, he had mumbled something.

The Chinese had ordered him to stand, and to repeat aloud what he had muttered.

So the Major had risen and told them he had said the particular statement of Chou En-lai they had just read wasn't worth the paper it was printed on.

The Chinese had then explained that this opinion displayed, on the part of the Major, a "hostile attitude" toward the Chinese government, which is, under the civil law of New China, a punishable offense.

The Major was therefore beaten, tortured, and finally hung by his hands for some hours. Which might have been worse, since the Major at this point weighed only 65 pounds.

It was bad enough, however, for the Major died 48 hours after he arrived at the hospital.

After the start of truce rumors in late June, medication and food at the Pyoktong Hospital improved, so that by late July, out of that hospital population which fluctuated around 100, only two were dying per day. During the five months The Artilleryman spent there, he saw about 500 die.

Hospital Care · Ours

GLANCE now at Report No. 22 of International Red Cross Delegate Frederick Bieri, on his inspection of the United States 14th Field Hospital caring for the Communist prisoners at Pusan:

Patients:	10,198 POWs	Staff:	
Doctors	307	Medical Orderlies	134
Dentists	4	Administrative	15
Nurses	882	Warrant Officers	1
Chaplains	1	Enlisted Men	400
Food:	Usual ration scale, plus: powdered milk, and increases in fish or meat of one-half pound daily, plus rice and barley, to provide 30 grams more protein per patient per day.		
Total Minimum Requirements:	Protein Carbohydrates Fat	74.5 gr. 479.0 gr. 11.9 gr.	
	—equivalent to 2,200 calories per day*		

* Note that patients on bed-rest require far fewer calories than active men. Note also that calorie needs depend on body size. An elephant eats more than a mouse. The tiny Koreans need fewer calories than the average GI but were getting far more. W. L. W.

Deaths:	Average 20.7 per day* (dysentery cases 3,362, battle wounded 3,826).
Remarks:	Medical supplies sufficient. Everything possible being done for patients. Extremely clean and in good order.

Visiting the same POW hospital in June of 1951 (Report No. 28) Delegate Bieri found that:

Since our March 3 visit, further buildings have been added. Now 3 operating theaters and 3 X-ray installations are in use. An eye clinic will be opened.

Everything possible is being done for the POW patients at this hospital. The patients are well behaved and show their gratitude for treatment given. The Commandant and medical staff are untiring in their efforts to help their patients, who receive the same attention as UN patients.

But all prisoners sometimes need discipline and, having seen what happened to the American Major and Lieutenant for breaking the laws of New China, we should look at the other side. This same Report No. 28 by Delegate Bieri includes his unannounced visit to the Pusan and Koje prison camps, where he finds that: "Escapes take place from time to time. About 50% are returned to the camp."

For these, and other offenses against our rules, some punishment was needed, and therefore:

A detention compound is attached to each enclosure. The POWs there live under the same conditions as their comrades outside. It is doubtful therefore if any POWs in detention feel really "punished."

* This is about two-tenths of one percent in a hospital of 10,198. Compare it with the 10% daily death rate The Artilleryman observed in his Communist hospital. W. L. W.

Guards:	The Republic of Korea MPs get 8 to 15 hours instruction monthly on the Geneva Conventions.
Morale:	Excellent.
Treatment:	Fair and correct.
Complaints:	None.

Let us concede here that the Communist method got substantial results: there can be little doubt that the American Major and Lieutenant both felt "really punished" before they died.

THE NEUTRALS

IF in this pre-armistice period the Communists were short of medicines for our prisoners, they cannot be charged with carelessness: it was all according to plan, for back in Geneva the International Red Cross had been trying, by every method, to get drugs into North Korea.

On May 28, 1951, as The Artilleryman was watching UN prisoners die on the floor of that Pyoktong hospital, International Red Cross President Paul Ruegger in Geneva, in another telegram to Pak Hen in Pyongyang, was still worrying about those:

RELIEF MEDICAMENTS STILL IN HONG KONG . . .
EARNESTLY REQUEST YOU ENABLE CHINESE RED CROSS
ACT ON OUR ACCOUNT SOONEST POSSIBLE, PENDING
POSSIBILITY IRC CARRY OUT THIS WORK BY SENDING
DELEGATE, AS HAVE UNCEASINGLY REQUESTED.

Of course no answer, and Geneva's last remaining hope lay in that other ton of medicines which had been accepted "with joy" many months ago by Etienne Florian, Hungarian Red Cross secretary in Budapest.

Now at last an answer from the Hungarian Red Cross. Its ambulance presumably had arrived in North Korea, but:

WE REGRET INFINITELY TO BE OBLIGED TO ANNOUNCE
THAT IT HAS NOT BEEN POSSIBLE TO DELIVER YOUR
OFFERING TO ITS DESTINATION. THE MEDICINES HAVE
BEEN RETURNED TO BUDAPEST, AND WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO
RETURN THEM TO GENEVA.

DR. E. FLORIAN,
SECRETARY GENERAL

Had the gift been spurned, or what was wrong? Geneva now asked Florian in Budapest:

TO HAVE THE KINDNESS TO TELL US WHAT WERE THE
OBSTACLES WHICH PREVENTED THE TRANSMISSION OF OUR
GIFT TO NORTH KOREA.

No answer came, undoubtedly because even the flowery Dr. Florian could not phrase a tactful one. It seems clear, however, that North Korea did not want either to accept Red Cross medicines, or to be on record as rejecting them.

The Camp of Peace

IN early June The Doctor was called in for his first interrogation. What could a battalion aid surgeon know that would help them, eight months after capture? Nothing, as they knew. The Doctor is sure they were only testing him

to see how willingly he would talk, how deeply they might entangle him in collaboration.

Camp Commander Ding was in his late twenties or early thirties, taller than the average Chinese, with long, slender, Mandarin fingers and soft hands.

His uniform was not the cotton-quilted type, but well tailored of a good wool cloth, and he wore worsted riding breeches and boots. When he spoke, his soft slow voice contrasted with the harsh rasp in which the interpreter repeated his questions.

"You are a doctor. What business have you in this senseless slaughter—why did you come to Korea?" And then presently, "What are the medical installations in Japan?" These were well known: Ding was only testing.

Avoiding any phrase or note in his voice which might be interpreted as a "hostile attitude," The Doctor tried to parry them.

Finally Ding said, "You are not being cooperative. The Chinese People's Volunteer Army has saved you from death. You are getting the best possible care. Now we are all together fighting in the Camp of Peace, for which you signed the pledge. Were you sincere when you signed it? If you are, should you not give us all information which might help the cause of peace?"

"Although there were no dramatics," says The Doctor, "I was scared to death. For I well knew they were capable of using force to get what they wanted."

Finally, after considerable sparring, The Doctor departed from "name, rank, and serial number" far enough to mark on the map of Japan the location of a world-famous military hospital, explaining this was all he knew, which for the time being contented Ding.

But, as they were beginning to learn, the whole skillful

game was to get them to talk, to coax them into one admission, then another and so on.

They would be awakened at five, and indoctrination would begin at once. At about 9 o'clock there would be a break for breakfast, which was always, in this summer, boiled kaoliang. The study continued until 9 at night with a break for supper.

In this period the Chinese were excited about a new miracle-operation which they accepted without question since it had just come from Moscow, of which Chinese military medicine was now a colonial branch.

As practiced in Camp V's hospital, raw chicken livers were cut into quarter-size lumps, and these pushed through a small slit under the skin of the sickest, in hope the host body would absorb needed vitamins from these minced giblets.

As it later developed American doctors agreed the slight operation did no harm and no good. For the liver, instead of being absorbed, was immediately walled off by the body. Yet, since those who volunteered were also put on a better diet, many showed signs of improvement.

Hearing stories of this operation, The Red-Bearded Surgeon applied for permission to see it performed in the hospital. This was refused because, he was told, the Chinese People's Volunteers had no interest in forwarding his medical education, which had been organized on foundations which were hopelessly bourgeois.

"You are here," explained Sun, one of the indoctrinators, "to learn Communism, not medicine. When America is liberated, all the doctors will have to go to school again to learn who to save, and who not to save."

Their propaganda to other Americans followed similar lines.

"I got in on the second, or 'American-Imperialist-War-monger,' phase," says The Doctor. "The substance was, 'You

have no Democracy. Your country is run by the big money for its own benefit. But you soldiers are our friends. You were duped. They sent you out here to fight Wall Street's war.' ”

Their study materials were the New York and London editions of the *Daily Worker*, plus the works of Stalin and of Mao Tse-tung.

“We don't expect you to agree with us at first,” they explained. “We only want you to listen with an open mind. We encourage you to say anything you want to. Argue as much as you like. No man will ever be punished for disagreeing.”

The Doctor remembers that “we would put up heavy arguments.” But, “Comrade, you haven't understood,” and then would follow hours of boring repetitious argument.

“When they first got you to talk, they didn't care what you said. They would hammer away until you gave up out of boredom. But—and this was important—you couldn't clam up. That showed a hostile attitude! You could be punished.

“They even argued this was consistent with the Geneva Convention (which they didn't then recognize, but never mind), for it says a prisoner must obey the laws of the land. This law against displaying hostility to the government is on their statute books.”

Food rapidly got better when American Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy and North Korean General Nam Il began armistice negotiations at Panmunjom.

But just before these talks came the great Chinese Peace Campaign which, says The Doctor, “was to mark the low point in officer-morale.

“‘You must prove,’ the Chinese told us, ‘that you are worthy to be in the Camp of Peace. Show your sincerity by signing these petitions to the United Nations, asking them to stop this useless bloodshed.’

"Even though we were now disorganized, nobody wanted to sign. We argued, trying to get them to take out words like 'American Imperialist Warmongers.' They held firm.

"Some fool back in America later insisted that there had been no duress. But consider, at this point, the supreme importance of one egg, one vitamin tablet—or even one tailor-made cigarette.

"Is duress only when a pistol is put at the back of your neck? Or only when its trigger is pulled? We saw men around us still dying of starvation. Is not this duress?

"It took four days to break down our heavy (if unorganized) opposition. Finally the most respected members said that if we all signed, it would be obvious that it was not voluntary. The Chinese wanted three copies—one for the United Nations, one for Stockholm, and one for their files. We thought this would be the end.

"The next week, we found we had to elect a 'Peace Committee' which had to sign still another peace petition to be distributed through some Chicago 'Peace Committee.' We could not help wondering who *those* strange characters were. Why were *they* in this? Surely *they* were not starving!

"Indoctrination was going full blast with Progressives as monitors. They would go from compound to compound, trying to propagandize us on Foster or Mao. They would lecture for hours, giving us the impression they believed it.

"Two (they were later convicted in courts-martial) seemed to be in competition as to which could write the bitterest article against America. We left them alone and, among ourselves, called them traitors and rats."

In June they were visited by Miss Monica Felton, a British fellow traveler who, after giving them an indoctrination lecture, explained that she would take with her any letters they cared to write their families.

The Chinese said they could tell their families that letters

to prisoners would be delivered if mailed to Peking in care of "the Committee for World Peace *and Against American Aggression.*"

This announcement produced the first show of spirit in the camp: as a man they refused to write these last four words—and were surprised when the Chinese gave in.

Their captors now issued writing materials. One man would write, tersely, "I'm all right. I hope everything is fine at home." Then he would see the man next him writing:

"We're really being treated quite well. Our meal this evening contained pork, soya beans, potatoes, parsnips, cabbage, and a nice hot bowl of rice."

The meal actually had been rice, and a bowl of thin soup with fragments of those vegetables. So his friend would ask,

"Why are you writing all that crap?"

"Well, it's all true, isn't it? Besides, I want the letter to get home."

When the men got home, many were puzzled to read what they had written from camp. One man had asked his family to sign peace petitions. Another, however, had only asked his father to circulate them, shrewdly adding that "you should get many eager signers out in Forest Lawn." (It was the local cemetery.) Others did not write at all, fearing an honest letter would not get through.

In the course of their duties together, the American doctors got to know the Chinese well enough to see that their captors also had morale problems. One Chinese doctor had interned in an American Christian hospital in Shanghai (this amount of training was rare) and felt warmly toward Americans. He was, however, ranked by "Dirty Hands."

Two younger political indoctrinators called Gin and Tsai finally had to be taken out of the officers' compound because they were absorbing too much counter-indoctrination.

"These younger indoctrinators and the guards," says The

Doctor, "were ripe targets for us." In fact, several guards later volunteered to escape with the Americans. This offer was considered, but finally turned down. For the guards, of course, would bring their guns. Then later if all were surrounded up in the hills, the guards would have no choice but to shoot the Americans, to keep them from talking under torture. If this had not already occurred to the guards, it certainly would later. The Americans decided it was too dangerous.

Most of the Chinese had come in with integrated units, many from the old Communist 8th Route Army. "The first Chinese commander I talked to had been in the army for 17 years," says The Doctor. "He wasn't 'volunteering' for anything. In case after case, as we got to know them, they would remark, 'I'm no volunteer—I was sent here.'"

It was also clear that among the ordinary Chinese there still remained a considerable reservoir of good will toward Americans. Many remembered our missionaries. Also, we had helped them in their war against Japan. So the Korean war against us had not been popular, and the Communists were having to work hard to force them to hate us.

In the early fall of 1951, the Officers' Company, Camp V (also called the "Reactionary" Compound), was moved a few kilometers away and, quartered in the tiny village of Pichong-ni, renamed Camp II.

However, about a dozen of the most conspicuous "Progressives" remained behind. They had been invited to live with the Chinese, where they would get a month's special indoctrination (and, of course, better food), plus a promise that they would be sent home soon.

One man (he was in The Doctor's squad) after packing his gear could hardly wait, and when the truck finally arrived,

"Comrade," he told the Chinese, "I'm glad you've come!"

Still another "Progressive" had gone around taking ad-

dressess of next-of-kin, explaining that the Chinese had promised to repatriate him "in a few days." The rest were happy that nothing ever came of this promise. But at least the Chinese made him librarian of Camp V, which got him better living quarters and freedom of movement.

The other officers arriving in Camp II were quartered in an old schoolhouse, 60 to a room, so crowded there was hardly space to sleep on its floor.

Again the food faintly improved. Two daily bowls of rice replaced the cracked corn and kaoliang. Along with each they got a cup of hot water. Presently, each group of 120 men got a fortnightly 100-pound (live weight) pig. He was small and his fat pulpy, but it meant a taste of meat for each.

With the pig, propaganda was heightened and the Chinese were delighted that one officer who they had thought was a Reactionary suddenly became a highly popular "explainer."

His method was first to read a line of Marx aloud and then pause to recite, in a dead-pan monotone, a stanza from "Casey at the Bat." The Artilleryman remembers that he was quick at ad-libbing.

"When he came to the line, 'Burroughs died on second,' he would make it 'Burroughs died at Pyoktong.' "

Because his audience was always so attentive, the Chinese called on him often.

The Ranger

MEN arrive at wars for many reasons: The Ranger's explanation is the simple one of patriotism. During World War II he had been a paratrooper, first in Italy and then in

France. When Korea broke out in 1950 he thought he might again come in handy, and so volunteered.

For a while they penned him up in Fort Benning as an instructor of Rangers, but in 1951 they let him go into guerilla warfare, working with North Koreans among the west coast islands near the Yalu's mouth.

His capture he blames on an unusually high-spirited pilot. They were planning to sprinkle a few Korean anti-Communists 40 miles east of Penyang, and had been out reconnoitering the target in a B-26, before making a drop the next day.

But on the way home an ack-ack battery opened up. The pilot, indignant, dived down to knock it out. They were hit at 350 feet and never pulled out of their dive. The plane caught fire. The navigator bailed out and so did The Ranger, who had been hit—a flesh wound in one arm.

The two had no chance to take off, for they landed in the middle of a Chinese army headquarters about 30 miles east of Penyang, and the Chinese put both in an ox-shed at this headquarters.

But The Ranger was in serious trouble. For the ground map he brought to help pin-point that drop had been blown clear of the burning plane. It could have brought up that whole matter of dropping guerillas, an under-publicized part of the war in which the Chinese had a keen interest.

So in the ox-shed The Ranger got the navigator to claim ownership of the ground map if the Chinese asked about it. His own story would be that he knew nothing about Korea, since he had only arrived as an infantryman the day before and had been invited to go for a B-26 ride by an old friend, the dead pilot.

The Ranger says it worked only because that navigator was so solid. For two years in prison camp he kept that secret. He never collaborated with the Chinese. Whenever

they pulled him out for questioning he always got word to The Ranger, as a warning in case the interrogators succeeded in breaking him, which they never could do.

The Chinese presently brought to their ox stable what they called a "Peace Fighter"—an American sergeant who led off by mumbling rapidly, in American, "I-don't-believe-anything-I'm-forced-to-tell-you, and-I-hope-you-won't either"—and then went into a recitation about how wonderfully the Chinese treated all prisoners, what a fine thing their Lenient Policy was, and how all of them should unite to fight for Peace and against the Wall Street Lackeys and Imperialist Warmongers who had attacked North Korea. The Ranger thinks this "Peace Fighter" was probably a victim of circumstances.

Presently The Ranger was moved to that POW assembly point, the Bean Camp, and, because he had a fever of 104, was sent to its hospital.

Like The Doctor, The Artilleryman, The Tank Lieutenant, and others who had gone through many months before, he also found it "filthy, with the sick lying on the floor in the uniforms they had worn when captured. Now, all had lice."

Many had wet beriberi—you swell until you burst. Also, many had pellagra—sore mouths, joints and bones aching—"your toes," The Ranger says, "would get so sensitive that even a light cloth hurt."

When they decided to move The Ranger up to the Pyok-tong Buddhist-temple hospital, it had to be by truck. His was a one-and-a-half-tonner, loaded with two 50-gallon drums of gasoline, 30 bags of rice, and 20 sick piled on top.

Only one of these died on the way. The rest arrived safely at that Buddhist temple converted into a hospital in which The Artilleryman had been confined the spring before.

Here The Ranger says the Chinese treated them well. He

believes it was because the time was approaching when they needed the names of live prisoners. He got beef soup almost every day and also a pulpy milk made of ground soya beans, with eggs and sugar.

Those near death got intravenous glucose, with the Chinese doctors leaning over them almost begging them not to die. Yet many were too far gone. He remembers a Private who was constantly vomiting, had no control over his bowels, but was conscious to the end.

Since The Ranger was then ranking officer in the ward, the Chinese asked him to sign a "cognition" which stated the Private had died of syphilis and tuberculosis. The Ranger refused.

Yet those particular Chinese doctors at this exact time, The Ranger insists, were doing what they could. The men were getting not only a good soft diet, but soap, towels, combs, and tobacco. There is, however, in starvation a Point of No Return, which was why out of 35 in that ward for the weakest, 22 died.

One day the Chinese asked him to pass around for signature a statement saying they had been well treated. He told the others he personally would not sign. Granted their hospital treatment now was good. The truth was, they were there because of prior starvation, and the Chinese would only use their names for misleading propaganda.

Most felt as he did, but one enlisted man reached for the paper.

"Oh boy!" he said, fumbling for a pencil, "here's my chance to get more cigarettes and some candy!" Two others grabbed him. "You shifty son of a bitch," he was told, "anyone who would sell out his buddies and his country for a fistful of candy isn't fit to live!" That stopped it. The only man in the hospital who signed was a "Progressive" who, according to The Ranger, was not really sick, but had been sent there to influence the patients.

Just before the hospital discharged The Ranger, he, an Air Force lieutenant and a British sergeant were called up before the commandant, who very politely asked them what might be done to improve that hospital.

The Ranger, also trying to be polite, said he thought they were doing all they could with what they had. But since they lacked so much, why didn't they abide by the Geneva Convention and admit the International Red Cross, which would bring things they didn't have?

This annoyed the commandant. He said the Geneva Convention's rules were written by barbarians for barbarians, and that the Lenient Policy was far better. As for the International Red Cross, it was a tool of capitalist espionage.

Then, The Ranger asked, why not let in Red Cross food packages? Because if the men had had these supplements, none would have needed to come to this hospital.

The commandant was now angry. He said if those packages were admitted, the prisoners would be living better than most of the Korean or Chinese people. And since Americans had come here as aggressors, now they were going to live like those poor peasants they were trying to enslave to Wall Street, and see how they liked it.

Then The Ranger said at least they should put the Red Cross emblem on the hospital roof, so it would not be bombed by mistake.

The commandant said this would only attract American planes.

The Ranger said this was not true and, if they would only paint a Red Cross on the roof, every American Air Force prisoner would volunteer to stand on the roof during the next raid, to prove it would be untouched.

The commandant said The Ranger, by his attitude, had proved he was no friend of the Chinese people, was therefore not entitled to the Lenient Policy, and that his case would be referred to higher quarters.

On October 26, 1951, The Ranger was transferred (by oxcart, for he was still weak) to Camp II, which now held about 160 men. Most were American officers, but there was a sprinkling of British and Turkish, and about 15% were Air Force enlisted personnel.

He noted that in appointing their squad leaders, the Chinese often put an enlisted man in charge of officers or a Negro over whites, hoping to create race or class friction.

Even in this "Reactionary" camp they had their "Progressives," who did not have to be pointed out to The Ranger because all were so plump and pink.

In theory all ate the same mess, and most had been in prison for a year. But the Chinese were constantly beckoning the "Progressives" out for interviews, and, says The Ranger, undoubtedly slipped them an occasional square meal, which had made all the difference. You couldn't prove this, but one look was all you needed.

The Ranger was acutely conscious of weight because when he was captured he had weighed 189 pounds but now (five weeks later) weighed only about 150, which alarmed him. He would not then have believed that later, after his trial and during solitary confinement, he could drop to 110 pounds and still come out of prison camp alive to tell his tale.

WITH THE NEUTRALS

BACK in Geneva, the International Red Cross, with both food and medicines for these prisoners in North Korea backed up in its pipelines, had found a faint ray of hope in a *Shanghai News* story (September 22) that seven teams had

been sent to Korea by the Chinese Red Cross, and now wrote Madame Li Teh-chuan, noting her teams would be "supervising the health work in Prisoner of War camps. . . . We hope that your society will find it possible to cooperate with the International Red Cross. . . ."

No answer, so presumably it was not. But the homelands of the United Nations prisoners were alarmed about their welfare and the lack of any news. On November 15th, the American Red Cross, writing Geneva, was

pleased to inform you . . . 5,000 standard food parcels . . . 15 medical kits . . . 4,000 invalid food parcels . . . warehoused in Yokohama. . . . As some of the prisoners . . . may be ill or undernourished, we ask that every effort be made to give priority first to the medical kits and second to the invalid food parcels. . . . We recognize the difficulties facing the International Committee in obtaining access to our prisoners . . . ask that you keep us fully informed . . .

*Frank T. Cleverly,
Director Insular and
Foreign Operations*

Our Treatment of Theirs The First Riots

IN the late summer of 1951 neutral Swiss Delegates Bieri and de Reynier had been inspecting UN POW Camp #1 (Pusan and Koje-do), where 163,569 POWs were in tented compounds which "have reached almost the maxi-

mum state of perfection in layout, decorations, cleanliness" and where "heavy workers now receive supplementary food" (2,800 calories). Their report included:

Health: Hospital patients less than 2% of camp strength. . . . Deaths 1 or 2 per week. . . . In the course of the last 4 months, only one death was registered in the Dysentery Section . . . [the patient's liver] . . . almost completely destroyed by an abscess.

Spiritual Needs: Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries and clergy continue. . . . The question of providing Buddhist priests [previously urged by Bieri] is nearing solution.

Education: The [voluntary] program provided by the Detaining Power is in practically full swing throughout the camp. Excellent work is being done.

Recreation: . . . The Delegate was present at a perfectly organized athletic meeting . . . a well-marked track, starters, judges . . . POW cheer leaders . . . from the splendid physique of the contestants, the ration scale would appear to be adequate. . . . At an open-air smoking concert . . . actors and singers . . . were very good, and the stage backgrounds and scenery were marvels of POW improvisation.

Mail: The POW, both Chinese and Korean, for reasons of their own make little use of the mail boxes in their compounds. Many do not know their relatives' whereabouts.

But this International Red Cross Report (No. 30) also chronicles the first clashes of Korea's Civil War in our POW compounds. With the best of bumbling good intentions we

had issued to each POW a summer kit consisting of a sport shirt and Bermuda-type shorts, dyed an alluring red.

These the Chinese had graciously accepted. The Koreans, however, were outraged. Red had been used by the Japanese as a criminal prison garb during their occupation of Korea, so the Koreans threw the kits over the barbed wire at their guards. One Communist compound took the extra precaution of wrapping them around large rocks. One of these had flattened a South Korean MP, whereupon his colleagues, men of spirit and in no mood to take insults from Communists, in or out of prison, had opened fire, killing three. "The Detaining Power," noted the visiting Swiss, "is investigating."

This was a curtain raiser to the observances of V-J Day, which is celebrated throughout Korea as the joint birthday of both the Communist and the anti-Communist Republics. According to the neutral Swiss,

The Camp Commandant [in Pusan] had received advance information that trouble was brewing and had doubled his Republic of Korea guards . . . leaflets with political slogans had been distributed in the compounds, some of them through female POW (nurses), who also carried illegal messages. Two kinds of leaflets were found, one mimeographed on UN paper [presumably anti-Communist] in the enclosure itself, and the other (possibly from outside) stamped [presumably by Communists] on oriental paper.

Toward . . . evening, the tension was great. . . . The singing of political songs was taken up by one compound after the other . . . POW of Compound #11 disobeyed the order to be in their tents at 22:00. . . . Both the ROK guards and the POW became excited. The latter shouted insults at the guards. Then, as tempers grew hot, the POW surged in masses against the fence and commenced throwing rocks [at the guards] and also threw stones at each other, from

[Communist] Compound to [anti-Communist] Compound.

At 22:30 the guards, now thoroughly aroused, apparently feared mass escape attempts.* Some fired warning shots into the air, others direct at the crowd of POW pushing, shouting and throwing rocks. Total Casualties . . . 6 POW killed, 24 wounded (of whom) 3 . . . later died.

The neutral Swiss spent two days talking of this incident with camp spokesmen, but "nothing new was brought to light." A few "complained of the attitude of some POW compound guards toward their fellow POW.† . . . No further trouble . . . was expected for the time being."

The same joint Independence Day celebration had also brought trouble in the Koje-do POW camps:

... first a clash between POW and ROK guards, [the Red Cross reports] followed later by internal strife among the POW themselves. . . . In South Korean Compound #65,‡ late at night, a group of POW beat up their POW camp guards. In the early hours of the morning, a group of POW camp guards took revenge by beating up the offenders.

The ROK guards fired warning shots. Three POW were killed (cause not yet known) and 26 injured by the beating. . . . These incidents have caused the Detaining Power great concern. A Board of Officers is investigating . . . many of the ROK guards are young and inexperienced and the Detaining Power is considering . . . replacing them.

* This was a real danger. The posts holding the barbed wire were only lightly anchored in the stony soil. W. L. W.

† The differences here were probably political: segregation was not yet complete. W. L. W.

‡ These were South Koreans who had either volunteered for or been forced into the advancing Communist armies and later were retaken by us. Their politics were extremely complicated, and in this period they had not been carefully screened. W. L. W.

The Chinese, however, were in this period a different story. The neutral Swiss, visiting their Compound #72 (officers and other ranks), found it

an extraordinary sight with picturesque pagodas, arches to feeding lines, tent decorations (nearly all made with disused tin cans), life-sized clay figures and ground decorations made with colored clay . . . enhanced by the tint of the red-dyed summer kits worn by its inmates.

Morale is excellent: nobody is idle . . . POW were observed polishing the clay walls around the tents, while others kept the ground decorations of small pebbles in order.

No complaints were made.

Each week a committee of UN officers . . . decides which is the "Best Compound of the Week." The winning compound receives a plaque, which is proudly displayed over the entrance.

Yet in their general remarks on Koje-do and Pusan, there are signs of a gathering storm. For while the Swiss note that in each compound "spokesmen are elected, as provided by the Convention . . . unfortunately experience has shown that, in spite of secret ballots, very few elections produce persons capable of carrying out the tasks mentioned in the Conventions." There was even one spokesman who

had just been elected, but who had to be removed from office for leading a group who molested two POW . . . the Commandant explained how difficult it is to keep each tent under observation in complete darkness. These beatings (he said) which unfortunately often cause deaths, happen quickly and are carried out by well-organized groups. Even should the culprit be recognized by tent inmates, fear prevents witnesses from giving evidence. The question is being

studied. The United Nations Command . . . has also taken up the matter.

The Swiss report also ominously noted that it had until recently been "possible to guard the POW with a minimum of personnel . . . [but] Under present circumstances the prisoners are excitable, unstable and restless."

Already the great masses of Korean prisoners on Koje and in Pusan were polarizing into two political groups. Spokesmen increasingly were interested not in prisoners' rights under Geneva, but only in serving the faction which had put them in power.

Even among the contented and docile Chinese prisoners, politics would not down, and on November 2, 1951, Swiss Red Cross Delegate Otto Lehner is writing to the United Nations High Command in Tokyo

I have received 3 petitions from a number of Chinese Prisoners of War who are anxious not to be repatriated. . . . The International Red Cross is not, I feel, in a position to express considered opinions . . . since political considerations lie wholly outside its terms of reference.

However, . . . the International Red Cross . . . could be led, on the grounds of concrete facts consequent on decisions taken by the responsible Authorities . . . to make this its concern . . . in conformity with its traditional policy of protection for Prisoners of War.

Behind this cautious language it is clear that already Lehner and the other neutral Swiss could see that violent political differences among the prisoners might lead many to resist return to their Communist homelands. He now hints that the International Red Cross might handle a necessary screening, if asked to do this by both sides.

Their Treatment of Ours

In the north, thoughts were also of repatriation among Americans held in the Yalu Valley, the great difference being how many would live to see the day and which ones would be allowed to return.

For, "Study hard, and you will get home," Commander Ding had told Camp V in April. "If not—"

But in early November this was reversed by another terse speech from Ding, who now notified them that without question all would be returned* "—in fact giving us the impression," says The Doctor, "that they would be glad to be rid of us."

In Camp II this came as a blow to the "Progressives," who had just returned from that month of special indoctrination, sure it had earned for them the right to an earlier return.

"This was," The Doctor remembers, "the breaking point in 'Progressive' activity. We gave them the cold shoulder. When one passed we would start chanting a little ditty:

Let's *all* sing
Like the Birdies sing!
Tweet! Tweet-tweet!
Tweet-tweet!

The "Progressives" now saw they would have to square

* Just possibly announced at this time because Communist agents in our prison camps may have told them that large numbers of their men would not want to go back. W. L. W.

themselves. One leading "Progressive" (he later was court-martialed) walked up to one of his tormentors and asked,

"Just what have you really got against me?"

"I won't talk to you, you son of a bitch," said the "Reactionary" and knocked him flat, although the well-fed "Progressive" outweighed him by 30 pounds.* Nobody helped him get up.

Later he told his squadmates that he had made a mistake. He had been opportunistic, but now, "I'm absolutely through with the Chinese," he explained, because "they disappointed me!" In not sending him home early, they had not "carried out their part of the bargain!"

Remembering how badly he had hurt American morale in the camp with his eggs and cigarettes after interviews with the Chinese, no one bothered to help him nurse these wounds.

There was the other American officer who had volunteered to head their propaganda "Peace Committee" because "I want to get the hell out of here and don't care how I do it. When I get back home I'll say I did it under duress."

There was also a Marine officer who, because he blamed the Army for his capture, had consented to make his first propaganda broadcast to let his family know he was alive. Then he had become enmeshed as a "Progressive," studying to get home.

After Ding's announcement he was bitter: "It ends up the Chinese don't want me, and the Americans don't want me. And I don't even want myself."

Most "Progressives" spent the rest of their prison-camp months trying to come back. One organized a church choir, another a woodworking shop, striving as hard now to regain

* If our men had their political differences, they stopped short of murder. In fact, this was the most serious incident in that compound.
W. L. W.

the confidence of their fellow Americans as they had that of the Chinese.

They failed, not because the others would not have forgiven a repentant Communist. But these "Progressives" had been only smooth opportunists. Smoothly they had lectured for the Communists when that had seemed smart. Smoothly they now worked with the Americans for the same reason. Back home, smoothly they would try to convince military boards that the charges were only malicious persecution. Smoothly they would argue with those who made such charges that perhaps their prison-camp memories had been faulty: why wreck another man's career?

With these, they were to fail. For, however dim their memories, all could recall brave men who had died on the Yalu rather than fawn on the Chinese.

For the moment, there on the Yalu, it seemed these dead had been forgotten by the world, until suddenly in mid-November came the news that Colonel James M. Hanley, the 8th Army's Judge Advocate General, was blaming the Chinese for the death of 2,513 American prisoners taken since November 1, 1950.

In America, the colonel was "disavowed," and there was even talk of court-martial. Such sensational figures, by inflaming public opinion, might be a block to peace negotiations.

On the Yalu, the prisoners who had survived were delighted that someone had the courage to tell at least part of the truth.

The Chinese were furious, and set about drafting statements to be signed by prisoners which would refute the charges. They found that on this point they could not count even on their "Progressives."

Persisting, however, "They ordered each one of us," says The Artilleryman, "to give them a list of names of all Amer-

icans killed by our aircraft after capture, plus all who had died of wounds before reaching camp—their idea being that the Chinese were not responsible for these deaths."

"They had to have names now," says The Doctor. "They had taken the dog tags of the dead for souvenirs. Now they found they had no complete record of the deaths. Before this, they had not cared."

In the fall of '51, Camp II got reports that an American plane had strafed another POW compound. They knew our Air Force realized Americans were being held in compounds along the Yalu.

But since the Chinese frequently shifted prisoners from one unmarked compound to another, how could our Air Force keep track of them?

"Late that fall," says The Artilleryman, "the Chinese gave us cabbages, and explained if we would put the leaves out to dry on the compound roofs, this would give us a supply of greens for the winter.

"On each roof we used the leaves to spell out 'P O W' in big letters. The Chinese noticed it, and made us break up the patterns.

"With the first snow, we got up early to trample out 'P O W' in the compound yard. Noticing this, they gave us brooms and said the whole area must be swept bare."

Radio Peiping broadcast news of that mistaken American raid, and on November 23rd Paul Ruegger is again cabling the Chinese Red Cross:

AMERICAN AUTHORITIES REQUEST WE ASK YOU IF . . .
INFORMATION COULD BE OBTAINABLE ABOUT PRISONER OF
WAR CAMP LOCATIONS AND THEIR IDENTIFICATION . . .
SUCH INFORMATION IS FORESEEN IN THIRD AND FOURTH
PARAGRAPHS, ARTICLE 23, GENEVA CONVENTION.

INTERCROIXROUGE

No prison camps were marked, no information on their locations given, but the incident touched off an explosion of Communist propaganda fireworks. Ignoring the International Red Cross, the Chinese Red Cross presented to the League of Red Cross Societies a resolution on the "Criminal Atrocities of the U.S. Armed Forces in Korea," charging us with the "most unpardonable human crime" of planning "to use more than 1,000 prisoners of war in the experiment of atomic bombs."* In addition, they charged Americans had bombed "their own POW with equal madness. They incessantly dispatched aircrafts to bomb and strafe the POW's camps, to take away their lives"; and in support of this, Madame Li Teh-chuan submitted a lengthy protest "signed by 1,362 American and British POW's" who insisted that:

At *all* times since our capture we have been extremely well treated by the Chinese Volunteers . . . food is *more* than adequate . . . health a top priority . . . many prisoners have received good medical attention in our own hospital. We live in warm houses provided by the local Korean people.

Indeed, our only danger is that we may be bombed again by American aircraft, . . . blotted out by that same group of selfish warmongers who sent us out here in the first place. . . . We now appeal to all the peace-loving peoples of the world. . . .

Why had so many signed this fustian? Those back from Camp V report that it was then their only way to let their families know they had survived.

Meanwhile, the International Red Cross, ever striving to

* In the Communist propaganda schedule, something apparently happened to this mythical rape of helpless humanity, for the charge is never mentioned again. Apparently it was withdrawn in favor of the bacterial warfare campaign soon to begin. W. L. W.

get the list of prisoners, was now on its knees to the China Peace Committee, that shadowy organization formed in Peiping for the propaganda exploitation of helpless prisoners of war, writing them that

While she was last in Geneva, Mme. Li Teh-chuan, . . . President of the Chinese Red Cross, informed us that your Committee intended to organize a system for exchange of news between Prisoners of War and their families. We drew [her] attention . . . to the fact that the Geneva Conventions expressly confirm our activities in this field. However . . . the International Committee will . . . be very happy if you can provide it with copies of any lists of Prisoners of War . . . you may possess, and . . . will take care to indicate the sources of any such information.

I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

D. de Traz

Assistant Executive Director

They grovelled, however, in vain. For on December 18th and over Radio Peiping, the Chinese Peace Committee announced a list of Communist-held United Nations war prisoners. The total, however, was only 11,559, which ignored more than 60,000 South Korean captives of whom they previously had boasted.

Only 571 Americans, they said, had died in captivity. But of the 3,198 Americans they said were living, the prisoners themselves recognized the names of many they knew to be dead.

Yet its publication had one good effect on prison-camp morale. Now that their families had been told they were alive, few would sign Chinese petitions.

Bacterial Warfare

WHILE the name of the first American who reported a flying saucer is in dispute, American prisoners held on the Yalu remember that the first mention of Bacterial Warfare came late in 1951.

It was already a time-tested technique of Communist propaganda. Earlier, when America had made the East Germans a gift of surplus potatoes, the Communists explained we had done this only to infect that People's Democracy with parasites which would destroy future crops.

So now, as winter frost drove the rats indoors, typhus sprang up in North Korea. Previously, because of high health standards left by the Japanese, typhus had been unknown there. However, in neighboring Manchuria it has been endemic for centuries.

Communist authorities in Korea could hardly be expected to face the truth, which was that typhus had entered the peninsula with the Chinese armies. So when a Moscow magazine, distributed among our prisoners in late December 1951, charged typhus was being spread in North Korea by the American Air Force, its purpose clearly was to take all blame off the Chinese. For no occupying army is ever popular, still less one which spreads an incurable disease.

Whether or not the next step was planned by Moscow, it would be, in any Communist land, inevitable: the announcement threw the Communist interrogators of North Korea into a panic.

Since Moscow could not be wrong, why had there been no confirming evidence from the many American pilots they had questioned? Would Moscow think that shrewd American pilots were outwitting them? Heads might roll!

Consider what might have happened even in America if the flying-saucer rumors had started when war hysteria was high, and had received government encouragement?

It was at this critical point in the unfolding history of Communist mythology—January 13, 1952, to be precise—that an American B-26 flown by Lieutenant John Quinn, with Lieutenant K. L. Enoch as his navigator, was hit over North Korea. As their parachutes unfolded over Anju, neither officer had yet heard of Bacterial Warfare. Neither could know that Communist military intelligence was in a truly desperate position, with many careers at stake. Neither was remotely prepared for the ordeal ahead. Nor did the seemingly casual preliminary questions of Communist military interrogators about their background, their training, and their briefings at various airfields, give any hint of the final goal.

Their questioners, however, worked with Moscow's breath on their necks. For on February 22nd, Pak Hen, North Korea's Foreign Minister, had denounced Bacterial Warfare to the world. Three days later from Peiping, the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace appealed on this subject to the World Peace Committee (another Communist front setup) in Oslo.

The Communist world propaganda artillery was wheeling into line. On February 27th the International Red Cross in Geneva was opening a telegram from the Red Cross in Budapest. Could it be that Dr. Etienne Florian, head of the Hungarian Red Cross, was finally answering that old query as to why Geneva's ton of medicines, once accepted by him "with joy," could not be delivered to North Korea?

Instead it expressed the "profound indignation" of the Hungarian Red Cross that

AMERICAN TROOPS HAVE AGAIN SEIZED THE BACTERIOLOGICAL ARM! THEY HAVE HURLED FROM THEIR PLANES SICKENED INSECTS UPON THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S ARMY, THE CHINESE VOLUNTEERS AND THE REAR TERRITORIES! . . . THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS MUST RAISE ITS VOICE AGAINST THESE INHUMAN ATROCITIES!

Furthermore, to clip from the record all stain of bourgeois cosmopolitanism, even Dr. Etienne Florian's name was now signed in its sternly orthodox Magyar form:

DR. ISTVANN FLORIAN,
HUNGARIAN RED CROSS

Whatever small use the Communist world might have had for Geneva's medicines to save their war prisoners, they now found the International Red Cross useful as a sounding board for their propaganda.

On February 29th the Polish Red Cross was telegraphing to Geneva its "PROFOUND INDIGNATION," followed the next day by bellows from Bulgaria about this "NEW AND SHAMEFUL VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA CONVENTIONS" (a document which, up to this point, had been completely ignored by all Communists), with the further threat to the International Red Cross that "ALL INACTIVITY IN THIS MATTER SIGNIFIES SOLIDARITY WITH THE CRIMINALS!"

In similar tone the Romanian Red Cross (on March 6th) demanded of Geneva "IMMEDIATE ACTION . . . TO STOP THIS BACTERIOLOGICAL WAR OF MASS EXTERMINATION!"

As the Communists well knew, the International Red Cross had neither the right to investigate such charges (unless the power to do so were given by both sides), nor

authority to condemn. But the IRC now made the only move within its limited powers, which was to forward these protests to the National Red Cross Society of the Power in question (in this case Washington) which it did on March 7th. Four days later came the American answer from Secretary of State Dean Acheson:

Despite categorical denials . . . Communists continue to charge biological warfare by the UN Command has caused an epidemic in Communist-held areas of Korea. I repeat that the United States has not engaged in any form of bacteriological warfare . . . would like to suggest that the International Red Cross make . . . an investigation . . . given free access to all sources of possible information behind the United Nations lines . . .

So there it was. The Communists could now have that International Red Cross action for which they telegraphically bellowed, provided only that they would give formal approval.

The next day (March 12th), from Geneva, Paul Ruegger cabled the North Korean Commander in Chief to get his permission, and proposing that, ". . . subject to agreement of both parties," these bacteriological warfare charges would be investigated by "known specialists" whom the IRC "will itself select in Switzerland," plus ". . . scientific experts . . . of Asiatic countries not taking part in the conflict . . ."

From Washington came word that "the prompt action of the International Red Cross . . . is greatly appreciated. The proposals . . . fully accepted." No word yet from Pyongyang, but Geneva set about assembling a committee of experts. They first cabled the Red Cross of neutral India for the services of "Dr. S. Raghavendra-Rao, Epidemiologist, Assistant Director of Public Health, Hecherabad, and Dr. P. M. Wagle (plague expert), Director Haffkine Institute, Parel,

Bombay," and also to Pakistan to enlist "Dr. Sharif, Chief Entomologist and Professor of Zoology, the University of Punjab."

What experts could be better qualified to trace the sources of an Asiatic plague?

The trouble was that, at this point, an investigation by anybody was the last thing Pyongyang wanted. For at the moment all they had for evidence were stories from unlettered peasants about bugs seen crawling about on the snow, in regions where the sound of American planes recently had been heard.

Although Lieutenants Enoch and Quinn were being held in solitary confinement, questioned endlessly, threatened with trial as war criminals, and promised repatriation only if they "confessed," neither had, up to this point, given anything of value. Other American Air Force personnel were equally cunning or stubborn. Whatever small hope there then seemed to be of getting confessions would be shattered if ever the International Red Cross was admitted.

While Moscow could not be wrong, Pyongyang was not yet in a position to prove that it was right. Until evidence was ready, the best defense against investigation was a violent attack on the International Red Cross. This was now made by Radio Peiping, which charged that by agreeing to consider an investigation, the IRC had unmasked itself as a tool of Wall Street Imperialism.

Plaintively, Paul Ruegger now (it was late March, '52) wired the Chinese Red Cross, citing all those protests on bacterial warfare with which all Iron Curtain Red Crosses had bombarded him, each demanding that Geneva act. Paul Ruegger pointed out to the Chinese Red Cross that the international body could and would act "ONLY IF CONSENT OF BOTH PARTIES IS ASSURED" and implored

its president to have "RADIO PEKING RECTIFY ERRORS AND CEASE ATTACKS."

Surely, however, Paul Ruegger must have feared that these attacks were no careless accident; must have feared that Moscow (through the English mouth of Allan Winnington as broadcast over Chinese Radio Peiping) was laying down the line, and that Stalin was refusing consent to an International Red Cross investigation. As of March 28th, however, this could only be a guess.

Our Treatment of Theirs •

The Rising Storm

IN early December of 1951, as International Red Cross Delegate Frederick Bieri toured our prison compounds at Pusan and on Koje, there had been no hint of trouble. He noted that in most compounds prisoners were crowding into classrooms to attend the "excellent" educational program we had set up.

Dropping in on the North Korean Officers' Compound (all were passionately dedicated Communists), he noted that one was playing "the Merry Widow Waltz on a harmonicum" and that "five 'couples' were dancing." Its spokesman, a Senior Colonel Lee, assured Bieri that "cooperation with personnel of the Detaining Power [the United States Army] was good," and that his men had "no complaints."

In this period, the Americans had notified the IRC delegates (who had passed word on to Geneva) of a new camp on Koje Island. It was to hold a large number of persons who, when the war broke out, had been living in South

Korea, but had later been captured in Communist uniform.

Behind this announcement lay a tangled tale. According to Colonel R. R. Ramsey, who handled this confusion for the Provost Marshal's office, in the huge bag of prisoners we took just after the Inchon landings some 50,000 swore they were loyal South Koreans, brutally impressed into the Communist armies by the invading North Koreans.

In most cases this was true. Some, however, were North Korean Communists masquerading as South Koreans, hoping to escape prison camp. Still others had been South Korean Communists who had willingly joined up, but now were pretending they had been shanghaied.

In the beginning, however, taking their unsupported word, we had tentatively classified them as Civilian Internees. But we had asked President Syngman Rhee to provide us with screening committees representing every province of Korea, so that each man could be questioned by neighbors who would know how much (if any) of his story was true.

This work was taking many months. Slowly the 50,000 was shrinking. But secret Communists hidden among the 50,000 had found that, in prison camps as run by these mad Americans, you need not even pretend to be anti-Communist to be treated well.

In one such Civilian Internee compound (#62), holding 6,000 men, a nucleus of trained Communist leaders, after murdering some of the opposition to frighten others, had seized control. They then announced to the Americans that the inmates, although born in South Korea, were to a man loyal members of the North Korean Army, and therefore wanted their Civilian Internee compound reclassified as a compound for prisoners of war to be returned, later, to the North.

What was the truth? The bewildered American camp commander knew that certainly there were large numbers of

terrorized anti-Communists still behind its barbed wire. His guess was that "about one half of the Civilian Internees desired to become POW again," and, in order to separate the two factions, he ordered a second screening team of South Koreans to give its members individual interviews.

Whereupon trouble started. The new Communist leaders of Compound #62 insisted they would permit no screening.

American camp authorities then locked up 17 of these leaders in a small enclosure within the compound and, to help the screening teams keep order, imported 75 anti-Communist Civilian Internees from a neighboring compound.

At this point, "pro-and-con singing" of political songs began, and on the morning of December 23rd the 17 jailed Communists broke out of their small pen and, rushing in a flying wedge to the center of this compound of 6,000 men, rallied their Communist followers—whereupon, according to the American camp commander, a simple, forthright soldier now dazzled by the subtleties of oriental politics, "a general uproar followed, in which everybody seemed to be chasing everybody else."

The Communist leaders, now back in control, had first turned their attention to the 75 imported anti-Communist Civilian Internees, who, now badly scared and with good reason, "attempted to climb over the fence to escape their aggressors."

The ROK guards outside this compound, alarmed by the shindy, seeing men trying to escape from the compound and not knowing why, fired, killing four—one of whom had been a fleeing anti-Communist and the others his vengeful pursuers.

At this point, the American commander, arriving on the battlefield, had taken over. He ordered the ROK guards to

fire one shot in the air, as an assertion of authority. He then ordered all the prisoners to squat, regardless of politics.

He informed all these squatters that "every man who wished to avoid further political complications could leave the compound." Some 800 instantly took advantage of this, which left the Communist leaders in undisputed control of Compound #62.

Short of a real screening, no one could be sure how many frightened anti-Communists remained, but the American camp commander told Swiss Delegate Bieri that meanwhile "Compound #62 is to be considered a Communist compound . . . to which Communist Civilian Internees from other compounds . . . will be sent" as the screening teams processed them.

In order to get the other side of this picture, Swiss Delegate Bieri interviewed the Communist leaders of Compound #62. Their version was that the 75 anti-Communist Civilian Internees brought into their compound to help keep order had been imported "for the express purpose of beating and torturing them." The shooting by the ROK guards from outside the compound had been "unwarranted and unnecessary." And the head spokesman insisted that Senior Colonel Lee, spokesman for the North Korean officers' compound (Communist), be "permitted to visit them."

This request was denied by the Americans, but Bieri himself went to call on Senior Colonel Lee, who had heard of the events in Civilian Internee Compound #62. As ranking Communist officer, it was his duty to help keep them in line. To Bieri he was now gloomily certain the Americans would never let the civilian internees go back to North Korea.*

Turning now to other prison compounds, Swiss Delegate Bieri found that in all of them a strong political ferment was baffling the American authorities. On the issue of where

* But Senior Colonel Lee was wrong. W. L. W.

they wanted to go after the war, prisoners were deposing compound spokesmen and electing new ones—sometimes Communist, sometimes anti-Communist.

Passing one Korean POW compound, he was surprised to find “a few hundred prisoners squatting in orderly rows in front of the exit” and learned that they were “the former spokesman’s favorites. . . . They were now frightened of reprisals from the ‘new party’ and desired to transfer to another compound.”

The Chinese prisoners were also restless, and in one compound a colonel wanted permission to visit two other Chinese compounds because, as he told Bieri, he was “very much concerned about the political situation there.” On the question of whether or not they should go to Formosa after the war, the colonel feared that “pressure is being applied amongst the POW themselves.”

This Chinese colonel, although loyal to his Communist government, “recognized that some POW desire to go to Formosa but would, in the interests of a ‘peaceful life,’ like to see a strict division made between the two factions.”

After visiting, on January 16th, two huge Korean Compounds (#9 and #10) near Pusan, Delegate Bieri fortunately wrote a report summarizing the whole political situation in our prison compounds as of that hour.

Much later in 1953, after anti-Communists among these prisoners, who rejected repatriation, were in custody of the neutral Indians at Kaesong, the Communist side was to charge that they had been prevented from asking repatriation by terrorists sent among them by “the puppet Rhee” or assassins sent up from Formosa by “the bandit Chiang,” under direction of the Americans.

But these charges are refuted almost two years before they were made, by Swiss Delegate Bieri’s picture of the situation as of January 1952, when he found that:

in spite of their personal worries concerning repatriation, the majority of the prisoners seem to be content. The [American] Camp authorities are doing their best to keep "political peace" inside the compounds.

Many spokesmen have informed the Delegate of their grave concern over repatriation.

There are North and South Koreans (both Prisoners and Civilian Internees) who wish to return to North Korea.

There are North and South Koreans (both Prisoners and Internees) who desire to remain in South Korea.

Many men at present living in close contact with those of opposite ideologies are scared to express their real opinion.

Others have been forced by their comrades to make statements which are contrary to their wishes.

The effects of political pressure from both sides, as applied by the prisoners themselves, can be clearly observed.

The situation called for a fair and thorough screening, as previously suggested by Swiss Delegate Lehner, if only to keep the peace. But in many compounds, this was opposed by militants of both sides.

PANMUNJOM

Most other Armistice issues had been settled when, in January 1952, the ticklish matter of prisoner exchange finally came up for discussion in the truce tent.

The United Nations negotiators demanded that the Communists return, as prisoners of war, all South Koreans drafted into their armies. This the Communist side angrily refused to do: all, they insisted, had been voluntary recruits.

How many prisoners did they hold? On this point, for many months, they were curiously vague. In March of 1951 they had loudly boasted they held a grand total of 65,000. A year had passed, during which we knew they had captured more, bringing the total up to an estimated 75,000.

Yet, except for those few early names of American prisoners, they had sent Geneva no lists.

The facts were that 11% of the prisoners we were now capturing told us they were former South Korean soldiers who had been shanghaied into the Communist armies. North Korean Marshal Kim Il Sung could not deny this, for we cited front-line broadcasts in which the Communist loud-speaker would roar:

"I am an ex-Republic of Korea soldier, now leading an easy life in the Korean People's Army!"

We proposed now that those who wished to return be exchanged on a man-for-man basis, and that the International Red Cross should interview all soldiers of each army, to make sure that none was detained against his will.

For in his report of the previous November, Swiss Delegate Otto Lehner had hinted that, if asked to act by both sides, this could be a proper concern of the International Red Cross.

This proposal the Communists rejected as "barbarous"—a plot to kidnap more than 100,000 of their men. They attacked the International Red Cross as un-neutral.

Hoping contact might remove this prejudice, the United Nations one day brought to Panmunjom Dr. Otto Lehner, now Senior International Red Cross Delegate, for an interview with the Communist negotiators.

Its only result was a violent attack on Lehner, on January 19th, by Radio Peiping, in which Allan Winnington, British Communist and correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*, charged that Lehner:

spent the war years in Berlin, and lent his services to Adolf Hitler by visiting Theresienstadt Concentration Camp in Czechoslovakia. After this, his Red Cross issued a scandalous report describing the pleasures and benefits of life in Hitler's concentration camps.* Lehner is now here for what he describes as "non-political" motives. . . . His service to Hitler was also non-political.

A little later this was followed by a second Winnington attack charging the IRC with complicity in the American action in reclassifying as "Civilian Internees" those South Koreans recaptured by us who had been shanghaied into the North Korean Army:

—if the International Red Cross is willing to allow 44,000 names it compiled as POWs to be wiped off its own lists by the Americans without raising protest, they are not regarded as entirely reliable to protect this side's prisoners of war without some other check.

Actually, what could or should the International Red Cross have done? It compiles no lists of prisoners. It takes the lists of the Detaining Power, and transmits them to the other side.

When we notified the IRC that those men had been reclassified as Civilian Internees (still enjoying every benefit of Geneva), the IRC then followed the only course within its power, which was to transmit this information to the Communists.

When Mr. Winnington was snarling into that Communist microphone about prisoner lists, he and the other Communists knew that, for their part, they had given the International Red Cross no lists whatever of the estimated 75,000 prisoners the Communist side had taken, except for those

* A sentence untrue in its every detail. W. L. W.

two token lists of 110 Americans captured in the war's opening weeks.

And during those World War II years, just what was Dr. Otto Lehner doing in Berlin? He was giving International Red Cross protection to hundreds of thousands of Allied prisoners in German hands, including those of Great Britain, the protection of whose passport Mr. Winnington enjoyed.*

He was enjoying it while he was in Korea, helping spread Communist propaganda among other British prisoners and (as we shall soon see) retouching the fake Germ Warfare "confessions" of American pilots, which could be forced from them only because they did not have International Red Cross protection.

Our Treatment of Theirs •

Compound #62

BACK on Koje Island, more premonitory earth tremors were coming from turbulent Compound #62. Since each inmate had once sworn he was a loyally anti-Communist South Korea, they were still nominally classified as Civil Internees. But the Communist leaders who had recently taken control now asked, in early February, for permission to celebrate the anniversary of the North Korean Army, of which (they insisted) all were loyal members.

So it was observed in that compound with Communist

* A more complete historical account of the USSR's relations with the International Red Cross, which still guide the policy of Soviet satellites, has its proper place in this volume's final chapter. W. L. W.

speeches, banners, and songs, all with the indulgent permission of the American authorities.*

Next day the visiting IRC delegate, dropping in on a routine visit, found the spokesmen violently against the proposed re-screening. On this point the delegate tried to argue, pointing out that since each had once signed a document swearing he was a loyal South Korean who desired to remain in that country, it was not unreasonable for the Americans now to ask each if he had changed his mind.

Firmly, the spokesman told him that the men would not allow it. They were, he insisted, unanimously pro-Communist, and pressure had been brought on them in the first screening. The spokesman also complained that men from anti-Communist Korean compounds, passing theirs, had chucked rocks into it. The Americans also had had the effrontery to ask them to take down their Communist flags, now that the celebration was over.

Obediently, the neutral Swiss went away to transmit these complaints and declarations to the American commander. Returning, he told the Communist spokesman that the Americans had said the banners and decorations should be taken down.

Whereupon these frisky, well-fed Communist leaders of Compound #62 sent back word to their American captors that they intended to fly their Communist flags "as long and as often as they wanted to."

The Swiss now departed, but on February 18th news of an explosion and shooting sent the IRC delegates running back to Compound #62. They found pandemonium. The

* To an American alumnus of Communist-run prison camps on the Yalu, this degree of political freedom will seem fantastic. It would have been unthinkable for their Chinese wardens to allow an American flag, song, or patriotic speech. W. L. W.

better part of an American regiment had arrived in trucks, which were drawn up around it. Safe inside their wire, the prisoners were roaring Communist battle songs and waving red flags.

The Swiss first listened to the American camp commander, Colonel Fitzgerald. He had orders that all Civilian Internees were to be re-screened "privately and individually," allowing each to say with no fear of coercion if he wanted to be repatriated after the war.

After interminable and fruitless discussions with Compound #62's Communist spokesmen, the camp authorities had decided that troops would be needed.

These had quietly entered the compound at night, when most prisoners were asleep. By dawn the tents had been divided into small groups, which could be more easily handled. The screening was going smoothly until the Communist leaders had incited a POW battalion to attack the UN troops.

The well-prepared Communists "were heavily armed with iron bars, clubs, homemade weapons, barbed wire and large stones." This assault wave had advanced flying "Communist banners and flags" and throwing "homemade hand grenades."

Casualties had been 79 inmates killed and 142 hospitalized; one American soldier had been killed and several wounded.

Although Colonel Fitzgerald had not been there at the time, he had, when told of the bloodshed, "ordered the withdrawal of the troops."

At this juncture Colonel Fitzgerald passes from the scene, for he was replaced, on orders from Tokyo, by the commanding figure of Brigadier General Dodd. Perhaps (who knew?) he would do better; we were presently to find out.

Meanwhile, the Gentle Gentlemen of Geneva, ever scrupulous in getting both sides, were back in Compound #62 interviewing its victorious Communist spokesmen. According to them, this riot was only a final instance of unprovoked capitalist aggression against helpless Marxist captives.

The treachery had begun when the troops had entered the compound "at 4 in the morning" circling all tents, including that of the head spokesman, who complained he "had no chance to speak to the camp authorities."

As for the Communist attack, the spokesman professed total ignorance as to where that carefully prepared arsenal of handmade weapons had come from. The inmates, who had been ordered to stay in their tents, out of curiosity merely "came out to find out what was going on."

And if they had advanced on the Americans, this was only in a vain attempt to "talk to the commander of the troops," not to murder him.

The Communist spokesman's demands, as transmitted by the Swiss to General Dodd, included (1) that the 79 bodies be returned (for future burial in North Korea), (2) that no more troops come into their compound, and (3) that their report on this be sent to the Secretary General of the United Nations.

The Swiss agreed to transmit this last; other "demands" were refused by General Dodd.

Three days later, having slightly cooled down, the spokesman told the Swiss the compound might submit to screening provided that (1) no troops entered their compound and (2) none be transferred to another compound. This would nullify the screening, since the Communist leaders would remain in control and could murder defectors.

General Dodd, however, told the Swiss he had "superior orders" to go ahead with the screening as planned, where-

upon the Swiss officially, ceremoniously, and neutrally warned him of the "danger he would be in if force were used."

The general was presently to be in more of it than the Swiss then dreamed.

Meanwhile, other compounds were boiling. On March 13th some ROK guards, shepherding some prisoners from Compound #93 (anti-Communist), drove them alongside the wire of Compound #92 (Communist).

Whereupon the two compounds began heaving rocks at each other, "on account" (says the chaste language of the International Red Cross report) "of differences of political opinions."

But a number of Communist-thrown rocks bounced off the ROK guards, who mercurially opened fire, which "killed 12 prisoners of war and wounded 26."

Surveying this and other incidents, the International Red Cross now recommended that we:

(1) "Withdraw the South Korean guards from Koje-do" (they were trigger-happy).

(2) "Avoid political demonstrations of any kind, and in particular the . . . political program of the Civil Information and Education Service for Prisoners of War." They had once praised our educational program as "excellent," but now politics had become a "constant source of incidents." (Perhaps if the prisoners had neither Communist banners nor American documentary films to inflame them, their political temperatures would fall.)

(3) And lastly the Swiss recommended "Distribution of the enormous Koje-do camp amongst smaller camps, which would be more easily controlled."

Here they were surely right. But when at long last (on June 10th) we moved to do exactly this, it was to earn for us our sharpest Red Cross rebuke of the war.

PANMUNJOM

MEANWHILE, in the Armistice tent at Panmunjom there seemed room for some cautious optimism that a settlement might be in sight. The Communists insisted they now held only 11,551 prisoners, and would not discuss what had happened to the remaining fifty-three-odd thousand they had boasted in March 1951.

In March of 1952, our position now was that each should repatriate all prisoners who would not forcibly resist return. Late in the month we pointed out that a good many of the 170,000 we then held* would refuse to go back.

The good omen was that the Communists at this news did not instantly explode in fury. Instead, quite reasonably they wanted to know just how many would refuse. We had to confess we could only guess.

Now came a pivotal moment which no one in the tent then thought was of the slightest importance. On April 2, 1952, as they sat around the table, China's Colonel Tsi spoke up casually.

Why, he asked, did we not screen them, so that they could know just how many non-returnees this would involve?

We pointed out that this would take some time. Colonel Tsi, now the most reasonable of men, agreed. He went on to suggest that the Armistice negotiations might adjourn, until we could complete the screening.

Both of these sensible proposals were now adopted. But

* That figure included approximately 37,000 reclassified as Civilian Internees. W. L. W.

just before the meeting broke up, we came in with an after-thought. A good many of the prisoners we held seemed apprehensive about what might happen when they got back to their Communist homelands.

So now, we continued, it might be helpful if they gave us an amnesty statement, which we could read to their men, promising a warm welcome on their return.

They agreed to furnish this as easily as we had accepted their idea of a screening. April 2nd was a Red-letter day of Capitalist-Communist harmony at Panmunjom. The Leninist Lamb seemed to doze contentedly, cuddled against the flank of the purring Wall Street Lion.

Bacterial Warfare

In the closing days of March 1952, the International Red Cross in Geneva waited in suspense for the Communist answer to the proposed investigation of Bacterial Warfare. Was one Chinese radio attack to be the only word?

On March 29th and from Oslo came the final Communist response. In that city the fellow-traveling Committee for World Peace now listened as Korean and Chinese delegates explained that, while they wanted an investigation, they "did not consider the IRC sufficiently free from political influence." Then who? They also rejected the World Health Organization. It also was politically polluted.

What the Communists wanted (and got) was a committee of experts picked not by the "political" Swiss, but by that icily neutral figure, "Dr. Kuo Mo Jo, President of Academia Sinica [the Chinese Academy], also of the Chinese Peace

Committee."* It was further to meet not immediately, but at a later time of Communist choosing.

For currently all they would have to show were collections of presumably infected bugs, leaves, and feathers, which excited peasants said could have been dropped by American planes. It was not until May 5 that "statements of considerable length, admitting their participation in bacteriological warfare"† could be extorted from Lieutenants Enoch and Quinn—almost four months after their capture. So the Communists, in picking their International Scientific Commission, could (and did) move at a snail's pace.

Meanwhile, Geneva's effort to get the Bacterial Warfare evidence before unbiased experts collapsed. In his original message to the Communist side Paul Ruegger cabled:

IF WE HAVE NO OFFICIAL REPLY FROM YOU BY APRIL
20th, WE WILL CONSIDER THAT OUR OFFER HAS BEEN
REJECTED. [They got none.]

On April 25th Ruegger was sadly notifying Washington that since no answer had come, "The International Red Cross is suspending technical preparations. . . ." Thus it quietly died.‡

All these weeks interrogators had been working in relays on Lieutenants Enoch and Quinn, held in separate solitary

* *Report of the International Scientific Commission for the Investigation of Facts Concerning Bacterial Warfare in Korea and China*, p. 4.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Later, in defending the IRC against Communist attacks, its President Paul Ruegger gave himself the luxury of one retort:

"The IRC has been accused of being a 'depraved lackey' of the American government since, when the US asked that an investigation be opened, the IRC declared itself ready to organize one."

"It might just as well be claimed that the IRC was [now] in the pay of North Korea, since it was sufficient for this government to refuse an investigation, for the IRC to abandon it."

confinement. They were told, explains Enoch, that they were "war criminals who would be tried, convicted, and never see America again. But if they cooperated, each would be a 'People's Hero,' entitled to the Lenient Treatment Policy." So "insanity, death, or these absurd confessions," explains Enoch, "were the alternatives."

During the first week in May, Enoch and Quinn finally broke under the weight of these threats. Neither foresaw the consequences, Enoch explaining that he finally "fabricated to keep them happy."

The trouble was that the Chinese could only be kept happy at an increasingly high price. Soon they introduced him to Wilfred C. Burchett, an Australian Communist journalist, who was given the first draft of Enoch's Germ Warfare confession.

Delighted to see a Western face, Enoch confided to Burchett that the whole thing was false.

"Are you trying to tell me," said Burchett angrily, "that this isn't so?"

Only then did Enoch discover that Burchett was in North Korea to cover the Communist side of the war for *Ce Soir*, the Paris counterpart of the *Daily Worker*.

Burchett's immediate assignment, however, was to give literary form and style to Enoch's confession, shaping it up for a movie which General Wang, the propaganda chief, now ordered that Enoch make. This Burchett prepared in Enoch's room with the aid of a portable typewriter and a bottle of vodka, for Enoch reports he was "drunk every time I saw him—I believe he is a chronic alcoholic—always glass after glass of brandy, vodka, or wine."

Later they brought in two visiting French journalists—Yve Farge and Claude Roi. Enoch whispered to Roi that he should "watch out for Burchett—he's a Chinese agent!"

Whereupon Roi gave Enoch a vigorous lecture, for by a

queer turn of fortune's wheel, it turned out that Roi also was a Communist. And when Enoch protested that this was almost treason, since French troops were fighting in Korea, Roi answered that the troops were released criminals, and later informed on Enoch both to Burchett and the other Communists. Only slowly did Enoch come to understand that, in North Korea, not even the Caucasians could be trusted.

The Doctor remembers that "In early May [probably just after the Enoch-Quinn 'confessions'] the recently captured Air Force prisoners were removed from Camp II one by one—we didn't know why."

This would indicate that, at least in the early stages, the Chinese themselves believed that Enoch and Quinn were telling the truth. The Communists' first step in this "brain-washing" had been to send their own minds to their own laundry.

The original Moscow fabricator of the Bacterial Warfare theory may have considered it only a shrewd guess. But out in the Marxist hinterland, it had become gospel. The Enoch-Quinn confessions now were the needed miracle which proved the creed.

In this period, confessions extorted under pressure had become the cornerstone of Soviet justice; were in fact the basis on which Stalin had risen to power.

Within the far-flung Communist Intellectual Empire, doubt of such confessions was then a forbidden luxury.* In that spring of 1952, Communist interrogators must have been sure they had the truth. Studying the "fabrications" of Enoch and Quinn, they based on them a careful timetable. According to this, American Bacterial Warfare had begun

* Exactly such confessions and convictions based on them have since been roundly denounced by Stalin's successors, in their promise of reform in the Soviet judicial system. W. L. W.

only in late 1951. So questioning earlier Air Force captives would be pointless.

Most pilots who went through the ordeal came out convinced that, certainly in the early stages, their questioners were sure we had been dropping germs.

"All right," said one pilot, broken by months of pounding questions and threats of non-repatriation, "I'll say anything you want. What do you want me to sign?"

The questioner was horrified. "We want only the truth," he said solemnly, "and only you can tell us what this is."

Then followed weary weeks. For the pilot now had to work out a confession which, in each tiny detail, squared with everything he had previously said, as well as with "facts" the Communists thought they knew about American Bacterial Warfare from other airmen's confessions—a minutely embroidered fabric of plausible and carefully memorized lies. Only then was the conscientious interrogator satisfied.

Below this level, there were among the interrogators varying degrees of doubt or cynicism, most of which developed later.

One questioner might come to believe that maybe his particular pilot knew nothing of Bacterial Warfare. This did not mean to him, however, that confessions gotten by other interrogators were necessarily false. And there was always the chance that his pilot had outwitted him—to his eternal discredit in the Communist intelligence service.

Once the confessions began, they started a slow-motion stampede among about half the airmen. For, when one heard tape recordings of other Americans "confessing" to Bacterial Warfare, he knew they had bought promise of release with these lies. So, if he stubbornly held out, he might end his days forgotten in some remote Siberian stockade.

Of the 38 "confessions" those which were to be used for

propaganda purposes went through a final stage of literary polishing usually performed by Winnington or Burchett, who pointed up drama and added pathos to the "confessions" of Lieutenants Enoch, Quinn, O'Neil, Kniss, and Ayres and Colonels Mahurin and Evans.

Commenting on his supposed orders to drop germs, Lieutenant O'Neil told Communist sound cameras, "I was coward enough to do as I was told. Why are we using this barbarous weapon when peace talks go on? When I think of my future, how can I tell my son, how can I tell my family, that I am a criminal?"

Similarly, Lieutenant Paul Kniss, narrating his return from a supposed Germ mission, confides to the Communist microphones that "a shower may clean my body, but my soul will never be clean!"

The appearance of this pair of British Communist literary undertakers was the first hint which Enoch and Quinn had that their fabrications, made privately to keep Communist interrogators "happy," were to be spread around the world. It was now, they felt, too late to turn back.

As a dress rehearsal to the main propaganda show to come, several airmen were brought to the enlisted men's compound in Camp V to recite their memorized confessions and answer questions. Only tape recordings, however, were played over the loud-speaker system to the officers in Camp II.

America's denial had not yet reached them, so now there were many arguments. Half the officers thought we might have been using Bacterial Warfare, and why not? For a pest which destroys crops is only another form of the food blockade, a legalized form of warfare. And a disease, from which there is some hope of recovery, is surely more humane than being blown to bits by a shell.

The Doctor, however, arguing with their Chinese head of indoctrination, a man of some education, said,

"Sun, you couldn't possibly believe this!"

Sun shrugged his shoulders. "But it is the truth," he said, smiling. Meaning, says The Doctor, that at least it was the Party Line.

The Ranger, then serving a sentence in solitary confinement near Camp II, was given printed copies of the confessions and asked his indoctrinator,

"Tsai, how much torture did you have to put these men through to get them to sign this?"

"That's a funny thing about Americans," Tsai answered. "Just throw them in the hole [solitary confinement] a couple of weeks, and they'll sign anything."

Many prisoners think that, at least among the more sophisticated Chinese, there were already doubts as to some of the confessions. Which, they say, may be why none of the Air Force people called out for questioning on Germ Warfare were ever returned to the camp, but instead were kept isolated until repatriation.

For if even one had told his friends his confession was false, this would have cast doubt on all. As for those pilots who had resisted, had they been sent back, this would have encouraged others to hold out.

In late June of 1952 the curtain rose on the main propaganda show with the arrival in Peiping of the Communist-picked International Scientific Commission.

The International Red Cross had wanted experts familiar with oriental conditions, and with no strong affiliations to any creed but science.

By contrast, most of the Communist-chosen scientists had long records of friendly fellow-traveler relations with the Party, but only two had experience with conditions in Asia.

Dr. Andrea Andreen was director of the Clinical Laboratory of the City of Stockholm, a town which has not had a typhus epidemic since the Middle Ages.

Jean Malterre described himself as an "agricultural engineer and laboratory director in animal physiology."

Oliviero Olivo was a professor of human anatomy in the University of Bologna.

Samuel Passoa was a professor of parasitology at the University of São Paulo.

Sir Joseph Needham, a reader in biochemistry at Cambridge University, was probably the best qualified, since he had learned Chinese while scientific counsellor at the British Embassy in Chungking.

But Dr. N. N. Zhukov-Verechnikov ranked them all in Communist authority. For not only was he a professor of bacteriology in the Soviet Academy of Medicine, but he had given medical testimony in a Soviet propaganda trial of Japanese ex-servicemen charged in 1945 with Bacterial Warfare against the Chinese. And, according to Communist theory, it was from these Japanese that America had later learned this dark art.*

This group first spent two weeks in Peiping studying assembled documents which previously had been sent by the Koreans and Chinese to a World Peace Council in Prague. They also perused the January and February reports of the Korean Medical Service. They were furnished with copies of "confessions" of American prisoners and even "relevant" press clippings denouncing Germ Warfare.

The third week of July they passed in more studies at Mukden, Manchuria, and, beginning July 28th, spent three days in Pyongyang, North Korea's capital. Returning north, they spent two days talking (under proper chaperonage)

* The Japanese experiences should have discouraged us. For, if this Soviet evidence can be believed, extensive Japanese Germ air raids, carried out over a period of several years, caused the death of less than a thousand Chinese—a most pusillanimous form of warfare, surely not worth its cost in gasoline and flying hours. W. L. W.

with the "confessed" American pilots before settling down in Peiping to write their report.

This document shows every evidence of sincerity. However friendly they were toward Communism, the scientists made every effort to hold onto scientific method, if only for the sake of their professional reputations.

Overwhelmed with a mass of data—bugs, leaves, beetles, houseflies, human lice, dead rats, chicken lice, and even clams which peasants said had been found under suspicious circumstances after the passage of American planes—they frankly said they lacked "perfect proof," which would be a plane "forced down with its biological cargo intact, and its crew prepared to admit their proceedings forthwith."

While they praised the zeal of their Chinese and Korean "comrades" in collecting bugs, they carefully pointed out that the "difficulty, which remained insuperable, was the fact that . . . classification of many groups of insects in the Chinese sub-continent remains unknown." In other words, these strange bugs need not have been dropped by capitalist warmongers, but could well have wandered to where they were found on their own legs or wings. Therefore, surveying the mass, they could only say that "in certain cases, certain insects had at least never before been recorded, from areas in which they now appeared in great numbers."

Nevertheless, they strove to make some semblance of scientific sense of the piles of bugs hopefully submitted by their hosts. There was the Case of the Isomata, which are "primitive, wingless insects," which develop deep in "damp soils rich in humus." What deadly purpose had it served America to infect and broadcast these? To explain our methods, they constructed an elaborate diagram. The infected Isomata, according to our cunning plan, would presently be uprooted by a "lower mammal"—conceivably a pig. If the pig in turn had "ecto-parasites (fleas, mites, etc.)," these would pick up

the disease from the Isomata. And from this point the infected flea (still according to our sinister plan) need make but a short leap to scramble aboard the first passing Korean, to bring him down with the disease.

But this was nothing to compare with our alleged cunning in the Dai-dong Incident, where "a country girl picking herbs on the hillside found a straw package containing a certain kind of clam"—a salt-water variety, by the way.

Did she worry about where the clams might have come from? Or how long they might have been lying out on that hillside? Not this country girl. Instead, "she and her husband made a meal of them raw," so no one should be surprised that "by the evening of the following day, both of them were dead."

But then someone in the village remembered that the night before she found her clams "a plane had been heard," and "thus the Commission could only conclude that American Air Force bombing units, following a careful plan," had been trying to pinpoint the local water supply with infected clam-bombs, and that "the young couple who died, impoverished by war's devastation," had been foully done in by a stickful of mollusks which had landed slightly off-target.

But why, when we were clam-bombing a fresh-water brook, had we been so silly as to use salt-water clams? Even the Commission of World Fellow-Traveling Scientists agreed that this might "be thought bizarre," until they came up with an answer.

We had (they were sure) discovered that the mouth of a clam is an ideal breeding place for cholera organisms. Our salt-water clams, striking unfamiliar fresh water, would immediately close their mouths and then, "during their slow osmotic death in fresh water, the mollusks would serve as natural culture-vessels for the cholera vibrios."

But the end is not yet. We had also foreseen that, in their

final death rattles, our cholera-phorus clams would open wide their mouths, thus liberating enough cholera vibrios "to contaminate the drinking water, for a period likely to be of the order of thirty days."

Yet the apex of our cunning surely was our "Paper Container with Paper Parachute (Self-Destroying)" which supposedly came about in this wise: Although in many instances the scientists were shown containers in which infected materials could have been packed (empty leaflet containers, burned-out parachute flares, etc.), in other regions the peasants were mystified because, although they had collected dead rats and suspicious insects in piles, they could find no containers from which these objects had been dumped.

The scientists now came to the rescue. For mixed deliveries, say of infected rats and diseased clams, they theorized that "the container would be of strong paper, and would include several compartments" (so that the rats would not en route eat their fellow-travelers, the clams), but constructed so that both "would be gently liberated after the container had opened on touching the ground." But the whole would "carry a fuse, so arranged as to be able to ignite both the container and the paper (or impregnated silk parachute) when the proper moment arrived" so that, with diseased rats and infected clams hopping off in pursuit of the nearest Communist, "no trace would be left" of our crime.

This explanation satisfied not only the villagers, but the entire Communist world. Yet the scientists themselves expressed wistful bafflement because, "of this interesting type, no example was seen by the Commission, nor had the captured airmen any information to give about it."*

Yet in fairness to these befuddled scientists, clearly they

* British readers will be interested in the fact that Sir Joseph Needham, who signed this report, is a Fellow of the Royal Society. W. L. W.

제들을 이승무자비하게 소탕하라!

반과 전에는 자격이 있다! 승리의 기쁨 높이 들고 앞으로/앞으로!



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

It was a war of Ideas. To the Koreans, the Communists offered this Victory poster showing a Soviet-built tank shattering flimsy American weapons but—



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

—as UN troops shoved them back across the parallel, they left behind, chalked on walls, messages such as this scrawl signed by the Chinese People's Volunteer Forces attempting (with the inevitable class angle) to woo American soldiers out of the struggle and back home. In our propaganda to them—



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

這張是
保證安全的路票！

SAFE CONDUCT PASS

SOLDIERS OF THE UN FORCES

This certificate guarantees good treatment to any enemy soldier desiring to cease fighting. Take this man to your nearest officer and treat him as an honorable prisoner of war.

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
General of the Army

대한민국
법사에게
이것은
국의 권리로
로서
누구
상봉하기를
원하는
자에게
인도된다
우를
보통의
증명서로
이
사람을
는
증명서
교가자
이 사람을
증명하는
스로를
포로로
대우하지
않아
이에
대한민국
법사에게
이것은
국의 권리로
로서
누구
상봉하기를
원하는
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교가자
이 사람을
증명하는
스로를
포로로
대우하지
않아
이에

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE PHOTO

-we wooed them by sound truck close to the front, and also by propaganda leaflets including safe-conduct passes (*lower right*) promising them only good food and decent treatment if they surrendered, as about 171,000 did-coming across the lines waving the passes. We kept our promises.



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

We first questioned our new captives (*above*) often assigning them to prison compounds according to political faith. Our medical care (*below*) was perfect.

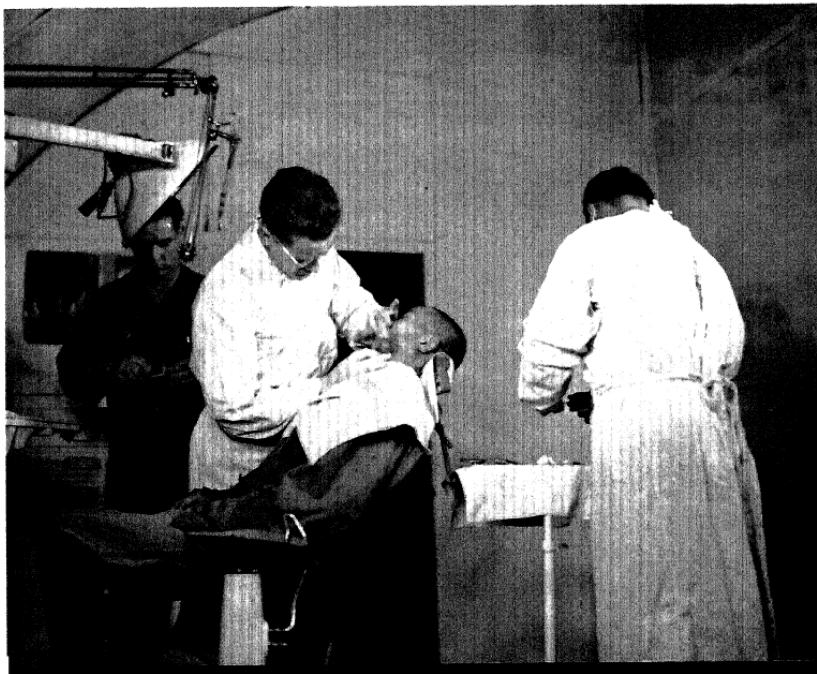
U.S. ARMY PHOTO





This Chinese propaganda photo (*above*) shows their care of ours, only about 38% of whom got back alive. But we (*below*) even gave their prisoners dentistry.

U.S. ARMY PHOTO





This surly pro-Communist hancho (center, left) killed 5 anti-Communists in order to get control of his Compound. But anti-Communists (below)





took pride in decorating even their pagoda-style entrance gates and proudly paraded (*above*) under home-made US, UN, and Free China flags.



On our food (*above*) prisoners gained 2 pounds per month. On theirs, most American prisoners died, but survivors (*below*) were fattened for return.





Our surrender leaflets showed Chinese prisoners (*above*) playing Mah-jong. Their propaganda pictures show ours (*below*) playing cards.

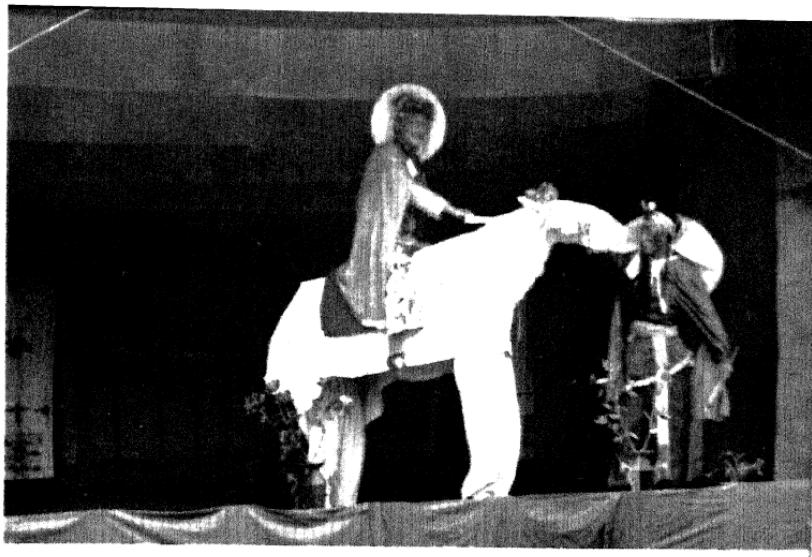




U.S. ARMY PHOTO

This anti-Communist Chinese POW string quintet (*above*) made banjos by stretching rat-skins over sound boxes. Band (*below*) hammered tomato cans into trumpets.





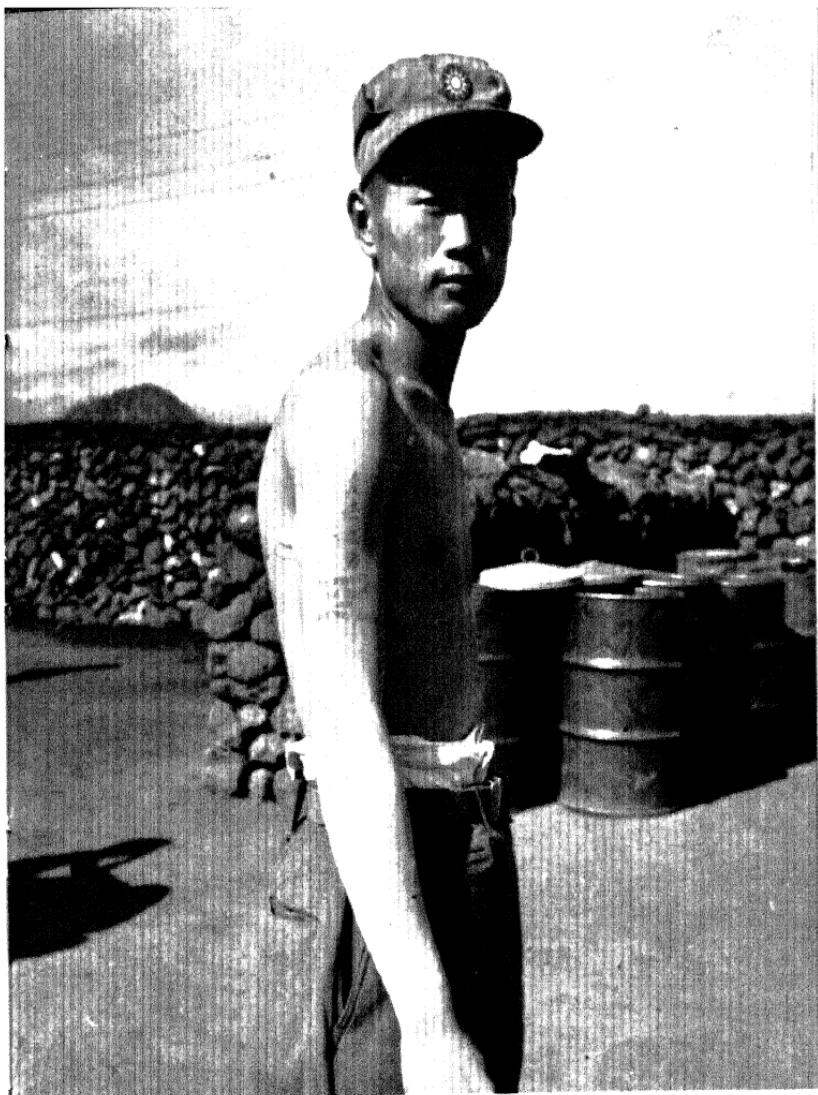
Prisoners we held put on anti-Communist vaudeville skits (*above*)—writing their own dialogue—at which POW audiences (*below*) howled with delight.





Our Chinese prisoners carve Stalin (*above*) with one hand on China, reaching with the other to grab Korea, and (*below*) reclining while urinating on China.





To show anti-Communist fervor, this prisoner has tattoo marks first in Chinese, and, below them, in English: "To oppose the Reds and destroy Russia."

Our Communist foes, expert in politics, handled their anti-Communist problem with neatness and dispatch. These anti-Soviet Korean civilians they left at Taegu.

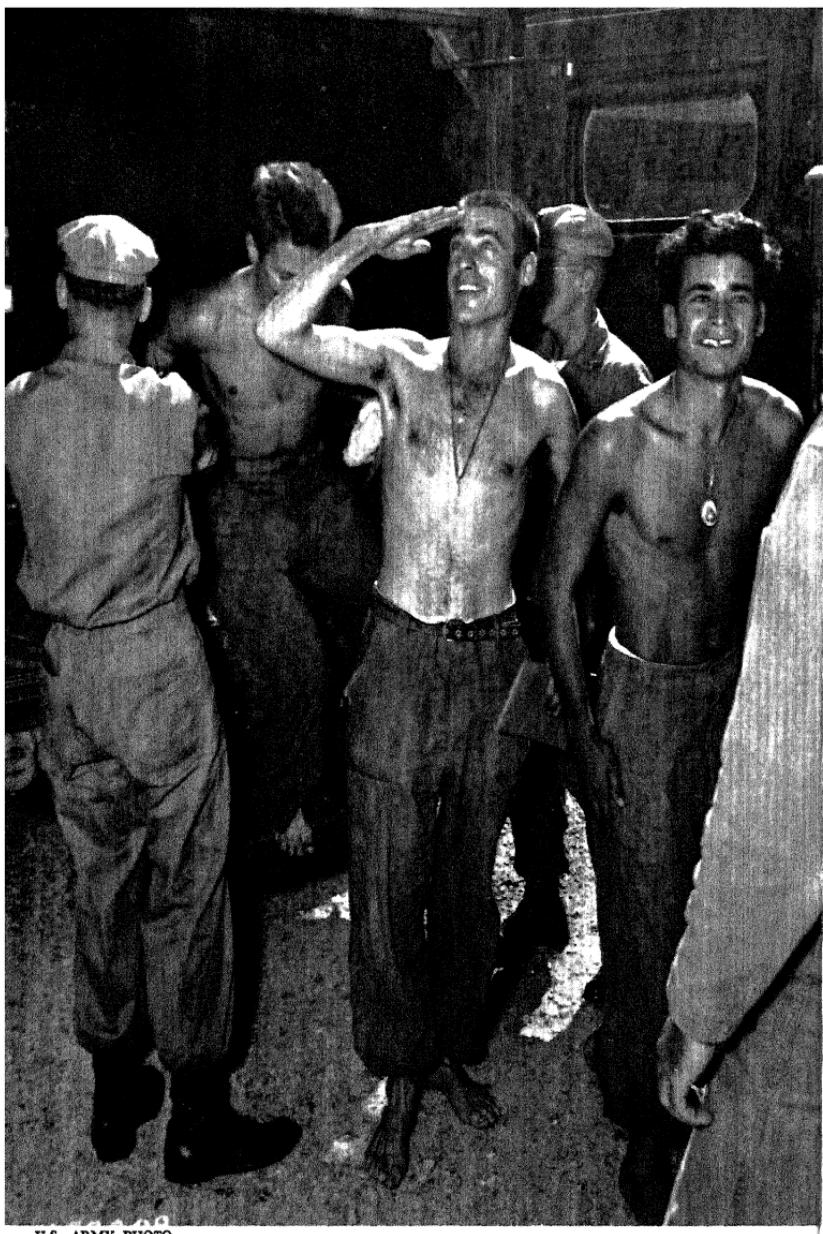
U.S. ARMY PHOTO





U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Our pro-Communist prisoners, here being returned, discarded the stout U.S. clothing and went back waving North Korean flags made from U.S. materials.



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

This returning American prisoner had not seen an American flag since he was captured, and takes this opportunity to salute the first one he glimpses.

were convinced, not by these bugs, feathers, and dead rats, but by the "confessions" of the American pilots, who, after rehearsal under Chinese General Wang, seem to have put on a flawless two-day production.

The scientists found the airmen "fully normal and in perfect health," noted that they "spoke in a natural way and seemed fully at their ease." The Commission became convinced (and it does not state how) that the airmen had not been "subjected to any physical or mental pressure, and that their treatment was worthy of the best traditions of Chinese humanism."

The Hollywood B-picture adjectives with which Winnington and Burchett had beefed up the confessions completely fetched the scientists, who found the airmen had been, even before capture, "disgusted by the ferocity with which they were being hounded on to slaughter the civilian population," which brought about a "revulsion of feeling" when "after their capture they were treated in such a friendly way by the Koreans and Chinese."

Still, some items perplexed the scientists. The Chinese interrogators, convinced that these early "confessions" were true, had made little effort to coordinate their details by asking the proper leading questions. So each pilot, to keep the Chinese "happy," had in solitary confinement followed his own imagination in "fabricating" his confession.

There were wild differences in details. The altitudes at which they said they had been ordered to fly varied. Descriptions of germ containers did not jibe. One pilot said we sprayed germs from a special squadron of converted crop-dusters. Another favored bombs, with which his plane had been armed by a mysterious crew of scientists wearing sterilized white gowns and gloves. No other pilot had noted such ghostly figures.

Back in Peiping, as they carefully studied the separate

confessions, even the scientists noted these differences. But by now they were thoroughly brainwashed; had, in fact, arrived in Asia eager for the laundromat. So they found a quick answer. Such "discrepancies," they noted, "seem merely to reflect modifications of methods introduced by the Americans"—successive stages of our advancement in the art of bacterial mass-murder.

On September 18, 1952, their report was issued from Peiping. Its touching sincerity was, to the world's Communists and fellow travelers, deeply convincing.

Must They Confess? • I

MILITARY interrogators, whatever government they work for, are of a proud profession which insists that every man has his breaking point, so consider the case of Captain Theodore Harris, commander of a reconnaissance B-29 stationed in Japan in the summer of 1952. On July 2 we had bombed a bridge near Sinanju in North Korea. On the night of July 3 it was Captain Harris' mission to fly to that target unescorted, to drop flares, and to bring home pictures of the damage.

This he was unable to do because, when he reached the target just after midnight, his RB-29 was attacked by five MIGS, which started several fires in his plane. So he gave orders over the intercom to abandon the craft. All bailed out but one man who had been killed by gunfire.

Harris stayed at his controls until the others had dropped clear, getting burns on his face, throat, hands, arms, and back. When he then released the controls, the burning B-29 began spinning crazily, so that, after he jumped, he

could not pull his release cord, for his head had struck the craft, knocking him unconscious.

However, he began slowly to come out of it, so that he could reach to jerk his parachute release cord when he was still 4,000 feet from the ground, which Captain Harris considers was fortunate. By the light of the magnesium flare they had dropped earlier, he could see that he probably would land very near the bridge they had not had time to photograph. He hit in a nearby rice paddy.

By dawn his burns had given him a terrible thirst. He managed to get a drink. But by daylight he saw the burns were so deep that he needed medical attention at once, so he went to a village, hunting a doctor. In the village the Chinese soldiers paid no attention to his burns, but began interrogating him.

Captain Harris gave them name, rank, and serial number and, at this point, would confess to nothing.

For the next week they kept him on public display during the day, and questioned him most of the night. By this time his burns were infected and gangrene had set in. The sweetish stench was so sickening that the interrogators could not stay in the room with him. The captain considers this to be his second lucky break. He was to get others like it.

On about July 11th, the Chinese Volunteers, who had been giving Captain Harris this Lenient Treatment, moved him in a truck to an interrogation camp about 30 miles from Pyongyang. Since Captain Harris was unconscious most of the time, he remembers little of the trip, which would be his third lucky break. He was then put in a nearby Korean house they were using as a hospital, and for the next three weeks they let him alone: he was too far gone to be questioned.

When his burns healed, he was moved to the interrogation camp and quartered in a short trench covered with thatch, with a grass door. There was room only to sit down. He was in solitary confinement at all times.

But they took him out, usually at night, for lengthy interrogations. In the next few months, these went through phases. They started off on Bacterial Warfare. As Captain Harris would confess to nothing, his living conditions got worse.

Once his food was so bad that in protest he threw it on the ground of the compound court. Nearby was a half-starved dog that had been eating human dung. The dog now stopped, trotted over to the food, and smelled it hopefully. Then it walked wistfully back to resume eating the dung, which saddened Captain Harris, who is fond of animals. The next day he ate his food, but still would confess to nothing.

So they now accused him of psychological warfare, then of atomic warfare, then of dropping agents in the Manchuria and Peiping areas, and finally of bacterial warfare against the Communist Huks in the Philippines. Captain Harris still would confess to nothing.

It was now getting cold in his hut, where at night he was shackled and handcuffed, so that his hands and feet became frostbitten. The only time he got treatment was when they feared (because the burns healed slowly) that he might have an infectious skin disease, which would endanger his guards.

In this phase of interrogation they were accusing him of violating not only the territory of Korea, but that of neutral China and of the still more savagely neutral Soviet Union. But Captain Harris would confess to nothing. The truth happens to be that he had done none of these things.

One morning, after telling him that he was guilty of sundry war crimes, they led him out in front of a firing squad. They told him to stand at attention, facing the squad, which Captain Harris did.

The Chinese commander then ordered the 12 men to load, which they did.

He then ordered them to take aim, which they did.

Then, pausing, the commander pointed out that if Captain Harris confessed his crimes, he would be in a position to ask for leniency.

Captain Harris told the commander he had no statement to make. But the commander kept on pausing anyway. Which Captain Harris can count as his fourth lucky break.

He was taken back to the interrogation center, where he was told that, as an unconfessed war criminal, he would have no hope of returning to America. He was also warned that his family might be in considerable danger, since American Communists would have no sympathy for the family of such a beast. It was delicately suggested he consider their feelings and welfare.

But Captain Harris would confess to nothing.

The Captain thinks it was sometime in January 1953 that they handcuffed and blindfolded him and tossed him into an open truck, which then took off. Going through towns, they threw a blanket over his head, in case the blindfold slipped.

After a few days, because there were more traffic noises on the road, and because he could now hear trains running (which they weren't, in Korea), he guessed they must have crossed over the border into China.

After a few more days, he could tell they were entering a big town. It turned out to be Mukden, the capital of Chinese Manchuria. Here he was taken out of the truck, led into a building and, when the blindfold was taken off, he found himself in a cell, in solitary confinement (always, until the very end, in solitary confinement).

Next day the interrogation seemed to be more formal, in the presence of a recording clerk and several Chinese officers. He asked them why he had been taken out of North Korea into a so-called neutral country, and by what authority the Chinese Regular Army was now holding him.

They replied that he was in no position to ask anyone anything, but was here only to answer questions, which they now began to put. They were the same old questions. Captain Harris would not confess to anything.

They once tried to get him to sign the minutes of an interrogation, although these were written in Chinese. He explained that even were they written in English, he would sign nothing, now or ever.

Part of the treatment seemed to be breaking up all patterns in order, he thinks, to confuse him. Meals would arrive at wild intervals. Interrogators would show up before breakfast, or long after midnight. They would senselessly heat his freezing room to oven temperature, and then quench the fire for no reason he could see.

Sometime in what he thinks was April, they moved him to a wet, mouldy cell in another Mukden prison. For six weeks there was routine: each day he was brought before a military court. When he asked by whose authority they were trying him for these war crimes, there was no answer. When he asked if he could have his own lawyer—again no response. Instead they asked him if he was now ready to confess. He replied that he would confess to nothing—now or ever.

(To be continued)

Our Treatment of Theirs • Missionary Brat

FOR two days in early April 1952, the loud-speakers rumbled in every United Nations prison compound.

All prisoners of war [they intoned, in Chinese and Korean]

will be individually interviewed during the next few days, to determine which desire to be repatriated, and which ones have compelling reasons that make it impossible to return.

This was it. All our prisoners from Communist armies gathered below the horns to listen.

For your own safety [warned the loud-speakers] let no person—even your best friend—know what your decision will be, prior to the time you are asked for it by the interviewer.

This surely would save lives, for we had learned that a Communist (or anti-Communist) often was not safe in a compound controlled by the other faction.

To those prisoners who are not violently opposed to repatriation, the United Nations Command will guarantee return to your authorities. . . . Your decision in this matter will be considered final.

Instead of making our anti-Communist prisoners promises, those loud-speakers grimly reminded them that

The UN Command can make no guarantees whatever as to the ultimate fate of those who refuse to go back to their own people. . . . Before any of you decides irrevocably to resist repatriation, you must consider the effect of your decision on your family. . . . If you fail to return, the Communists undoubtedly will consider your family suspect. You may well never see your family again.

Here surely was no frenzied bid for anti-Communist recruits. Because if all or most would consent to go home, then the war (of which America was weary) would be over, and our own boys back home. So we warned these anti-Communists that:

You may undoubtedly be held in custody here . . . for many long months. However, the United Nations cannot house and

feed you forever, can make no promises regarding your future, and will not guarantee to send you to any certain place.

Then followed the amnesty declaration we had asked the Communists to furnish—a warm invitation to return to their Communist homelands, promising complete forgiveness for the sin of having been captured, and it was signed by Marshal Kim Il Sung for the North Koreans, and by General Peng Teh-huai for the Chinese People's Volunteers.

We had, at this point, sound and selfish reasons for wanting to send back as many as we could drag. For in Europe, the Voice of the Turtle was heard in the land, along with the awesome cawing of Picasso's Dove. If in Seoul and in Tokyo our generals were chafing at the bit, abroad they were viewed by our jittery allies as irresponsible jingoes, and their every hard-won advance a reckless provocation of World War III.

At home it was an election year. The opening of Armistice talks had quenched whatever zest there had been to plant our standards firmly on the Yalu, amongst the unmarked graves of our starved American prisoners. Our people also wanted peace with (all hoped) some acceptable semblance of Honor. The uncomfortably hard facts were that every prisoner who balked—for reasons however lofty—at returning to his Communist homeland, was a block to that hoped-for peace. In this sober mood the screenings began.

Our Chinese prisoners were at this time in four compounds on Koje. All were willing to be screened. Two (they were the biggest) we thought were anti-Communist. The other two we presumed were Communist. But who knew?

Now at the exact hour that the loud-speakers were booming in those Koje compounds Captain (now Major) Harold

Whallon, who had dimly heard of Koje, was sitting in an evening class in Tokyo when someone handed him a signal that he was immediately to report to headquarters.

Harold Whallon had been born, raised, and educated in North China, the son of Presbyterian missionaries there. He came back Stateside for college and, drafted in 1943, was sent out to the China-Burma-India theater in an intelligence operation.

He left the army in 1946, to be recalled when Korea popped, and shipped to Tokyo to be in G-2's China section. Reporting now to headquarters, they would only tell him to get his gear together quickly, and that the operation was hush-hush.

At the airport he met others, assembling for the same operation—"and it didn't take us five minutes to discover that most of us—like me—were missionary brats, and all of us were fluent Chinese linguists. This gave us our first clue as to where we might be headed.

"They flew us—we were about 20—down to Pusan in a transport, and there we were picked up individually in light observation planes. I was flying along the broken, rough Korean coast—little islands, then more and more water, and finally, ahead, a huge mass rising sharp out of the water, with one dominating peak. When I got down on its airstrip I found it was Koje.

"We were free for the afternoon, so some of us climbed a tall hill where we could look down on the camps (they warned us to keep clear of them). They were huge, rectangular, barbed-wire compounds, holding up to 5,000 and the size of a city block. We could hear the prisoners singing—not all of it was political—the Chinese love to sing.

"That night we got our briefing: we were to separate the Communists from the anti-Communists, working a compound at a time.

"They sent me first to a large pro-Nationalist compound. The prisoners had knocked themselves out making decorations of toilet paper, bunting, hammered tin cans—anything they could find."

As a working tool we had provided our screeners with a questionnaire asking each prisoner, first if he would be "voluntarily repatriated." If not, would he "forcibly resist"? Even so, had he carefully considered what might happen to his family if he failed to go back? Having pondered this, would he still violently resist if we sent him back anyway?

"We would fill out the form," says Major Whallon, "but clearly most knew just what they wanted, stuck with it, and the case could be settled in a couple of minutes. Our first was a boy on crutches. He was not a Communist, but he told us he didn't dare defect because of what the Communists might do to his family. He had been beaten up the night before, and now wanted protection from his anti-Communist buddies. So we got him out quick.

"We could do this because our desks were set up in an open tent about a hundred feet from the entrance gate, so that if a man wanted to get away from his buddies he could slip out or run out—as they usually did. Sometimes there was a little fracas between the other prisoners and the MPs in getting a Communist out unscathed—but none was hurt.

"We had been sent into the compound unarmed, for fear they would beat us up and take our weapons, which they wanted to use on the Communists. We found that Americans—fantastically out-numbered because we could spare so few men from the fighting line—seldom entered these big compounds, which were run by a prisoner C.O., in a semi-military system. On that first day we were shaken when the

MPs, making a compound inspection, ran onto a corpse and carried the man out.

"In this first camp the Communists were a small minority, so they didn't say it very loudly. Most men would ask us when they could get back in the Gimo's* army and start fighting Communists. In some cases this was only brave talk, and may have reflected a little coaching. But most appeared definitely enthusiastic about staying on our side.

"Of those few who wanted to go back, the convinced Communists were sullen, and the others most unhappy. For, in telling us why they dared not defect for family reasons, some would cry—there were a lot of such hysterics in our tents—and then unhappily make the choice to go out to the Communists.

"All these men we protected and sent out quickly. Sometimes it was a little heartbreaking to have to punch a good Nationalist to protect a Communist—but we played it straight that way.

"The prisoners usually came in groups of men who were friendly with each other, but this didn't keep the screening from being fair, since, while we were talking to one, the others would be out of earshot a good fifty feet away.

"The longest interviews were with those who still hadn't got the idea that they had a completely free choice. In spite of the job the Psywar boys had done over the camp loud-speakers, they couldn't believe it. The concept of a truly free choice with no pressure is very difficult to explain to a Chinese. We had to keep repeating it. Also we got a clear impression that many of these boys had never in their lives made a decision of this type, and did not know how to do it now.

"The great majority explained that when the Communists took over in China, they had followed their leaders in

* Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's. W. L. W.

going over to the Red side without quite knowing what was happening. When they found out the score, they had taken the first chance to leave the Communists and get back on the team they wanted. They had only come back to their own side, and had not—they insisted—been captured.

“Some who wanted to return to their families were fearful of the treatment they might get for having been taken prisoner. There was not too much we could say to reassure these. We could only promise to keep them safe from the anti-Communists until they were returned, if that was what they wanted.

“But when I got back to Tokyo and briefed the staff on the operation, their biggest surprise was our report that most of these men did not consider themselves prisoners of war, or even defectors from Communism, but felt they were political refugees. This at first they could hardly grasp in Tokyo.

“It had been a rush job and hard work under rough conditions. We may have missed a few. But we left Koje with a feeling that we had done an honorable job well.”

What now of the score? In Captain Whallon’s first huge compound, 6,900 (or 85%) chose the free world. In the second compound, not 10% voted for repatriation. The third held what we had thought were 253 militant Communists, and so it turned out: every man said he wanted to go home. The fourth, holding 1,500 men, we had thought was also Communist. But something had happened, for in the individual interviews 15% told us they wanted no part of repatriation.

The news was almost frightening. For of our total Chinese prisoners—in spite of our broadcast warnings and the coaxing in that Communist amnesty statement—only one prisoner in five would accept repatriation! How would we break this news to the Communists at Panmunjom? How long might

this keep us tied up in a war of which the American people were now thoroughly tired?

We turned now to Koje's Korean compounds, where those under Communist control had refused to let our screening teams enter. Colonel William R. Robinette, former Koje commander, points out that they had contrived a huge arsenal of homemade weapons which, after control was broken, we assembled into a museum.

"In each GI shoe," says the Colonel, "there is an eight-inch sliver of steel. These had been sharpened into knives. Twenty lengths of barbed wire made a club, wired together and with a cloth handle. One of Koje's many stones, put in a sock, made a deadly blackjack. They made pikes out of army tent poles, sharpening the pin at the end. They even made mock weapons out of wood—replicas of machine guns, automatic rifles, and M-1s, painted black with soot from the camp incinerator, their bayonets covered with tinfoil from American chewing gum or cigarette wrappers."

Communist control was ruthless. They held their trials at night when lights were out and, if a man were found guilty of anti-Communism, "we would find him hanging in the latrine by a communications wire. In other cases, prisoners would be spread-eagled on the floor and stomped to death with GI boots—the crushed rib fragments going into the lungs to cause death by internal bleeding."

In still another Communist compound, reports the Colonel, "we found five dead, but with no marks on the body, no water in the lungs. Then we found a small piece of cotton still remaining in the throat of one corpse, and knew all had been strangled.

"In yet another Communist compound we found 14 who had been sick for some time, but not reported to the dispensary. This was not a punishment: Communist vengeance is quick and ruthless. These 14 were simply to them other-

wise useless human beings, whose death would reflect discredit on the Americans.

"Similarly, they were constantly harassing the International Red Cross with phoney reports against us. In interrogating them, they charged we drove slivers under their fingernails and that we used the 'water system.' "

One imaginative genius insisted we had screwed his penis into an electric-light socket and, when he still refused to talk, had turned on the current, lighting him up like a 100-watt bulb.

"In the early days," says Colonel Robinette, "the Red Cross doubted our reports. Presently they found we could be believed when we denied such nonsense."

To break Communist control in such compounds would (as it later proved) cost many lives. We shrank then from the decision, for at Panmunjom the Armistice hung in the balance. However, the Korean Anti-Communist Youth Compound on Koje would allow a screening, in which 82% refused to return to North Korea.

We now had to return to Panmunjom with the disturbing estimate that only 70,000 (roughly 50%) of the prisoners of war we held would not require forced repatriation.

Although President Truman was widely applauded for his declaration that forced repatriation was "repugnant to the free world," our stand was not universally popular. Many American prisoners and their families did not see why our boys should be asked to spend more weary months in prison camp, to give these men who had fought against them in Communist armies the unwonted luxury of a political choice.

At Panmunjom the Communists were furious. Whatever they believed, they could not publicly admit to so huge a defection. It was unthinkable, they shouted, that their captured personnel should not be returned.

Then what, retorted the UN, about the 50,000-plus South

Koreans captured by them, but unaccounted for? If they were truly "volunteers" for the Communist armies, then why should not the men we had captured have the same liberty of choice?

For the moment, in the negotiation tent, they dropped all theoretics. The flat Communist answer was we would get no peace unless we withdrew our demand for voluntary repatriation and herded back to them 110,000 prisoners, in exchange for the 12,000 they now conceded they held.

We were finding that secret trails led from the Communist negotiating side of that tent, on down through South Korea and into our prison camps.

Although the front had been static for more than a year, there was a steady trickle of surrendering North Koreans and Chinese. Since, to keep peace in the compounds, we had been segregating, we would, in the collecting centers, ask each newly surrendered prisoner his politics, and then route him south according to this political faith. We were presently to find that, as early as the fall of 1951, the leaders at Panmunjom had turned this surrender trail into an underground railway for trained Communist agents.

They would first get two months' special training. A Communist major would then be given a tattered private's uniform and, after careful rehearsal in a touching story of how Communists had murdered his imaginary family, would be taken to the front, given one of our surrender leaflets, and told to walk toward our lines with his hands up.

Arriving in one of our anti-Communist prison compounds, the disguised Communist major—still professing anti-Communism—would contact other underground Communists, strive to elect one of their group as compound spokesman or, failing this, to spread hurtful rumors. Some brought fresh orders from Nam Il—delivered with only a brief delay.

Women agents would pose as refugees from Communist

famine, with orders to get civilian jobs close to our prison compounds and help smuggle out messages from Communists within.

When the Chinese prison compounds consented to screening, many agents were rushed down to stiffen resistance and to tell anti-Communist Chinese that now Red China was booming, that there were wondrous improvements in food and housing, that mighty Russia was sending a flood of machines and weapons, and that within two years the Red flag would be flying over Formosa. Why go to that death-trap?

No work could be more dangerous. The chances were good that, if they were detected, they might be killed without mercy by the anti-Communist prisoners they were swindling. But rewards were equally high. Volunteers would, after the war, get medals and promotions beyond counting. If they were caught and killed, then their families for 40 years were to fatten on pensions.

All this we were soon to learn firsthand from the lips of the man who, in our camps, directed these agents—a Soviet officer of Korean ancestry—who later came over to our side long enough to tell us his story.

Pak Sang Hyong was born in Korea in March 1914, but in May of 1926 moved with his family to the Soviet Union, where he attended primary and middle school, joined the Young Communist League, went on to college at Khabarovsk, and, after graduating in 1937, was assigned to supervise a collective farm.

In 1940, the Communist Party admitted him to full membership. Pak Sang Hyong was rising rapidly and had been working near Tashkent when, as the war with Japan ended and the Russian forces moved into North Korea, he was transferred into the Red Army as an officer-interpreter, arriving in Pyongyang in September 1945, assigned to the

25th Red Army Corps with the rank of senior lieutenant. For three years he worked closely with Colonel Kutratchov, commanding officer of the Soviet Army Headquarters in Pyongyang.

With the official withdrawal of the Soviet Army from North Korea came a change in his duties. He was ordered to take out North Korean citizenship, to transfer from the Russian to the Korean Communist Party, and so doffed his uniform to serve as vice-chairman of the North Korean Labor Party. Since no other party could legally exist, these duties were light and his standing as a trusted political agitator was high.

So when he was captured and presently sent to Koje-do, as ranking political worker this Soviet officer (now a Korean private) took over the camp. It was he who perfected and commanded the Communist organization in each compound, including even #66, which housed North Korean officers. It was to him that newly arrived agents (bearing fresh instructions) first reported, although he also got coded orders from Radio Pyongyang.

"Are you trying," he later asked us, "to prove that the USSR is running the Korean War? That is not necessary: I am living proof of that fact."

In April of '52 Korean Private Pak Sang Hyong got new and urgent orders from the Communist side of the truce tent at Panmunjom. Not only were they to resist to the death all screening and segregation in compounds they controlled, but they were to capture a high-ranking American officer and, bargaining with his life, to exact from the Americans a promise that all screening would cease.

Korean Private Pak Sang Hyong's organization had already planned and executed several minor prison riots. Discipline was perfect; backsliders were punished without mercy.

"I had," he later boasted to us, "a division under my command. We could easily have taken Koje, but how could we have left the island?" So he had shelved the idea. But now, with these instructions from Panmunjom, new orders went out to the POW compound colonels, captains, and section sergeants.

On the 7th of May, 1952, word came to Brigadier General Francis T. Dodd, United Nations Commander of Koje Island prison camp (and therefore the American opposite number of Korean Private Pak Sang Hyong), that a group of spokesmen representing prisoners in Compound #10 (Korean POWs) had arrived at their compound gate asking to talk with him.

At this early point in that eventful day, several alternatives were still open to this officer. The one later to be favored with all the white-hot passion of retrospective wisdom by Frank Pace, Jr., then Secretary of the Army, was that the general should have stayed exactly where he was until, with proper pomp and circumstance, the spokesmen could be "brought to his office under guard."

Instead Brigadier General Dodd picked up his cap, with its all too transient single star and, leaving his office, jeeped briskly over to that compound gate to find out what those spokesmen wanted. In that way, it then seemed, he would save time.

The "snatch," ordered weeks before from Panmunjom and carefully rehearsed by Private Pak Sang Hyong, now went smoothly according to plan. The prisoners, clustering around General Dodd, at a given signal formed a flying wedge behind him and deftly whisked this unfortunate officer through the gate and deep into the maw of teeming Compound #10.

There now followed three days of American nail-biting,

with telephones humming between Washington, Japan, and Koje Island, while considerable portions of the world laughed.

A single field telephone line leading to the central tent of rebellious Compound #10 linked the rebels with the outside world. Over this they parleyed and dickered with Brigadier General Charles F. Colson, newly anointed commander of Koje. Very occasionally they would let him hear the voice of their captive General Dodd, his predecessor.

What the prisoners wanted of both (and got in part) were public "confessions" of various political shortcomings, and written pledges to recognize the existing Communist organizations and to "stop torturing and mistreating prisoners to say they are anti-Communist." We had, of course, done nothing of the kind, but in the Panmunjom tent the Communist side found this statement useful.

We could at this point, with troops and tanks, easily have crushed the revolt, but at a cost of several hundred lives, including very probably that of Dodd.

So, bargaining with the Communist leaders over that field telephone, we got, in the end, repossession of our ruffled general, who was released on May 10th, plus some softening of the text. Enough of the Communist phrasing remained, however, to cause both generals to be deflowered of their stars and degraded to the comparative squalor of mere colonels.

Now, at long last, we cracked down on Koje. In Tokyo, Mark Clark repudiated the extorted agreement to stop all screening, with its confession of our sins as false as those wrung from our fliers.

Presently the 187th Airborne Infantry and a tank battalion arrived on Koje from the fighting line. We now took the long-neglected advice of the IRC delegates to build new

enclosures, each subdivided into eight separate 500-man compounds, which would split the prisoners into groups of manageable size.

And on June 10th Brigadier General Haydon Boatner, leading a thousand paratroopers, smashed Communist resistance on Koje at a cost, in lives, of one paratrooper and 38 Communist prisoners.

If this seems high, compare it with the 115 prisoner-lives which the Communist leaders had taken since September of '51 in order to win control of Koje.

During Col. Robinette's Koje duty, he had under him two Majors who had witnessed these critical days, and who agreed that "had General Dodd and Colson got the support later given General Boatner, the riots never would have occurred. Prisoners were pouring onto Koje-do by the thousand, until the camps overflowed and control was lost. We couldn't get a spool of barbed wire or a sheet of tin until the riots. But after that, when General Boatner took over, he could have requisitioned and gotten the moon."

Once the big, unmanageable compounds were broken up, we could now proceed with an exact screening, from which it developed that the score against repatriation was about four out of five with our Chinese prisoners, and three out of five with the Koreans.

It was after this crushing of resistance that Pak Sang Hyong came over to us, asking for a Russian-speaking interpreter because he was, he proudly said, a Soviet citizen of Korean ancestry and an officer in the Soviet army. Since his revolt had failed, he wanted to reject repatriation, for back in North Korea he would be shown no mercy. He now told us the whole story of his thorough organization, its direction through him from Panmunjom, and its careful plan.

But, almost a year later, he came to us again. He now asked if there was a procedure under which he could un-

defect. Because, he said, he wanted to see his family once more, before he began serving that inevitable sentence in a Communist concentration camp as punishment for his failure.

Of course we let him go back.

A NEUTRAL REBUKE

You cannot, however, make an omelette without breaking eggs, and in the early summer of '52 we got strong protests from the International Red Cross. Beginning on May 7th (and coinciding with the piteous transmogrification of General Dodd), we had barred them from Koje and other rioting compounds where we could not guarantee their safety, a ban which continued until early July.

In mid-May, Delegate Lehner, head of the IRC mission, made a visit to Tokyo to take up with Commanding General Mark Clark not only this ban, but other matters. For when prisoners in Enclosure #10 had refused to leave for their new and smaller pens, we had cut off food and water to make them move. In a stern letter to Mark Clark, Delegate Lehner insisted this was an infringement of Article 26 of the Geneva Convention, which states that "collective disciplinary measures affecting food are prohibited."

He further pointed out that we had also used concussion grenades to get them out, which "caused at least one death and several wounded," and had the honor to request General Clark "to refrain in the future from coercive measures of the above-mentioned kind."

Why this rebuke? Perhaps we deserved it. Or perhaps the

International Red Cross, goaded by Communist attacks on them for lack of neutrality, felt that severe censure of U.N. conduct might be helpful at this time.

General Mark Clark's answering explosion was delayed until Boatner had cleaned up Koje. Then, in a blistering letter to Dr. Lehner, he reminded him that, "as you are fully aware," this compound "controlled by fanatical Communist leaders" had excluded everyone, barring even "peaceable entry of our medical personnel" needed to tend the sick.

He reminded the IRC that "your delegates . . . witnessed the prisoners' flagrant disregard of lawful orders" and themselves "attempted for several days to secure the cooperation of the prisoners but were unsuccessful," after which "these same delegates, as well as yourself, agreed that uncontested control had to be established, but could offer no satisfactory method by which this could be accomplished."

Was our method too harsh? "Food and water were made available in the new compound, and the rebellious prisoners informed that rations would no longer be delivered to the three compounds they occupied." So "at no time were the prisoners denied them."

As for the rough treatment, "carefully trained United States troops, fully oriented on the necessity of keeping violence to an absolute minimum" had moved against the "aggressive prisoners armed with a variety of lethal weapons which they had fashioned," and our troops had used only tear gas and a concussion grenade of the shock type, which "is not considered a combat missile."

Watching this American advance, "I.R.C. delegates on the scene had commented very favorably on the skill and self-control exercised by our troops, despite the danger to which they were subjected by the rioting prisoners."

Then General Clark, "while fully recognizing your right to state your views," insisted that "your report should include a

résumé of the circumstances that led to the action at Pusan—circumstances which are fully known to you" and asked that "this communication be forwarded to your headquarters with whatever official reports you may make."

The dispute was settled by David de Traz, Executive Director of the International Red Cross, who flew from Geneva to Tokyo for this purpose, and by July 2, when peace (and Boatner's paratroopers) reigned in our compounds, the IRC delegates were re-admitted.

The Ranger

ON February 6, 1952, a date The Ranger will never forget, he was pulled out of Camp II for interrogation. The Chinese wanted him to write a "cognition" on the subject of parachuting Korean agents behind Communist lines. How they could have hit on this particular subject, The Ranger would not know. He thinks they were not as sure of it as they pretended to be.

But the interrogation was conducted by Ding himself—the Chinese commander.

The Ranger explained to Ding that he would not talk, that he stood on his rights under the Geneva Convention and started quoting "those parts about prisoner-of-war rights that had been taught me when I jumped into France in World War II."

Ding said if he would not talk, he must write, and, handing him a big wad of paper, said that "if I was so smart about the Geneva Conventions, I could write its complete text into my cognition."

When he refused to write, they threw him in the "Hole," which was solitary confinement in an open stable. At night it would drop to 35 below zero. For the rest of January he got rice or kaoliang every third day, and almost no water.

"They said that I was not entitled to their Lenient Policy, since I was a foreign espionage agent. And, since I would neither talk nor write, I had dropped even lower in status—from a prisoner of war to a war criminal. Even so, they weren't going to kill me at the present time. Probably, they said, I would die a 'natural' death of starvation or pneumonia. They were keeping me alive for the moment, they explained, only out of the kindness of their hearts, and because maybe I would see the light and give them information."

The Ranger asked how he had become a war criminal.

"You have attacked an Army of Liberation," said Ding. "All Communist forces are Armies of Liberation. If we attack America, it will be to liberate the workers and peasants. And should you take up arms against this liberation, automatically you would then be a war criminal again."

"When they first threw me in the Hole," said The Ranger, "I thought I'd had it. Everybody in Camp II feared going there in winter, and this worked on my mind. So the first night, I said a prayer. 'Lord,' it went, 'I was never one to kneel down and pray. So any punishment I go through now, I offer up as a prayer to you.'"

But a week later he had to confess that "Lord, I can't even pray to you in that way. Because even though it's cold, I'm too numb to feel it. And even though they've quit feeding me, I'm no hungrier than I was, back in camp!"

Another thing was working. "When they threaten you with a 'natural death,'" explains The Ranger, "somehow you rebel." He decided that, no matter what they did to him, when his time was up he was going to walk out of there

with his chin up, just to show them how wrong they were!

He finally solved the problem of keeping warm at night. He would take off his padded pants and jacket, tie one pants-leg tight at the bottom with shoelaces, put both feet into it, and then, using his other pants-leg and his jacket as a mattress would roll up in his blanket. In the morning, the outside of the blanket would be covered like an igloo with thick frost from his body moisture—but he would keep fairly warm.

On extra-cold nights either Chen or Wong, two of the assistant interrogators, would drop in, kick his legs, and say, "Are you ready to talk?" So one night he said yes, he guessed he was: he hadn't talked to anyone for a long time.

Chen got him up, led him to a room with a door on it, built a fire, and that night he was wonderfully warm. The next morning after a breakfast of rice and soup, Sun, chief of the interrogators, arrived with pen and paper and said now he could start writing.

"But I didn't come here to write, I came here to talk."

So Sun sat down and they started. But when Sun began with military questions about how agents were dropped behind the Communist lines in North Korea, The Ranger said he was so sorry, he'd never heard of it.

"But you said you were ready to talk!"

"Sure, sure, that's it, so I am. Sit down, let's chew the fat a while. I haven't talked to anyone for two weeks."

Then Sun blew his top, and kicked The Ranger, and threw him back in the Hole. "I worked this about four times that winter. The heat and food I got helped quite a bit."

From The Ranger's experience: "You can say in general that they don't break the skin. They would whack me around with the butt end of a tommy gun, kick me a little, sometimes poke with a bayonet, but no permanent damage. If you act like a man, they pretty well let you alone. But if you

holler, or scream, or if they draw blood, this seems to excite them like animals."

The last time they came in and kicked him at night, to see if he would talk, was along in March, when already it was warming up, and Sun's question still was, "How does a Foreign Espionage Agent operate?"

Now The Ranger happened to remember a *Saturday Evening Post* story about a German agent who, long before World War II, learned the watch-repair business in Switzerland in order to open a shop in Scapa Flow. He had to live there for two decades, but finally was able to guide in the submarines which sank the *Repulse* and the *Renown*.

"Two days and 15 pages later I finished the story. Sun read it, beaming. He asked why I hadn't done this long before. He was all smiles. Now I got tobacco and much better food." At this point, The Ranger, who weighed 189 pounds when captured, weighed 110 pounds.

"But three days later Sun came in and started raising hell with me. It seemed somebody in Peiping had read the *Saturday Evening Post*. Sun now said they were going to give me exactly five days to write my story. If I wasn't through by then, they were going to shoot me. He left me with a stack of paper.

"For five days I sat there. I knew if I used their paper for cigarettes, they could shoot me for stealing from the Chinese People, which is a crime. So when the five days were up, I not only gave Sun back his pen, but counted out the blank sheets for him.

"He explained that the only reason I was still alive was because he had been able to talk them out of killing me. 'But from now on, what will happen is your fault. I wash my hands of you!'

"I was then ordered to 'take all and come with'—to roll up my blanket and follow him, for he was going to give me

back to the Koreans, who would kill me. He marched me over to the Korean jail and threw me in a cell.

"But he hadn't coordinated with the Koreans. Because after a while a Korean officer came wandering by, saw me, stopped, looked at me questioningly. I shook my head and fanned out my hands to tell him *I* didn't know what it was all about, either.

"So then he called Sun. The two of them argued. Then the Korean officer unlocked the cell and motioned me out, with the idea that *I* was trespassing on Korean property.

"So then I said, 'Well, so long as neither of you want me, I'm going home,' and was just taking off when the Chinese grabbed me and threw me back in their Hole.

"For the next two weeks, although I didn't get all the extra rations the others did, I lived well. So one day when Sun was walking by, I hollered at him, 'Hey, you ugly so-and-so, you should have washed your hands of me four months ago!'

On April 26th they moved him to a new camp in another valley, where he had as cellmate a British naval officer, a swell guy, who had been put ashore to take photographs on one of those islands in the Yalu delta, at 4 o'clock of an afternoon. The timing could have been better. Because the Chinese had picked 6 o'clock of the same afternoon to invade, and bagged him.

The Ranger now learned the Chinese were not letting him return to the main camp because they thought he was probably crazy. Since he and the Britisher were now eating well, he did nothing to discourage this diagnosis. Furthermore, if he were not crazy, returned to Camp II he would tell them he had not broken under Chinese questioning, which might encourage others to hold out.

The Chinese liked it better this way and so did The Ranger, because he now had new guards fresh from China

and he found that under the Communist system, which is built on suspicion, you can learn to operate.

He still had a drugstore fountain pen which the first Chinese who frisked him after capture had returned as not worth stealing. He would trade it to a guard for a pound of tobacco. When this was smoked, he would ask for more. When the guard refused, he would call for the captain and complain to this hancho that the guard had stolen his pen.

Since Communists are more suspicious of each other than they are of outsiders, his pen would be returned, the guard would be thrown in jail, and he would then trade the fountain pen to the new guard. During the month they were there the British photographer and The Ranger got tinned beef, sugar, and all the tobacco they could smoke, and had the pleasure of getting four guards thrown in the Hole. He still has the pen.

In late May he was moved to another compound east of Camp II, where he was questioned by a fresh political hancho who, when The Ranger refused to discuss military matters, asked why he had come to Asia.

"I said we had come over here to kick the Communists back over the 38th parallel after they invaded South Korea.

"He said I was both wrong and politically ignorant, and gave me the line about this being a civil war in which America was the intrusive aggressor.

"When I argued, he said he hadn't come here to listen to my propaganda. I told him I certainly hadn't come to Korea for the pleasure of listening to his. For this he threw me back in the jail, which was getting nicer all the time."

In the fall they moved them to another compound not far from Camp II, where the two were now with three other Americans, the ranking officer being from the Air Force. As a jail it was "ideal." "The food was good, and we dug a little pool in the creek where we bathed three times a day. I was

thinking I'd never lived better, under these circumstances, when two strange Chinese arrived in a jeep, and I was pulled out for another questioning.

"It was the old military stuff, so I said I'd already been over that, and they should go back and ask Ding. They said they would give me two hours to think it over and went away, leaving their packs. These I rifled, borrowing their pencils, tobacco, and other things I hoped they wouldn't need but which, if they sent me to solitary, would come in handy.

"I got no supper and they came back about 9 o'clock, taking me to a new interpreter who was more fluent, and who now put the facts on the line: I was either going to talk, or else they were through playing with me.

"So I told this interpreter that ever since I had been captured, I had been impressed with the high intelligence of the Chinese. I said these two knew that I hadn't talked all winter, when they had been torturing me with cold and no food. So how could they be so stupid as to think I would start talking now it had warmed up? And was he sure they were genuine Chinese?

"They took me right back to jail, as I had expected. But, instead of telling me to 'take all and come with,' they just left me there—and never bothered me with questions again while I was in Korea."

Red Justice

IN that early spring of 1952 The Artilleryman also was having his troubles with Sun and Ding. In camp "we used to sit, cold and miserable, watching Pyoktong Pass,"

he says, "hoping we would see American tanks lumbering through, listening for artillery fire.

"When they would bomb, if we had not heard the plane motors we would become greatly excited, thinking the explosions were nearby guns. The bombs came often, for the Chinese did not begin marking our camps as POW until late in the spring.

"So many were still dying because they seemed to have lost hope, that sometimes we deliberately spread optimistic rumors. We did not really give up hope of rescue until that summer."

The Artilleryman's political troubles began with the Hanley Report—that early accusation of mistreatment of our prisoners by the Communists—which had greatly disturbed the Chinese. To refute it, they ordered each prisoner to answer a questionnaire as to his treatment.

The Artilleryman and five others who had decided they would tell the truth were thrown into solitary confinement. The Artilleryman was told he had "slandered the Chinese People's Volunteers" and could be treated as an enemy. He would, however, get a final chance if he would confess his activities as an anti-Communist agitator and also promise to inform to them on all escape plans in the camp.

When he refused this chance, he was told he must at least write a "cognition." It was so cold that often the ink froze, and it took him six weeks to compose a document which would square both with his conscience and with what the Chinese might accept.

He first proudly confessed his "extreme hostility to Communism," due to the fact that he was "an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith."

He then confessed that he had "wanted and planned to escape."

He then said he was sorry for having slandered the Chinese

People's Volunteers, but "had meant only to report factually their treatment of me," explaining that "in this phase" he had been confused and had not realized that actions of individual Communists did not necessarily conform to the Lenient Policy. After considerable head-shaking they accepted it, and, when he had read it to the assembled officer-prisoners, he was allowed to return to their compound.

His troubles now began with Sun, the chief political indoctrinator of that compound. Sun, says The Artilleryman, was "a boy of about 26 who had been raised in a Christian mission school and was almost finished with high school when their so-called Revolution began." The Communists had put Sun in a school for party workers, which reversed all he had learned from the missionaries. Since some of his experiences at the mission school had not been too pleasant, he was ripe for that race hatred which is Communism's principal export item to its colonial empire in Asia.

Yet he could still quote the Scriptures well, and one day when he put a mocking Scriptural distortion into a propaganda lecture, the men asked him, not quite in fun, if he did not fear some day he would rot in Hell for it.

The Doctor remembers that "we enjoyed needling Sun to get him mad," and this was one of the times.

"There is no God—" Sun screamed, in the adolescent squeak which always came into his voice when his goat had been had, "and I can prove it!"

At this point The Artilleryman rose. "I can prove there is," he said firmly, "and you can't prove there isn't!"

Now every day Sun came for two hours to his room, while The Artilleryman, who had once considered the priesthood, struggled for a Chinese soul. Sun's faith, it developed, had collapsed over Darwin, but The Artilleryman refused to give battle on this paltry field.

"Where did the Earth come from?" he demanded.

From diffuse atoms of hydrogen gas which, drawing together, began rotation as a nebula-mass in motion. And after that, all was Cause and Effect.

"But where," demanded The Artilleryman, "did the Mass come from, and how did the Motion start? And how could there have been any effect without a primal cause?"

Hour by hour, as days stretched into weeks, he pinned Sun down. According to Communist theory, Man was the most progressive of creatures, and Communists the most progressive of men.

But, argued The Artilleryman, "if it is all Cause and Effect, then not even Communists could create anything."

Perhaps not, Sun conceded, but they could organize what had already been created.

Then must there not be, behind all, some Primal Cause which had created even them? "I didn't try then to force him to accept this Supreme Creator in any form," says The Artilleryman, "but presently he conceded the logic of there being a Deity, but would not yet admit it was more than a theory."

At this point The Doctor remembers that The Artilleryman, joining the others after one of these sessions, would whisper jubilantly, "I'm converting the —— !" But Sun, The Doctor points out, was treacherous.

In their final sessions, The Artilleryman had just got Sun (who had an excellent academic background) around to the point where Sun was defending the historicity of the Gospels, when one day Sun told him they must not talk any more.

"Are you afraid I will convert you?"

That, said Sun, primly, was not it. He knew the truths of Dialectical Materialism and could not be swayed. But they must not talk about God any more, although he conceded that His existence was a logical theory which could be defended.

"And three days later," says The Artilleryman, "Sun wrote

and turned in to Ding a self-criticism stating that I had attempted to implant bourgeois ideas of God in his mind, criticized himself severely for having listened, and promised that never again would he sway from the path."

"And when I went to jail," says The Artilleryman, "one of the charges against me was that I had attempted to tamper with his Marxist innocence!"

There were, however, more charges. The People's Court which convicted The Artilleryman and several other political offenders was held in the large assembly hall of a school-house. Presiding was Camp Commander Ding—tall, suave, impassive. Flanking him were four high Chinese officers who acted as assistant judges or recorders.

Each of these dignitaries had his hand on the holster of the machine pistol stuck in his belt. Although many spoke English, each, as a matter of face, had his private interpreter. There was, however, no defense attorney.

Behind Ding were huge pictures of Kim Il Sung and Mao Tse-tung, with Stalin in the center. Around the walls other photographic icons represented Engels, Marx, Willi Pieck, and William Z. Foster. Chinese newsreel men had their cameras poised.

The captive audience was the Chinese-appointed leaders of each American prison squad. Outside, two Skoda-gun teams were lined up at attention—"just for show," says The Artilleryman; "there was no reason for it."

The charges, to most of which he "confessed," were that he had a hostile attitude, that he had organized a group to disrupt the propaganda study program, that he had taken down pictures of Communist leaders and of Picasso's Peace Dove in the camp library, that he had lied in his written autobiography, that he had attempted to sully the Marxist purity of Sun, that he was a warmonger, that he had given untruthful answers to the Hanley Report questionnaire, and,

finally, that he had stolen the prison-camp assembly bell, which had been missing for some weeks.

This last he denied. They then produced a confession. One of the group on trial with The Artilleryman included a young lieutenant, hardly more than a kid, who had composed for the Chinese a document saying that The Artilleryman had stolen the bell. He handed it back.

"I don't believe an officer of the United States Army would have written such a thing."

"But it is his confession."

"That can't be true. This is forged."

"He will tell you to your face."

"Bring him in."

Facing him but not looking at him, The Kid said, "You stole the bell."

"And you're a damned liar!" The Artilleryman is slight, with blue Irish eyes which, when he is angered, burn like molten steel.

At which point, in the presence of Judge-Commander Ding, The Kid broke down. It had been a lie, and he could not say who actually stole the bell.

"Go back to jail and consider your lies," Ding told The Kid. Although they now slapped and kicked The Artilleryman, he felt sure he had won.

But the next day The Kid finished a new confession, charging him again with the bell-stealing and, as for his switch of the previous day, explained he had feared, when they got back to America, that The Artilleryman would have him court-martialed.

When The Artilleryman came up for sentencing, Judge-Commander Ding said,

"Ten months."

The Kid was next. The Artilleryman expected he would get a few weeks. Instead,

"Ten months." And they were sentenced to serve this time in the same cell. Leaving the schoolhouse, The Kid said,

"Look, I'm awfully sorry. I don't know what I can say."

"There's not a God-damned thing you can say."

For the next four months of those ten, The Artilleryman says, "we slept next to each other and didn't exchange a word, except for those absolutely necessary for existence."

PANMUNJOM

IN early May of '52, after we had announced the first returns of our screening, they were violently attacked by the Communist side in the tent at Panmunjom.

Did they doubt our honesty? Hoping to convince them, we asked their help. Let them sit with us at these screening tables. Let them hear from the mouths of their own people the reasons why they did not want to come back.

We pointed out that they could greatly help us. For many of the Communist-organized compounds would allow no screening. It was such a compound that even now was holding our General Dodd.

This drove them, on May 8th, into a frenzy. It was not just our screening, it was any screening. For the Geneva Conventions, they insisted, plainly said all prisoners must be returned.

Then what, we politely asked to know, about those 50,000 South Koreans who had vanished from their POW lists? Had their names been reported to the central prisoner-of-war information body in Geneva, as the Convention required? Had these men been drafted into their armies, which the

Convention forbade? Why had they not opened their POW camps to neutral inspection, as provided for in these Conventions which they now solemnly cited?

As they continued to howl against any and all screenings, Senior UN Delegate Lieutenant General William K. Harrison, Jr. (he had replaced Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy), rose in the Panmunjom tent to read from that harmonious April 2 record. On that date it had been Colonel Tsi of the Chinese People's Volunteers who, speaking for the Communist side, asked that we screen their prisoners, while the Armistice delegates took a recess.

Reading also from World War II's record, we cited a Soviet proclamation of January 8, 1943, addressed to the German armies beleaguered in Stalingrad. It promised that all who surrendered might "at the end of the war return to Germany, or the country of your choice."

Now if, in the great progressive heart of Comrade Stalin, there had been room to allow even a Fascist German to choose his future homeland, why should they now deny this same right to those of their own flesh and blood?

"The truth is," said General Harrison, "we desire to return the maximum to your side who evidence the slightest willingness . . ."

In that eventful summer, one item passed almost unnoticed except in Geneva. On July 13th, Chou En-lai, Communist China's Foreign Minister, announced that his government, which had been studying treaties concluded between foreign powers and the previous regime in China, had "examined the Geneva Conventions and found they are basically conducive to a lasting peace . . . and . . . decided to recognize them."

They added, however, one reservation. This was that prisoners "convicted as War Criminals according to the International Military Tribunals of Nuremberg and Tokyo, shall not be entitled to the benefits of the Convention."

Under this reservation (carbon-copied from a previous Soviet reservation), Red China's recognition of the Geneva Convention bound them to nothing at all. For, according to Communist interpretation, all United Nations troops in Korea were foreign invaders engaged in a war of aggression, and therefore war criminals to whom the Geneva Convention would not apply.

Why this sudden Communist deference to Geneva? Most of our unprotected men they had starved in their Yalu camps were long buried. Only because they hoped they had found in its text, language which would help them drag home their unwilling prisoners.

In the tent the whole argument now turned on three words from that Geneva Convention, a document which the Communist side now embraced as Holy Writ.

Geneva's Article 118 provides that, once the shooting is over,

**PRISONERS OF WAR SHALL BE RELEASED AND
REPATRIATED WITHOUT DELAY . . .**

Each side considered this language crystal clear, but put on its wording opposite interpretations. The Communists argued that the word *repatriated* meant that each government must have not just some but all of its prisoners back, and that without delay.

We argued that the intent of the Geneva Conventions is not to safeguard governments, but to protect human beings. Starting with the word *released*, we pointed out that this could only mean the prisoner must be set free. He could, of course, then claim repatriation as a right guaranteed him by Geneva. But only if he wanted it.

By July, with the aid of General Boatner's 1,000 paratroopers, we had broken all resistance within our POW camps.

We now could enter and accurately screen every compound and, on July 13th, could announce these totals.*

Not counting the almost 40,000 reclassified Civilian Internees, we held 130,000 of their prisoners.

Of these, 83,000 seemed willing to return to their Communist homelands. 76,600 were North Koreans and 6,400 were Chinese People's Volunteers.

Of course the Communists hit the tent roof, but not with so resonant a thump as on previous times, for there had been a slight shift in their position. Absolutely, they insisted, we must return—well, if not all 170,000 of their people, then at least 116,000. But this final figure must include all Chinese, regardless of politics.

Our side could now relax for a bit of fun. For, according to Communist legal hypothesis, the Chinese People's Democracy was neutral in this war. No soldier of its army was in theory on Korean soil. Those Chinese People's Volunteers, each following his Marxist conscience but with no orders, had simply set out on a civilian political camping expedition into neighboring Korea.

Wherefore, we argued, if or since these Chinese were really volunteers, why should not that same wild freedom of individual conscience which had brought them to Korea, now lead most of them further on down south to join Chiang Kai-shek?

The Communist side explosively could not see it, and on September 28th we gave them three plans to choose from:

(1) Send all prisoners to a demilitarized area, where a neutral commission would check each man's wishes.

(2) Each side would check off all prisoners in the Neutral

* However, no figures can be constant for, until the very end, there was a flow of defectors back and forth between Communist and anti-Communist compounds. Also each week we took more prisoners. W. L. W.

Zone, and would return those who wished to go. The others, restored to the Detaining Power, would then be freed.

(3) Each side would first return all willing prisoners. The others, put in this Neutral Zone, could then go north or south as each man chose.

The trouble, however, was that the Panmunjom Communists, peering at General Harrison's innocent-seeming proposals, shrewdly discerned that under each of his three chips there lurked the sinister bug of freedom, and finally returned a peevish "No."

Whereupon General Harrison, seeing that the deadlock was hopeless and having other fish to fry, amazed them by walking out, which indefinitely recessed the session.*

By November we had moved our 76,600 North Koreans, who if not pro-Communist were at least willing to return, into stockades on Koje Island. If they broke out, where could they go? Safe from them in a mainland camp which could be lightly guarded were the North Koreans who had sworn they were dedicated anti-Communists.

The more placid Chinese-Communist and anti-Communist-shared the nearby island of Cheju, but of course in separate compounds.

With all this settled, we could now set about helping our friends, the Communist negotiators, with their problem of "face." This was serious. For as of that moment, our prison compounds held 170,000 former soldiers in their armies, all of whom—they had to insist—were loyal Communists.

With public opinion in neutralist Asia at stake, how could we expect those Communist negotiators to admit that, of this 170,000 who had sampled Communist rule, more than

* But it left all offers still open. While this officer was understandably bored with being screamed at, he did, however, leave in the tent a skeleton staff, should talks resume. W. L. W.

half now disliked it so deeply that they were willing even to leave their families forever?

From the Communist point of view, these Panmunjom negotiators were perched on a piteously sharp pinnacle. If we wanted peace (and we did), somehow we must fetch them a ladder on which they could with dignity climb down.

This we now moved delicately to do. Included in that 170,000 total were originally those many thousand South Koreans captured in Communist uniform shortly after the Inchon landings who had insisted they were anti-Communists impressed by force into the invading Red army.

Taking them at their word, we had segregated them as Civilian Internees, pending a more thorough check. Meanwhile, some, like those in Compound #62, had changed their stories, rioting joyously in the spring to resist screening.

Now by their own two sworn admissions the South Korean Communists in Compound #62 could, under Geneva or any other international code, have been tried and shot as recovered traitors, with the same carefree abandon that the British hanged Lord Haw-Haw or that the Soviet Russians had executed their anti-Stalin fellow countrymen who had fought with the Germans under defecting Soviet General Vlasov.

For these South Korean Communists (like the Vlasovites) had joined the armed forces of an invading enemy and now openly boasted they were still loyal to this cause.

But instead of following Geneva's rules (which would have let Syngman Rhee shoot them), we chose a course which could have been a page torn from the Girl Scout manual, and which must have left the Panmunjom Communists secretly gasping at an ultimate example of the self-destructive leniency of a decadent bourgeoisie.

Because, after screening, gently we separated the murderous South Korean Communists of Compound #62 from the

anti-Communist Civilian Internees. Tenderly we shepherded these traitors, still waving their red flags and bawling Communist songs, onto Yoncho-do, a neighboring island in the Koje-Cheju archipelago.

There now remained on the mainland 38,000 anti-Communist South Korean Civilian Internees, so carefully screened that even the wary ROK government agreed they need no longer be kept behind barbed wire.

So in November (Operations "Homecoming" and "Thanksgiving") we released them. From the Communists in Pyongyang came a perfunctory moan of protest. For their captive audience in neutralist Asia they had to denounce these releases as a bestial kidnapping of helpless prisoners.

Privately they and we knew it was a big step toward solving their problem. For world attention would now be focused only on the 130,000 prisoners left in our compounds. Of these, we had promised that more than half would return. And if this was hardly a Communist victory, it would be a far less humiliating public defeat.

So perhaps in Bombay and Jakarta—and around the weather-beaten marble tops of the Café des Deux Magots' tables—the intellectuals could still believe.

But what of the pro-Communist South Korean Civilian Internees shipped over to Yoncho-do? Arrived at that remote spot, they were reclassified as prisoners of war, in accordance with their wishes. For almost a year we lovingly stuffed them with calories, vitamins, and other bourgeois goodies.

Come time for "Big Switch" (in August 1953), we reembarked these traitors and sent them with other prisoners back to the land of their political choice, still waving their Communist flags, and fattened now to the pink of condition—itching to fight us again.*

* "Whom the Gods would destroy"—it must have seemed to the Panmunjom Communists—"they first make mad." W. L. W.

Their Treatment of Ours • The Fattening Period

"In May of 1952," says The Doctor, "the Chinese brought their indoctrination program to a halt—perhaps because their delegation at Panmunjom was now raising hell about our indoctrination of their prisoners. For whatever reason, it was a smart move," since the food was slowly improving they were getting no new converts. "Now they brought us books in English—*Les Miserables*, *War and Peace*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Of Mice and Men*, and *Citizen Tom Paine*.*

"We also got good music on the bitch-box—David Oistrakh, the Russian violinist, playing Brahms concertos, plus Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, and Beethoven—a strong pitch to the intellectuals. The only strictly propaganda pitch we got in those months was on bug warfare."

Recordings of the American flyers' "confessions" had been broadcast over Camp II's loud-speaker system in the late summer of 1952. Some "confessees" had been brought to lecture in the enlisted men's compounds, and later, when they

* Of the long list of Western classics the Chinese gave their UN captives in this period, all have one thing in common: they reflect discontent with things as they are. Now a vigorous Literature of Protest is, in any free civilization, a sign of health and growth. But note that no comparable native Literature of Protest has been allowed to exist in Communist countries. Their state printers will turn out hundreds of thousands of copies of John Steinbeck's account of the sufferings of displaced Oklahoma share-croppers, but no Soviet literary tear may be dropped for the more than 3,000,000 Ukrainian kulaks liquidated by the Soviet government in exactly the same period. W. L. W.

met at some Inter-Camp Olympics, many asked The Doctor if he believed the confessions were true.

Presently, however, the Americans were teasing their Chinese guards on this subject. In the spring of 1953 some "window" * fluttered down into the camp, and the prisoners laughed when their guards rushed out "with their sleeves rolled up, surgical fashion," to pick up every bit with chopsticks, fearing they bore cholera germs.

However, The Doctor says that "I never saw our interpreters, or any of the other educated Chinese, picking up this stuff." While they believed the BW propaganda, they were shrewd enough to know that "window" was not dropped for this purpose.

Later, two Americans made a tiny parachute and harness for a dead rat, which they then tossed on a bush near the door to the guards' compound. "When the first one came out," The Doctor said, "the poor little peon was scared to death and went rushing off to his superiors."

But the brighter Chinese apparently told him the Americans were only harassing him, so all day the rat swung on his bush. As a matter of "face" none would seem to notice it.

Medical facilities improved, The Doctor reports, but very slowly.

For dysentery, which was still a problem, the Chinese now offered sulfaguanidine, "but it came very sporadically. Most of the time they depended on powdered charcoal and a tannic-acid preparation, which did not touch serious cases."

During 1950 and 1951, what passed for a Communist prison hospital had no laboratory. But by the summer of 1952 (when the great need for it was over) they began to

* Strips of aluminum foil dropped from a plane, which, as they flutter down like confetti, baffle the enemy by appearing as an opaque fog on his radar screen. It was developed in World War II and used over Germany. W. L. W.

do blood counts and urinalyses, a prelude to that great day in 1953 when, in their main hospital, they even set up a little fluoroscope. At no time did they bring in a real X-ray machine.

Also the fattening-up process got under way in the summer of 1952 when wheat flour arrived in the camp kitchens—a first gesture toward that “habitual diet” required by the Geneva Conventions, which Chou En-lai now announced they were recognizing.

By 1953, cracked corn and kaoliang had vanished, and the staple was either a bowl of steamed rice or a couple of four-inch loaves of steamed wheat bread. Then there would be a six-ounce bowl of the usual vegetables and now a little fat in the soup.

No one was suffering, yet most still had minor deficiency diseases. Just before repatriation, the meat ration was stepped up to include some pork or canned beef each day. In this same final period they got ovens, in which they could bake European-style bread.

But the menu was geared to the talks at Panmunjom. When agreement seemed in sight, they got feasts so that they would be in top condition when they stepped over the line. Whenever the talks lagged or broke off, the menu slumped.

The Ranger

BACK now to The Ranger, who at the end of September 1952 was living with a small group. One day their senior officer, called out by the Chinese, returned saying

they wanted the men to make a recording. Then they might all be moved to a larger group.

The others said the hell with helping Chinese propaganda. They were happy in their jail as it was: living was as good as could be expected, under the circumstances.

That afternoon the senior officer was called out again and, returning, said he had made the recording. An hour later, all were moved to a compound now housing 18 officers and four enlisted men.

"They also tried to make us dig a vegetable pit," says The Ranger. "So some of the older prisoners taught the younger ones how they worked on WPA back in the thirties. You spit on your hands, give one grunting swing on the pick, and then lean on its handle and talk to the next guy for 15 minutes. At the end of two weeks we were down in the ground about three inches.

"It was as good a POW life as you could ask. The Chinese were letting us alone because we had convinced them we were dangerous Reactionaries. Actually we were model prisoners, giving them little trouble."

Their compound knew all the camp gossip because the Dog Patch Mail Service was now functioning well. Prisoners called out by the Chinese for questioning would whisper to each other while waiting in line for interrogation.

"All bread came from a central cookhouse," says The Ranger, "and each compound would leave a few loaves in the bucket, which the Chinese would then distribute to other compounds. This stopped when one kindhearted Chinese gave such a leftover loaf to a hungry Korean, who found inside messages intended for other American compounds. But they found other ways."

"When I was in solitary," says The Ranger, "a work detail of Americans would approach. While part would harass my guard, one would pitch me either a pouch of tobacco or a

message. We were pretty well informed. Prisoners recently captured would bring us the World's Series scores. And when one announced Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae had got married, we talked of this for months.

"In mid-December of '52 the Chinese told us that on Christmas and New Year's there would be extra rations, so we cut down and decorated a pine tree. Christmas Eve they gave us cheap candies, boiled sugar, peanuts, tobacco, an ounce of rice wine per man, and a bottle of their export beer—which still was better than no beer.

"Then came a letter in English from Camp Commander Ding, pretty well written, probably by one of his 'Progressives,' wishing us a Merry Christmas, and it even had a Bible quotation fitting the Communist line: 'The Meek,' he boasted, 'shall inherit the earth.' Except we had never found anything meek about them.

"Then we remembered The Artilleryman and The Kid, who (we knew from the Dog Patch Mail Service) were in a nearby jail. Although the Chinese insisted they would get the same extras as we (which we didn't believe), at least we wanted to send them cheering messages.

"All of us pitched in rations. The Chinese let us have some red paper, so we wrapped packages for them, making them look as nice as we could. Then, with red cloth the Chinese gave us, we made a Santa Claus suit for Chris Lombard, a big South African pilot. We dusted his heavy beard with flour, and filled a potato sack with these gifts. The Chinese, who had got into the spirit of the thing, sent an English-speaking officer, with orders, however, that Chris could shake hands, but not talk to them."

Meanwhile The Artilleryman and The Kid were asleep in their shack, since they expected no Christmas, having had no contact with any American since April, and not much with each other. The Artilleryman could not forgive The Kid

for having told the Chinese he stole Camp II's assembly bell.

Even when winter settled down and they had to take off their clothes, make a cocoon of them, and huddle together all night to save body warmth, they had done it wordlessly.

The Artilleryman now remembers there came this knock at their shack door, and in walks good old Chris Lombard, all covered with that Chinese red cloth, and with that white flour in his big black beard, and, grinning behind that beard, down he puts that sack. And out of that sack, but with never a word, comes candy! Peanuts! A bottle of beer! And even cigarettes, which they hadn't had for months! Then right away, after only one handshake, the guard took Chris away.

"We sat down," says The Artilleryman, "and we cried our eyes out. It was the best Christmas we'd ever had. Not so much the stuff Chris brought. But the fact that, on this Christmas Eve, someone had thought of us."

That night, The Artilleryman decided that he and The Kid might as well start talking. Not only because each knew the other's body warmth was all that had kept him alive on those nights 40 and 50 below zero. But really because they had had this Christmas together.

Of course, you could never forgive the lousy little —— for lying you into a 10-month sentence in this crummy Chinese jail. But, hell. You could forget it, couldn't you?*

Meanwhile The Ranger was trying to do something to buck up American spirit in his compound. They were a slatternly mob, with enlisted men calling officers by their first names. He told the other junior officers and lower ranks that when they behaved as American soldiers should, maybe the Chinese would respect them as such. The others liked it, so, starting at the bottom, juniors began saluting seniors.

* Yet perhaps also because, as a practicing militant Christian, The Artilleryman could really forgive—"Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris." W. L. W.

All were getting into the swing of it when the ranking officer of this particular small compound of Camp II told the enlisted men to relax and the junior officers not to meddle with his branch of the service. Saluting, he explained, might be all right for the Infantry. But in his branch they were "all technicians," and it was a nuisance.

Presently the Chinese called this senior officer out, and, returning, he told them that the Chinese wanted the prisoners to show them the proper military courtesy, as provided by the Geneva Convention.

"He now wanted us to stand at attention when talking to the Chinese, even if they were our juniors in rank or civilian interpreters. At roll call we were to salute, and give out with a loud 'Here, Sir!'

"We asked him when did the Chinese get the right to start talking about the Geneva Convention? We said we were living well, and if we now gave the Chinese an inch, they would take an ell.

"He said he was ashamed of us; we were not acting like officers and, since he was our senior, we must toe the mark.

"We said when the Chinese started showing him the proper respect, as the Geneva Convention provided—addressed him by his proper military title, instead of just yelling 'Hey—Buster!' when they wanted him—we would do the same to them.

"Then we said if he was really taking command—which we hoped he was—what about those two squad leaders the Chinese had appointed to handle us? The Geneva Convention says we should be under our senior officer, or our elected spokesmen. Why didn't he go and tell the Chinese we were getting rid of those jokers, and that he was taking over? This made him uncomfortable. 'It's hard to demand things,' he explained, and also said he didn't really want command."

"When I got a chance," says The Ranger, "I told him I'd

had a command ever since I was a corporal, and in the Army we were brought up that way. I said I realized that in his branch all they cared about was strapping a plane to their butts and sailing around in the sky, and then suddenly they found themselves up to field-grade in rank and pay, but unable to handle men. Thoughtfully the senior officer agreed that, in his branch of the service, it was 'a big problem for all of us today.'

Meanwhile The Ranger and an Air Force lieutenant, who wanted a little excitement, were making escape plans. Each day they saved some bread from their rations, dried it in the sun, and ground it to a powder. They cooked their sugar ration down to hard candy. In five months they accumulated 20 pounds of compressed food, which they hoped would be enough for the trip.

Some of the others guessed what was up, but they told no one until May 30th, the night of the take-off. Now they dug up and divided their buried food, cut the barbed wire, and slowly crawled down the bank of the ravine on which their compound was perched. But as they were climbing the mountain on the other side, they saw a line of distant flash-lights moving toward them. Someone had tipped off the Chinese. At this point they found a trail which led around the side of a cliff. They had followed it a hundred yards when they saw the silhouette of an advancing Chinese officer.

In the darkness they could not tell how far the cliff dropped away beneath them. They decided one should drop over its edge and, if he was badly hurt, scream to warn the other.

"Wait a minute," said the Air Force lieutenant, "I'll chuck this rock over the side."

"We never heard the rock hit," says The Ranger, "so that ended that. A few minutes later the Chinese picked us up. We had taken the precaution of changing into American

uniform, so they would have no right under the Geneva Convention to shoot us as spies. Now they separated us, and slapped me around for about an hour, before they took me [to] Commander Ding, who said, 'The Hole. And don't irritate the guard!'

"I told the interpreter to tell Ding that if they gave me enough food and tobacco, and good books to read—not Communist hogwash—why then we'd get along fine!"

He arrived in the Hole on the 1st of June, 1953, and four days later ran out of cigarettes. So he wrote a note: "Camp Commander: I need tobacco."—signing it with his name and army rank.

"Ten minutes later, Tsai, the interpreter, came double-timing it over with the tobacco. After that I got it every fourth day, while the others were getting it only once a week. I had so much food I was feeding a Korean family on the side. I could wash three times a day, which was astounding because the first time I was thrown in the Hole there was no soap or water for five months."

Why? The Ranger thinks that "probably a deal was made. One of our men must have tipped them off to our escape, with the understanding that they would handle us with kid gloves so that we would have no reason to yell for a court-martial when we got back to the States."

"I asked for—and got—a mosquito netting. Also *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *David Copperfield*. Re-reading this last in a Communist prison camp after forced indoctrination, it seemed to bristle with social injustices which I had never noticed before. I was so sensitized to propaganda that I wondered if perhaps the Communists might not have slit open some of Dickens' sentences to inject class poison of their own."

He also had long talks with Tsai, who explained that the Chinese were not so much angered by his escape attempt as

hurt because he did not appreciate their hospitality. ("How," asks The Ranger, "can you live with people like that?")

"Why," Tsai asked with great earnestness, "don't you like us?"

Repatriation was nearing and The Ranger thinks it "was now his duty to make us like them."

On his 40th day in the Hole, Tsai announced, "You're too expensive. The Camp Commander says we can't afford it any longer. You're going to have to go back with the others."

"I like it here, Tsai," I said, "but just to humor you, I'll go."

And so he went.

PANMUNJOM

As 1952 closed, two neutral bodies tiptoed forward with suggestions to get the negotiators back in the Panmunjom truce tent. The Indian delegation to the United Nations proposed that prisoners who refused to go back might be turned over to a neutral nation.

America had demurred that, just because a soldier refused to go home, surely he should not be kept a life prisoner in a foreign land.

But the basic idea of this Indian plan was, we saw, workable, and after considerable amendment it was adopted by 54 votes in the Assembly, with only the five Communist Bloc votes opposing.

On this issue of Free Choice, the Civilized World here gave us a thunderous victory, crowned with the plan's prompt rejection by Peiping.

In December, the League of Red Cross Societies (which is *not* the IRC) suggested that at least the sick and wounded prisoners might be exchanged. The United Nations instantly agreed. The Communist side, however, ignored this.

But still we pushed. In a February letter to his Chinese opposite number, General Mark Clark again proposed it. On the heels of this came an event of great moment which, if Soviet archives are ever opened, may prove to have been the pivot of Korean Peace: On March 6, 1953, Stalin died. By the month's end Chou En-lai was at the microphone endorsing not only the exchange of sick and wounded ("Little Switch"), but also pushing for a general settlement of the prisoner question: why not first send home all who wished to go, and let a neutral state handle those who wished to stay?

Here was a gigantic change. Chou now embraced that very Indian plan which only in November Stalin's spokesmen before the United Nations had spurned. "Little Switch" came off at April's end. Under its terms we traded 6,000 sick and wounded prisoners from the Communist armies for a little more than 600 men they held from our side—most of them South Koreans, but included were 149 Americans.

All spring our prison camps had been bubbling. From the anti-Communist compounds had come petitions in blood—to Eisenhower, to Mark Clark, to Syngman Rhee—begging that they not be sent home.

On April 24th, as negotiations at Panmunjom reopened, the Communist position seemed granite hard. All non-returnees must be removed from Korea, they insisted, to neutral soil. Previously they had proposed the Soviet Union as a supervising neutral for the Armistice. American Psychological Warware forces now made a deft move which was to throw more light on Russian neutrality.

On Sunday, April 27th, their pamphlets were scattered over North Korea, offering to the first pilot who would set a Soviet jet plane down on Kimpo Air Base near Seoul, 100,000 American dollars, with \$50,000 for every additional pilot and jet.

From nearby Siberia the Communists were able to jam the Russian-language part of our broadcast, but the Korean portion got through. Pandemonium now reigned in the Communist Air Force. For eight days the Russians grounded every MIG, while they searched the souls of every pilot for tendencies toward treason, after which only those they felt were fanatical Communists were allowed back in the air. These, it developed, were not their best flyers. For in the week ending May 5th we knocked down 11 MIGs and crippled seven more, without losing an American plane. As more certified Communists took to the skies, in the week ending May 22nd we bagged 28 and damaged nine, without losing a Sabrejet.

Yet the screening was in vain, for North Korean Lieutenant No Kum Sak somehow twisted through its mesh and presently lowered his MIG's wheels onto Kimpo's airstrip. Soon, radiant with freedom and a hundred thousand capitalist dollars, he was gossiping with Intelligence. Soviet Russian instructors had trained him in presumably neutral Manchuria and had later supplied his outfit with MIGs. His North Korean air division had been cuddled up near a Soviet air regiment based at Anshan, Manchuria—both units flying combat missions over North Korea—while, in the United Nations Assembly, Soviet delegates had been piously denying any participation in the Korean War: they were passionately for Peace!

No Kum Sak confirmed again what we already knew; that General MacArthur's crossing of the 38th parallel in late 1950 had not brought Red China into the war. For as early

as August 1950, while UN troops had been penned into their tiny Pusan perimeter, advance units of the Chinese People's Army were hurrying across the Yalu, hoping to arrive in time to help finish us off.

No Kum Sak told us (we knew it already) that, in those parts of North Korea which joined the Soviet border, Russian quartermaster and railway personnel were handling North Korea's supply lines, and that Soviet Lieutenant General Vashliev headed a mission to North Korea and was in charge of training and organizing its army.

Already we knew that Kim Il Sung and Nam Il, although Koreans by birth, had been commissioned officers in the Soviet Army before they were transferred to take over top command in North Korea.

With such facts on Soviet neutrality, and with our Sabre-jets gently nudging the Communists toward Peace, progress was made at Panmunjom. General Harrison for the United Nations rejected any idea that prisoners could be removed from Korean soil, and thought two months was long enough for Communist explanations to their captive soldiers who refused to return. Our nominee for neutral custodian was Pakistan.

The Communists now fell further back toward the Indian plan they had once spurned. They wanted an explaining period of four months, the prisoners to be in charge of a neutral commission of five nations—India, Switzerland, Sweden, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Each would bring its own armed forces, and all unresolved questions would later be referred to a political conference.

But at this Syngman Rhee exploded in wrath. The concept of Communist troops on her soil had by now, for South Korea, lost all its thrill of novelty. Under no circumstances would she admit more from Poland and Czechoslovakia, and

her observers stalked from the tent. The conference re-convened on June 1st in secret session. South Korea, on the sidelines and embittered (with reason, for her sacrifices had been greatest), had some consolation from President Eisenhower's solemn assurance on May 26th that "no prisoner will be repatriated by force, no prisoner will be coerced or intimidated in any way."

On June 8th, both sides came out of secret session with an agreement: each had given a little.

(1) The Communist side had agreed that only India would bring a military force to control the prisoners, so that no Red flag would fly on South Korean soil. Those willing to go back (Big Switch) would be returned within 60 days of the signing.

(2) Both sides agreed on a formula for handling prisoners which would assure their freedom not later than 180 days from the signing of the Armistice Agreement. After the 60 days allotted to Big Switch, the remaining prisoners would be handed over to the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission. During a following 90-day period each side should conduct explanations to prisoners held by the other. Those prisoners who did not accept repatriation within 30 days from the end of this period were to be given civilian status—freedom. This final disposition was subject to decisions which might be reached sooner at a proposed political conference of the governments concerned.

Meanwhile, the mounting evidence that the United Nations was preparing to sign an Armistice produced a frenzy of righteous indignation in South Korea. This little nation, which had taken the brunt of the war's losses in blood, treasure, and captured soldiers, was still eager to go on fighting to unify the peninsula.

According to South Korea's viewpoint her more languid

United Nations allies, huddling comfortably with the enemy, had struck a deal under which unification seemed a forgotten dream. President Rhee made it abundantly clear that he intended to fight on, Armistice or no Armistice.

South Korea had been nursing her grievances (who will say they were imagined?) and bided her time. In several huge mainland prison camps there were 27,000 North Korean prisoners, all of whom in several careful screenings had sworn to us they would never be sent back alive. While such camps had American commanders, they were lightly guarded by ROK soldiers. On June 18th, the Free World was amazed by the news of anti-Communist riots in East Berlin. Halfway around the world, South Korea staged an anti-Communist celebration of her own. Those ROK guards opened wide the prison gates. Instantly the 27,000 melted into the civilian population of South Korea, including 64 Chinese who happened to be in the hospital, but who now gleefully hopped off with the rest.

The ensuing diplomatic explosion can be measured only in nuclear megatons. The Communists stalked out of the Armistice tent, and the queasier of our European allies, suspecting that Americans might have connived in this skulduggery (we had not), now trembled lest fighting resume.

On the Yalu, our prisoners in Communist camps were furious at Syngman Rhee, fearing he had indefinitely delayed their own release. Yet The Doctor remembers loyal leaders cautioning the others to show none of this feeling to the Chinese, however hard they might swear at Rhee among themselves.

At this juncture, the Communists threw a quick, tough offensive against the battle line which badly chewed up an ROK division, leaving a hole which had quickly to be plugged with American troops. It served as a reminder to

Seoul that, whatever the spiritual shortcomings of her powerful United Nations allies, South Korea was hardly in a position to go it alone.

On the other hand, South Korean troops at that time held two-thirds of the UN line in Korea. The United States and United Nations saw clearly that if Rhee held to his threats they could not sign an armistice in good faith.

Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson arrived in Seoul on June 24 to keep the Armistice from flopping off the rails. On July 9th Rhee finally agreed with Robertson that while he would not sign an armistice, he would not block it, and would keep his forces under the UN Command. This pledge he confirmed in writing—letters to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles, which Robertson brought back to Washington.

The Communists returned to the Armistice tents on July 10, but now fresh problems arose. For Rhee was still insisting that no Communist—neutral or not—could enter South Korea. As for India, the fiery anti-Communists of Seoul viewed Nehru's position as one of exquisitely balanced political hermaphroditism, not less detestable to them than open Communism. If an Indian soldier dared set foot on South Korean soil, her troops would open fire!

According to a face-saving formula, worked out by Assistant Secretary Robertson and General Clark and accepted by President Rhee, the neutralist Indians would be wafted by helicopter to the Neutral Zone, which was four kilometers wide, up the delta of the demilitarized river Han. The Communist Czechs and Poles could enter from the Communist North.

Thus the hard-won soil of South Korea would neither be ground under any Communist heel, nor scuffed by neutralist toes.

Although the Communists continued to moan over Rhee's

releases, yet, as privately they knew, this dark thundercloud had its milium lining. For the score card again improved in their favor because, by this late date in the war, a total of 171,000 prisoners who had once worn their uniforms, had been in United Nations prison camps. Of these, according to careful UN screenings, only

83,000 had been willing to return, of which they already had got back 6,000 in Little Switch. However,

88,000 of their former soldiers had revolted to anti-Communism, which would have been a world disgrace had it been revealed in neutral explanations. The release of 38,000 Civilian Internees left only

50,000 who might disgrace them. And now that Syngman Rhee had loosed 27,000 of these, they need only be embarrassed by the public spectacle of

23,000 of their own people refusing to return.

Whereas, in consolation, immediately the Armistice was signed, they would get back those 77,000 well-fed and healthy repatriates. And someday the world might forget that more than half the men we captured in Korea had preferred exile to Communism.

It could, they realized, be worse. So when Mark Clark gave them assurances that the South Koreans would abide by the Armistice and conditions, willingly they returned to the conference table.

By late July 1953, every *i* was dotted, and each *t* crossed. This Armistice Agreement was not what either side wanted, but the best each could get.

The anti-Communists in United Nations prison camps were now uneasy, fearful of betrayal, and, after two and a half years, in a frenzy to get out from behind barbed wire.

They knew that, according to the Armistice terms, the pro-Communists among them were being released immediately, to return to their families and Communist "freedom," such as it was.

How much longer would the anti-Communist prisoners we held be forced to wait? Could the Communist negotiators delay their release indefinitely? Might not the neutralist Indians, whom they mistrusted, in the end betray them?

To allay such fears, General Harrison, chief UN negotiator, had riveted into this Armistice Agreement an iron timetable. The Armistice signatures had been blotted on July 27th. After this exactly 60 days (no more) were allotted for returning prisoners who wanted to go back.

The following 90 days (not an hour more) were set apart for explanations to those who did not want to return. All such balking prisoners would then be in custody of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission—Czechs, Poles, Swiss, and Swedes, with India in the chair to decide disputes. But these explanations must be finished by December 23rd.

Foreseeing, however, that all might not be settled, another 30 days (no more) were allotted for a political conference, which might meet to adjust differences. But if they could not agree, General Harrison's timetable provided that the Repatriation Commission then was to declare the prisoners' "relief from Prisoner of War status to Civilian status." Or, said more simply, it was to turn them loose not later than January 23, 1954—exactly 180 days after the Armistice signing.

We could now distribute to our anti-Communist prisoners, calendars on which they could check off each of those days, with the certainty that no one could hold them an hour longer.

Yet in spite of this rigid timetable, the Communist side could gloat over a considerable victory. Perhaps the men

in our camps who balked at return did so only because of the heavy indoctrination America had given them. Once removed to Indian custody, the effects of this would dissolve. The Communists could also count on hundreds of secret agents they had planted in these compounds.

With time and these trained agents on the Communist side, why should they need even six months?

So at Panmunjom, the Communist negotiators could sign General Harrison's timetable with hopeful smiles.

Our Treatment of Theirs • A Hard Marxist Core

At the moment the Communists were signing the Panmunjom Armistice, Colonel William R. Robinette, who previously had controlled 26,000 Communist Koreans on Koje, had been sent to neighboring Yoncho-do to handle an even tougher Communist contingent of Koreans, whom we have met before in these pages.

Early in the war, Communists told their armies that we killed all officers we captured, so in the roundups of 1950 many, when capture was likely, had changed to civilian clothes, and so had been sent by us to civilian-internee compounds.

“Later,” says Colonel Robinette, “when they found they were well treated, and had Red Cross protection, they came out in the open, admitted they were officers, and insisted that their status be changed to POWs, so they could not be asked to work.”

Such had been many of those in Civilian Internee Com-

pound #62 which had rioted so merrily the previous year. Then, after screening, the hard-core Communists had been moved out onto Yoncho-do.

Well fed now, and with nothing to do but lie around in the sun, these officers devoted their surplus energies to harassing their jailors, particularly as time for return approached.

"Inspecting a compound," says Colonel Robinette, "I would see a man in rags, and order them replaced. The hanchos didn't like this. They wanted to embarrass the Americans before the International Red Cross."

Even in these hard-core compounds, a few waverers wanted to come over to our side, but it was hard, the Colonel reports, "because the others might drag him from the fence before the guards could do anything, and then, unless we could identify him and quickly get him out, they would kill him. Their safest way of defection was to go on sick call, and then defect to the American doctor."

The waverer's problem (regardless of his politics) was further complicated by the fact that the compound of his choice did not instantly accept him—he might be a spy for the other side. One such newcomer, says Colonel Robinette, to prove he was a die-hard Communist was ordered by the hancho to attack one of our guards, who was wearing a helmet-liner which probably saved his life, because the shovel cut a 5-inch gash in it.

"When we tried to replace worn uniforms, getting them ready for Big Switch, the Communists would deliberately trade clothing to get garments which did not fit, to put blame on us. We would see a man wearing a size 7 shoe on one foot and a size 11 on the other—each shoe a different color—all to make us lose face."

Just before departure, there was a final screening to see

that all got the choice they wanted, and here we used a technique devised by the ROK Army.

"Syngman Rhee," says the Colonel, "wanted to make sure that no anti-Communists were dragged back in Big Switch. The prisoners were marched from their compounds toward the wharf in column of twos. Presently they reached a long line of wooden A-frames—like sawhorses—which we had wrapped in barbed wire and lashed together like a road-block.

"It was about five feet high, five feet thick at the base, and 50 feet long. Arriving at one end of this, the column split into two single files, separated by this barrier. Now they were halted and, for one minute, a ROK officer explained that no one need be sent back by force. In this position any were free to leave, for it was impossible for the others to hold or harm a defector. As the ROK officer spoke, the tougher Communists spat on the ground, or stamped, to show their disapproval.

"The LSTs landed them at Inchon on August 13th and, before boarding the train, the prisoners were warned that if they got noisy or sang Communist songs, civilians along the right of way might stone them. We had covered the train windows with wire mesh, but, not knowing it was for their protection, many ripped it off.

"We had searched every prisoner before they left Yonchodo, but aboard the train they had a surprise for us. They broke out with thousands of North Korean flags, which they waved wildly. At some points South Korean school children had lined up to watch the train go by and, when they saw the Communist flags, these tots cut loose with a hailstorm of rocks.

"How had the prisoners made the flags?—with our tools and materials. Aboard the train they had cut up their GI shorts into strips with American razor blades. Their flag is a

red triangle between two blue stripes. The dye they had hidden in the big, brass disc—with its red star—in their officers' caps—some carrying blue, and others red.

"They were reasonably well behaved until at Munsan-ni, on the southern edge of the demilitarized zone, they ran into the Communist Red Cross people, who told them: 'You don't want to wear that filthy UN clothing.' So next morning, the day of the exchange, they were up at dawn, singing, yelling, waving flags, and snake-dancing with old friends they had met from other compounds—all of them mother-naked except for their Communist caps with those red stars, their shoes, and a small breechclout which they had made from a towel, tied on with a shoestring.

"In this costume we loaded them into trucks for the exchange point. Now they began tossing away their shoes. Along this road were tons of discarded GI clothing—some of it burning, others crushed into the dirt under the truck wheels."

But Colonel Robinette, a gentleman of the Old School and a native Virginian, with high standards in matters of female gentility, reports that "their women were the worst." Among our returnees were several hundred North Korean WACs, and, once loaded into the railway car where they knew they could not be tear-gassed, these merry Marxist minxes proceeded to show their dainty disdain for all things capitalist by tidily turning it into a shambles.

First they smashed every window in every coach. Then they slashed the seat coverings with razor blades. Thirdly, climbing up on the seats, blithely they urinated into the upholstery. Finally, and just before leaving the train, militantly and definitively they defecated in the aisles.

3 VICTORY

Our Treatment of Theirs · The Anti-Communist Prisoners

WITH the signing of the Armistice on July 27, 1953, those in charge of the United Nations POW compounds on Koje and Cheju-do faced a grave risk with much at stake.

Here surely was a situation which would have amazed Karl Marx. According to his narrow creed, capitalist democracies fight wars only to extend colonial empires, or to grab military bases, raw materials, or markets for those surpluses they will not let their enslaved peoples consume.

In sharp contradiction to this, Korea could be, to the American people, only a heavy military and economic liability. The United Nations had entered the war solely to help South Korea hold her political freedom. For more than 18 months this fighting had been prolonged on the single idealistic issue of giving prisoners captured from Communist armies that same liberty of political choice.

Yet, we who had raised this quixotic issue now faced a gruelling test. For, of the 171,000 prisoners we originally

held, we had unilaterally released a total of 65,000 who, after careful screening, we had found to be firmly anti-Communist. However, the civilized world had only our unsupported word that this was true. The Communists were screaming that it was a lie.

Big Switch would return to the Communist side those 77-odd thousands who, in the same screenings, had told us they were willing to go back. This would leave in Pusan and Cheju almost 23,000 North Koreans and Chinese who, we insisted, had been found in screenings to be as firmly anti-Communist as the 65,000 we had already released.

But if, when they entered the Neutral Zone at Kaesong and faced the Communist explainers, any considerable percentage of these almost 23,000 reverted to Communism, the world would wonder (and with reason) if this would not also have been true of those we had already let go free. Had those screenings been fair?

So now, just before the 23,000 were moved to the Neutral Zone, we put them through still another screening. We wanted, first of all, to comb out and return to the Communists all waverers, although with these we had much sympathy.

For in such a situation, vacillation need not mean weakness of character. A North Korean might be strongly anti-Communist, and yet deeply tied to his family and his village. Understandably, such forces might tug him this way and that, varying almost with the hour. But however much we might sympathize with such a man, he was to us a risk we wished to be rid of. Far better to return him to Communism now, than to have him break down in front of the world in the explaining tent, with some story (to protect himself and his family) that all along we had been terrorizing him to stay.

There was also the problem of Communist agents. Already

we guessed (but could not yet prove) that many had been assigned to our compounds.

The anti-Communist Chinese on Cheju protested this screening as a senseless formality. They conceded that some agents were still lurking. But, they assured us, all were known. They had devised the following careful scheme for handling them: after the compounds had been moved to the Neutral Zone, at daybreak of the first day under Indian control the Chinese planned to nail the skulls of those Communist spies to the entrance posts of their enclosures, as proof to the world of their unswerving anti-Communism.

Col. Kenneth K. Hansen, Chief of UN Command Psychological Warfare, handling this situation on the scene, disposed of this plan with the gentle tact it deserved. It would, the Colonel pointed out, horrify the neutralist Indians, alienate the sensitive Swiss and Swedes, and give to the Communist Poles and Czechs ammunition which would turn world opinion against them.

So, wistfully abandoning their plan, the anti-Communist Chinese gave us the names of 85 suspected Communist agents.

These, however, furiously protested. They were, they insisted, passionate anti-Communists who would never return. Any Chinese who charged otherwise could only be himself a Communist agent!

Without believing their story, Colonel Hansen caused all 85 protesting Chinese to be put into a compound apart, which presently was to make Communist history.

In this final American screening, we found among the anti-Communist Koreans 200 who belatedly decided to go back to the North. Only a few were discouraged Communist agents. Most, according to Colonel Hansen, were homesick waverers who could not quite face another six months behind wire.

There had been another reversal. Just before "Big Switch" spokesmen for a North Korean compound on Koje-do which, through all the many screenings, had stayed firmly and unanimously Communist, now announced that they had decided not to go back.

"But you said you were all Communists!" said the UN camp commander.

"So sorry. Big mistake. Now all *anti*-Communist." So the screening now seemed to prove. They also were to carve their notch in History.

The literate prisoners learned most of the Agreement by heart. All asked many questions. The truth was that, like any compromise document, it contained much that was far from clear, and which later provoked many arguments, not only among our prisoners, but among members of that Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission which was charged with its enforcement.

Reading the clause which provided that they were to be moved to the demilitarized zone, the anti-Communist prisoners were thrown into an agony of apprehension. Compound leaders now told the United Nations that the men would not budge from their present camps.

For in that demilitarized zone, this Armistice Agreement provided that less than three kilometers away would be the Communist armies they had deserted. They knew these armies held them to be traitors, and would welcome any chance to catch and shoot them.

From this fate they would be protected only by a lightly armed brigade of Indian troops whom they feared as dangerously left-of-center Communist-lovers.

The fact that United Nations authorities knew these fears were groundless did not make them any less real to the prisoners. Furthermore, secret Communist agents among them were trying to spread panic.

For the Communist side was becoming increasingly uneasy at what might happen in the explanations. If their agents could incite the prisoners to a mass break-out, then the Communists could claim they had been abducted by the UN, and thus avoid a public showdown.

To counteract rumors, the UN Command started a tri-weekly newspaper, *Flash*, and also worked to build confidence in the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission.

The anti-Communist Chinese mistrusted India because Nehru, once friendly to Chiang Kai-shek, had quickly switched his affections to Chou En-lai. About Switzerland and Sweden most of the prisoners knew nothing.

The UN Command now prepared pamphlets on each of these three countries, bearing a picture of its flag on one side and on the other enough of its history to establish its record for fair-dealings. They also showed the prisoners documentary films, *Switzerland*, *Sweden Looks Ahead*, and *Switzerland Today*.

No suitable film on India was available, but the Indian Red Cross suggested that we get from India's Embassy in Tokyo some material which filled gaps in the prisoners' knowledge and quieted their fears.

To dispel their dread of kidnapping, we distributed maps of their new camp, showing close at hand the UN armies with tanks, artillery, and bayonets fixed, ready to counter any such move.

Now that the Armistice was signed, we could promise the anti-Communist Chinese they would be welcome in Formosa. Both Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee issued welcoming proclamations. Not only were tape recordings of these broadcast, but both governments sent delegations to persuade the men to move to the Neutral Zone. Reassuring statements from President Eisenhower and from C. L. Mehta, Indian Ambassador in Washington, also helped.

They were promised that in the Neutral Zone, American food, clothing, and medical supplies would continue.

Now we translated General Harrison's timetable into a 180-day calendar passed out to each prisoner, showing them that certain release must come for all at least by January 23, 1954, which we named "Freedom Day."

Armed with these calendars, the prisoners were reassured, but could not understand why, since an armistice had been signed, they still needed guards.

Only to defend them, we pointed out, on their trip to the Neutral Zone, and, for the same reason, an American combat division would be backed up against it: in this they saw sound sense.

We also assured them that their cherished educational program would not be wrecked. Their instructors (they now were promised) could go to the transfer point. Lessons would be marked ahead in their books for each of those 180 days. Other texts would be supplied by the Indians. Likewise the delegates of the International Red Cross (it was to be their final service in the war) would follow to that edge.

We also agreed that each man might take equipment needed by tailors, cobblers, and barbers to keep the men smart, bearing themselves proudly as honorable soldiers before the Neutral Nations and their foes, the Communist explainers.

We were, however, due for some surprises. For instance we found that, although they had started with nothing, in those almost three years some prisoners had become rich and others poor. Using his cigarettes as money, a prisoner would buy a hen from a Korean guard. Her daily egg would presently make him prosperous. Others had peddled the vegetables they raised to the natives on Cheju and Koje.

On this point Major General Charles Christenberry, Chief of Staff for the Far East Command, finally ruled that this was

no time to liquidate such budding capitalists—each kulak might take along all he could lift.

These points settled, they wanted to know about explanations. Would they come, like the UN's screenings, as individual interviews, or would it be done by compounds?

We told them all we knew, which was that fifty explaining teams would have 76 working days to explain to 23,000 anti-Communist prisoners. If each team interviewed six per day, it could be done. But if for any reason they lagged, then explanations might come by groups.

Our most important task was to rid them, if possible, of their dread of the unknown: what exactly would happen in the explanations. It was of course all set forth in complicated incomprehensibility in the Armistice Agreement. But to make these words come alive for simple peasants, so that they would not dread the ordeal, we devised a brilliant plan.

According to Colonel Robinette, "the mock explanations down on Cheju were to school them on the questions that probably would be asked, and what pressures might be put on them." Because this was so effective, it was later to be furiously denounced by the Communists, who presently learned of it through defecting agents.

According to the Communist version, only two weeks after the Armistice "compound leaders and sub-leaders were called in to attend rehearsals of explanations" * which were conducted by "American civilian CIE officials"—in other words, Osborne's group. In these rehearsals, various people "took the parts of Communist explainers, American Observers, and the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission and prisoners."

Our purpose was, through these little plays, to show the most illiterate prisoner what was ahead for him—just where he would stand in the explaining tent, how far away the

* All Communist citations here from *Pure Perfidy* by Allan Winnington and Wilfred Burchett, Peking, 1954. W. L. W.

Communist explainers would be seated, what they might ask him, how he could reply, and, if rules were violated, how he might expect aid from the UN observers, and just where they would be placed.

The Communists, however, viewed Osborne's rehearsals as practically a school for obscenity, because "the more profane and insulting the cries of the explaineen—the more vigorous his attacks on the explainer—the more enthusiastically the 'American Observers' applauded. The latter were also constantly jumping to their feet and protesting at the type of explanations given, and 'protecting' the prisoner."

So "after 10 days of this," concludes Wang Hsu, a returning Communist agent as reported by Winnington and Burchett, "we were sent back to our compounds so that we could direct rehearsals for the rest of the prisoners. They continued daily for over two months until 10 days before we left Cheju for the CFI area."

By which time our anti-Communist Chinese prisoners—no longer fearing the future and thoroughly prepared for what was to come by Monta Osborne's little dramas—were eager to move on down to the explaining tents.

Big Switch • The Yalu Camps

In their Communist prison camps along the Yalu, our men had been reading in the Chinese-edited *Daily News Release* every syllable of the Armistice Negotiations. So when, on July 27th, Camp Commander Ding ordered them all assembled for an announcement, they knew what it would be.

As he told them of the signing and as Communist news cameras swept their assembled faces, "we dead-panned it" reports The Doctor, "as we had agreed among ourselves to do."

"And then came the most boring month I have ever lived through: the short wait is the rough one." Reports were that the International Red Cross would be admitted to visit their camp, and instantly the Chinese launched a big sanitation drive—everything broom-clean and whitewashed. "Since it was a dress-up show at the very end—strictly for propaganda—" says The Doctor, "we didn't go along."

The IRC visit did not come off and thereby hangs a tale. When at Panmunjom it was suggested, the Communists surprisingly agreed. But they proposed a mixed delegation of North Korean and Chinese Red Crosses, with the International from Geneva representing the non-Communist side.

But now the International Red Cross refused. In its careful position of neutrality, it could not—even at the end—represent one side alone.

So the UN prisoners on the Yalu were told that a few picked by the Chinese would be taken out to meet representatives of several national Red Cross societies.

When a Canadian Red Cross delegate asked about camp conditions, a little American Negro prisoner "gave them both barrels," reports The Doctor, "but the Red Cross veered away, saying 'We'll take it up later.' Obviously they were in no position to get into a hassle with the Chinese, who stayed during all the interviews."

Presently the Chinese brought in a huge load of Red Cross knicknacks—and then (this was amazing) tiptoed away, letting the men handle the distribution, so no one could hint they had favored their "Progressives." There were tooth paste and brushes, medical soap, and, for each man, two cartons of American cigarettes—"we smoked," The Doctor remembers, "until our throats were swollen."

Two days later trucks took them to the railhead at Mampo, where, loaded into cattle cars, they headed south, with several halts to wash and eat. Along the roadside the civilians would smile and wave, "often giving us the Churchill V-sign." What did it mean? "Back in camp," answered The Doctor, "very often a Korean guard would ask a prisoner what chance there might be that we would come in and liberate them. They couldn't all have been informers."

The Ranger "decided to give away all that Red Cross stuff—everything that said USA on it—to those people along the track waving us off.

"At one whistle stop we asked a Korean guard on the platform where we were. He answered in English, but then one of the Chinese interpreters (they were still with us) ordered the guard away. The guard said he had instructions to stay. So the interpreter called some Chinese soldiers who got off the train, but the Korean guard poked them back on with the point of his bayonet. There was no love lost between them.

"Since everyone spoke English, we yelled to the Korean guard that if the Chinese didn't get out of their country, we'd come back and kick the hell out of them. As we pulled out, the guard had a wide grin."

"They unloaded us in Pyongyang in the late afternoon," says The Doctor. "It had been a large city, well built by the Japanese when I had last seen it. Now it was flat. Here we saw our first Occidental—a Czech boy—probably part of their Neutral Nations Repatriation team. He seemed afraid to talk to us. And then on down toward Tent City in Kaesong, which was heavily guarded."

"Tsai, one of the interpreters from the camp, was still on the truck with us," says The Ranger, "but I knew he would be leaving us soon. I had been thinking about that agent-dropping business which, while I had been a prisoner, I

hadn't seen fit to discuss with the Chinese. In connection with this, there was the case of The Lame Captain in my outfit who had been captured four months after me. The Chinese knew he had some knowledge of this guerilla warfare. I knew this captain had seen them kill one of the British officers. I heard they had been working on the captain to try to get him to sign a 'confession' that the Britisher had been killed while trying to escape—and if The Lame Captain didn't sign, they would kill him. Through our Dog Patch inter-camp mail service, we knew a lot.

"So now, in the truck, I got hold of Tsai. We were, at this point, about four miles from Freedom Village. I figured that, if need be, I could jump out and double-time it ahead, for I was in pretty good condition. During solitary they had shrunk me to 110 but now they had fattened me back to 144.

"So I told Tsai I knew all about The Lame Captain—knew every jail he had been in—knew they now had him in shackles and leg irons up in No-Name Valley. And if they didn't unlock and repatriate him by tomorrow noon, we would see that Tsai, Ding, and some other Chinese would have their throats cut by guerillas, because we had agents not only over all of North Korea, but also in their armies. Some of this was even true, I hoped. I wondered what would happen, and was soon to find out."

"They unloaded us," resumed The Doctor, "at the immediate outskirts of Kaesong. Now we were divided into truck-loads. The next 45 minutes—until the trucks came to take us into the demilitarized zone—were the longest wait of my life. Finally they arrived, and with them came the first contingent of Red Cross people we had seen during captivity—they were Australians, who drove up in a jeep as the trucks were loading.

"My name did not come up until the 10th roll call, and it seemed to us who waited—although this could have been our

imagination—that the ones who had played with the Chinese got out on the earlier trucks.

“‘Study hard, Comrade, and you’ll get home,’ Ding had promised, when the indoctrination began. With us it had become a jeering slogan. In the end their pay-off was only those few minutes’ advantage.

“At last my name was called and our truck moved off, to make a final halt at the roadblock into the Neutral Zone, where the Red Cross, with their list of names, got out to check the list held by the guard.

“Now we entered this Zone. The sides of the road were strewn with GI clothing and equipment. Then we saw where it had come from. Trucks began to pass us, coming up from the south loaded with their Communist prisoners, who were tossing this equipment over the sides, the men stripped down now to their shorts but waving Red banners, and madly singing Communist songs.*

“Next we saw a jeep with two GIs—not prisoners! I had never seen sharper soldiers! Then a Marine colonel—a magnificent-looking man in an impeccable uniform.

“‘Hello, fellows,’ he said, ‘glad you’re back.’ A lot of us were wet-eyed by now.

“At Freedom Village the first meal was simple, and low in salt content. They were afraid that since we had been on a low salt diet for almost three years, it might now make us sick.”

As for The Ranger, he had for so long kept a tight rein on himself—guarding against all those Chinese questions—that “even crossing the line my emotions were pent up, and I wondered if I could stay mentally balanced when freedom hit.”

* They were part of that 76,000 we were returning. Probably most were only homesick for their villages. Now, however, all had to pretend to be fanatical Communists—so anything American was now contaminating.

Actually it did not hit him all at once. His principal feeling was "shame to come out as a repatriated prisoner—not an escapee." Freedom broke over him by degrees: "I didn't sleep the first two nights, and spent most of my time looking at magazines—catching up on what had happened: It's amazing how many little advances there were in fountain pens, watches, and gadgets, in so short a time."

As for the 23 Americans who stayed, The Doctor believes that most were "probably informers, who had been told so many times by the other Americans what would happen when they all got back across the line, that they went to the Chinese and said 'Look, we can't go home!'"

"Although politics had not been a big issue with us for months, it followed us out. One Australian boy had been friendly with the Chinese—both during indoctrination and after. Now, with all the rest of us overjoyed to be back, I saw him sitting off in a corner. He was holding his head between his hands, crying. It was the saddest thing I saw in Freedom Village."

"So now," says The Ranger, "for The Lame Captain who the Chinese suspected (and I wouldn't know why) had been dropping agents. Well, by one of those coincidences, as they were packaging us for the steamer trip back home, I ran into him on the dock at Inchon.

"He was really bewildered. Back in No-Name Valley, the Chinese hadn't even told him about the Armistice. But only yesterday they had come rushing into his hut, unlocked his shackles, and tossed him into a truck. Honking people out of the way, the truck, running night and day, had high-balled it on down from the Yalu to Kaesong, where they practically pitched him over the line. He figured he was one of the last men out, and wondered why.

"I couldn't help him."

Must They Confess? • II*(Continued from Page 182)*

DURING all those weeks in Chinese military court at Mukden, Air Force Captain Theodore R. Harris had to stand at attention. But he would confess to nothing. Whenever he spoke up in his own defense, the presiding officer would fly into a Chinese rage and adjourn proceedings.

Charges involved bacterial warfare, psychological warfare, and violation of Soviet territory. Repeatedly they reminded him that if he confessed, he would cease to be a war criminal and recover his rights as a prisoner of war.

When his answers annoyed them they would put him, for a few days, in handcuffs and shackles. Twice they stuffed him, with his head between his knees, into a small box whose ventilation was a half-inch hole. His clothes became soggy with his own dripping sweat. The loss of this brought on unbelievable thirst. When they would open up briefly to let him out, his arms and legs would be paralyzed. Guards would take turns pounding on his box with clubs, and for months he had a ringing in his ears, but—Captain Harris would, at this point, confess to nothing.

So then one day, for no reason he could see, they let him out of the box, saying his trial was over. He was now blindfolded again, and jeeped back to the outskirts of Mukden. Here there were no more questions. He was better fed, they even let him wash, they brought him propaganda literature and said he could walk around in his cell. They exchanged his old uniform, stiff with the dried salt of his sweat, for a new one, washed his bedding, and cleaned up the place.

He asked the interpreter if he could be with other American prisoners and write to his family.

"That depends on your political consciousness."

Then quite suddenly, on a day they said was September 2, 1953, they told him the war was over. He figured this would be a year and almost two months since his RB-29 had gone down burning. They said he would be repatriated if he signed a statement that, while a prisoner, he had been well treated.

Taking their paper, he wrote:

In my 14 months of confinement, I have received more education than I have had in the previous 29 years of my life.

*Theodore R. Harris,
Capt., US Air Force*

They read it, and settled for that.

From nowhere they now produced the surviving members of his crew, loaded them into a weapons carrier, and took them to the train. There was to be no talking.

Their coach was one of two taking American Air Force people from Mukden in Manchuria to the POW exchange point down at Kaesong. After the train crossed the Yalu they raised the shades on the coaches. But still no talking. Now the Chinese were treating them well—the food was good and their manner cordial. They were almost guests.

On September 4th in Kaesong they were put in separate tents; talking still unallowed. Next day they were put up on a wooden stage, had their pictures taken, and were told this was a joint Chinese-North Korean military and civil court. Now they listened to a document which gave the charges on which they had been taken to Manchuria, where investigation had proved they were not guilty, so that they were being repatriated.

The last paragraph, however, stated that Captain Theo-

dore R. Harris and members of his crew admitted voluntarily that other units of the United States Air Force had been engaged in Bacterial Warfare in the northeast provinces of China.

Captain Theodore R. Harris stood up in court.

"That's a God-damned lie!" he shouted. None of the others said anything.

Then, through the interpreter, he demanded a copy of the court order, but with an amendment deleting its last paragraph—the one which said they had admitted other Americans had dropped germ bombs. He was told this would not be granted. They were marched back to their tents.

But before they separated, and while still in the crew's hearing, he told the interpreter that, under these circumstances, he would not accept repatriation.

"The interpreter," says Captain Harris, "didn't think I was serious."

Next morning, the Chinese came around, telling them to pack for repatriation. While the others got their gear together, Captain Harris sat in front of his tent, smoking. He had been a long time without tobacco.

Pretty soon the interpreter, noticing this, came over and asked why.

"I told him again," said Captain Harris, "that I was absolutely refusing repatriation under a false and disgraceful assumption." The interpreter went away.

Now the Chinese took the tents down, and rolled them up. Trucks came along. The tents were loaded into one, and Harris' crew into the other. As this one took off in the direction of Freedom Village, the crew waved back at Captain Harris, who, still sitting on the ground in front of where his tent had been, now waved back to them.

No one else was around. It was good to smoke again.

In what could have been about an hour the interpreter came back in a jeep with three soldiers, who tried to force

him aboard. After Captain Harris, in his struggles, had smashed the instrument panel of the jeep, they let him alone. There were not enough of them to hold him down in the jeep.

Toward evening, the same interpreter and more of his "agit-prop clowns" came back in a fleet of jeeps and a truck. They got out and formed a circle around Captain Harris.

He told them he wasn't leaving until he got a copy of that document in English, showing that its final paragraph had been stricken out, and that was how it was going to be.

Now they closed in on him. There were enough of them to get him into the body of the truck. Six of them sat on him. Then the truck took off for Freedom Village.

There is an extensive literature presenting factually, and in detail, the physical, mental, and spiritual tortures inflicted by the Chinese on our Air Force prisoners, before they finally would "confess" to Bacterial Warfare.

It has been worth no one's while to write of Captain Theodore R. Harris. Because he was never brainwashed. And he would confess to nothing.

It is in a way nice, however, to know that while 38 Air Force people "confessed," there were 40 like Captain Theodore R. Harris.

Consider now the score of our American Air Force captives in this matter of Bacterial Warfare. During the Korean war, 131 of them were captured alive. Of these, 40 were never questioned on Germ Warfare, presumably because most were captured prior to November 1951, the date the Communists convinced themselves we had begun it.

Thirteen others were asked if they had dropped germs, and when they said no, the subject was dropped.

But 78 were asked the question, and when they denied it, got some sort of pressure.

Low man for character and stability on the Air Force

totem pole probably is the pilot who, after repatriation, explained that before his final mission he had been told by his American intelligence officer that he was to give name, rank, and serial number and nothing more, unless the enemy "looks like they mean to get what they are after."

So, captured and questioned, he confined himself to this until, the next day, "—they fed me fish soup. Good God—*Fish Soup!* Then I knew they really meant to get what they wanted, so I said just what they asked me to." Out of such shoddy human material, the Communists wove the myths with which they fooled themselves.

In fairness to a few others who "confessed" almost as quickly, they thought they were playing a practical joke on the Chinese. Those captured before May 1951 had no idea that such "jokes" were to be used in a world-wide Communist propaganda campaign. Each pilot assumed it would be almost a private matter between him and his gullible Chinese interrogator.

Some more shrewdly hoped that, by "confessing" to such nonsense which the Chinese were so eager to hear, they might guard from the questioner important matters they knew were under heavy security.

But of the 78 who got some sort of pressure to "confess" to Bacterial Warfare, it should never be forgotten that 40—which is more than half—like Captain Harris did not confess at all.

The 38 who babbled of Germ Warfare needed varying degrees of pressure before they collapsed. Two, like the fish-hating pilot, signed confessions after less than four days' questioning. Seven gave up after less than 10 days. One was questioned almost a year before he caved in.

But returning now to the 40 unpublicized non-confessors, we find at least three who, like Captain Harris, stood up for more than a year under pressure which included solitary

confinement, extreme physical torture, threats of death, and doubts as to their status as prisoners of war.

All 78 were carefully questioned after their return from captivity, and it seems the degree of pressure put on those 40 who did not confess was no less than that put on the 38 who babbled "confessions" of germ warfare. Here is the record:

THE PRESSURE	THE NON- CONFESSORS	THE CONFESSORS
Threats of non-repatriation	33	21
Threats of death	33	33
Mock execution (digging own grave)	9	5
Convicted of war crimes	15	23
Isolation for more than a month	8	11
Physical abuse, third degree	12	12
Sub-standard living conditions	8	8
Denied permission to go to the toilet	0	1
Denied food	7	8

What these 78 got was a taste of Stalin's legal system, which was based on the extorted confession. Typical of its methods as used on Russia's Old Bolsheviks are those of "Investigative Judge Rodos, a vile person, with the brain of a bird and morally degenerate," who later explained that he had been told his victims "were People's Enemies, and for this reason I, as an Investigative Judge, had to make them confess that they are enemies," which he could do "only through long tortures."*

* These fevered adjectives are not the irresponsible outpourings of unsympathetic Right Wing critics of the Russian socialist experiment, but are quoted from a speech delivered to the closed session of the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union on the night of February 24, 1956, by Nikita Khrushchev, its First Secretary. W. L. W.

In their trials of our flyers the Chinese Communists, imitative as monkeys, were only copying Moscow's then revered judicial masterpieces. There are, of course, enormous differences between Lenin's old friends broken by Stalin, and the American pilots captured by the Chinese.

But it was in each case Stalin's brutal methods of jurisprudence—later piously denounced by his heirs and beneficiaries in the Kremlin—which produced the absurd confessions.

We have seen, in Russia, rehabilitation of Stalin's victims. The names of many of Lenin's old comrades, shot after making nonsensical "confessions" in open court, have been returned with reverence to Soviet histories.

The Kremlin could hardly be expected now to bother to rehabilitate our Air Force men. Yet a day could come when, even to a left-of-center Indian intellectual, American Bacterial Warfare may seem as silly as Stalin's Doctors' Plot.

Big Switch • Yardsticks

In Big Switch the Communists returned to our side 12,757 prisoners—3,597 Americans, 1,312 UN, and 7,848 South Koreans, a fraction of her more than 50,000 sons the Communists claimed they had captured.

In exchange we sent them 70,159 North Koreans and 5,640 Chinese who were willing to go home: total, 75,799.

Troubled by the problem of collaboration, the Defense Department began studies on 3,300 returned American prisoners to find out who had done it and why.

Army figures show that 15% of the Americans had actively

collaborated with the Chinese, and 5% had vigorously resisted. That left a vast middle ground of 80% who had not gone beyond signing an occasional mass "peace petition" to let their relatives know they were alive.

Against these over-all figures—5% resisters, 80% middle ground, and 15% collaborators—they compared various groups. They found, for instance, that the Infantry—that Queen of Battles—had a higher-than-normal percentage of resisters.

Among officers, they found the middle ground shrunken far below its 80% normal. Most officers vigorously took sides, as one would expect in a leadership group.

Among men of long army service the percent of middle-grounders was low. Again, more took active sides—either to resist or to collaborate.

The record of Negro prisoners in Korea was that 2.5% resisted,* while 21% collaborated. Other prisoners pointed out the Chinese spent far more time working on the Negroes, since Communists spend much time fomenting race hatred in non-Communist lands.

Intensive studies were made by an Army psychiatrist on a sampling of repatriates. According to his figures, two officers actively resisted for each one who collaborated—almost a reversal of the over-all 5% resister-15% collaborator figures.

Regular Army enlisted men had one collaborator for every resister, with few in the middle-ground group. Among the AUS draftees, the middle-ground neutralist group was far larger, but three actively resisted for every one who collaborated.

* This percent of open resisters does not include members of the secret Golden Cross organization formed by Negroes to bolster patriotism and morale. Likewise their collaborating 20% includes many who were giving only lip service to the Chinese. Modern Negroes would say they outwitted their indoctrinators by feigning a spurious "Uncle Tom" attitude.
W. L. W.

More significant were the differences in physical condition. The resisters had received a high number of battle wounds: probably they had been unable to prevent their capture. Few of the collaborators had been wounded: perhaps they had put up their hands at first sight of the enemy.

But most collaborators tended to blame their capture on someone else—"They let me down!"—although the psychiatrist shrewdly guesses that "this may be a personality trait." Often they were chronic whiners who surrendered with little struggle, and then followed Chinese orders as the easiest way.

The collaborators are further betrayed by another difference; they came out of prison camp in far better physical shape than those who had resisted.

The Army found that symptoms of psychiatric disorder were more common among those who collaborated than among the resisters. This is also borne out by British studies. They compare their collaboration rate of about 12% (against the American 15%) with the 10% of their soldiers who in World War II broke under the strain of combat with some psychoneurotic ailment, and also with the 10% who in civil life have to be treated for kindred mental illness. Those who succumbed early, either to indoctrination or to interrogation, say the British, "were weak in character and low in intelligence" and often both.

So there stands the typical collaborator as painted by statistics: a man of unstable character who might well have become a PN (Psychoneurotic) casualty, and who let himself be captured with little struggle, blaming his plight on others. In camp he served the Communists without accepting their doctrines, as the easiest way. As a result, he emerged better fed, but psychiatric tests still revealed those character flaws which led both to his capture and to his later collaboration.

By any yardstick in the Korean struggle—our first armed clash with Communism—our prisoners were treated with a savagery unequalled in modern times. More than a fifth of the few we got back were, in spite of the fattening period, diagnosed as suffering from malnutrition. Their average weight loss in captivity was 21 pounds, yet 257 of them had lost 40 pounds or more, but this is the least of it.

Although half of those who survived prison camp had been wounded prior to capture (this takes no account of the hundreds who died of badly treated wounds), 35% were still suffering from the effects of frostbite following capture.

The real and terrible story is told in the contrast between our struggle with the Nazis in World War II, and this more recent one with the Communists in Korea:

In World War II, of the total reported Missing in Action by the American Army, 18% got back safely to our lines, 79% were later returned alive as prisoners of war, and *only* 3% *died*.

But in Korea, of those reported Missing in Action by the American Army, 12% got back to their units, only 30% lived to be exchanged as prisoners of war, and *an almost unbelievable* 58% *died* behind Communist lines.

Just how did the 6,425 American army prisoners die in North Korea? That is a Veiled Mystery of the Lenient Policy, which can be solved only in part. Some probably were killed soon after capture, or quickly died of untreated wounds. Still other uncounted hundreds dropped out of "marches," as narrated by The Artilleryman, and were left by the roadside. Of these there is no record. Nor were their graves ever marked.

Of those who reached a Communist prison camp where their names were finally listed, we have a sketchy record of

2,730 Americans from all services who died on that cracked-corn diet—either because the Chinese hoped to soften up the survivors for their April indoctrination, or because, although short of food and drugs, the Communists spurned help the Red Cross offered, in oriental fear of losing “face.” It may have seemed more dignified to lose United Nations prisoners. For whichever reason it was (perhaps both), the scorned Red Cross parcels could have saved those 2,730 lives.

Of the remaining approximately 3,700 American soldiers Missing in Action and now presumed dead, there was for a while flickering hope for a few hundred. Although they did not emerge alive, there had come, from behind Communist lines, some whisper of their names. A few had appeared on propaganda appeals. Others were mentioned in letters from prisoners as being at some point still alive. The Communists, however, deny that they could have existed on their lists. Whether they were bayoneted near the front, or later died either in execution of some carefully contrived Marxist theory or through fathomless Communist incompetence, probably their families will never know.

An Army with Banners

So now in September 1953, as the United Nations welcomed their few living prisoners and mourned their many dead, a huge flotilla of LSTs was casting off from the Koje—Cheju—Yoncho archipelago.

It brought 22,604 anti-Communist prisoners from our camps to the demilitarized zone, where they would be in custody of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission.

As agreed in the tent at Panmunjom, the Commission's Left Wing (Czechoslovakia, Poland) and its Right (Sweden, Switzerland) were to be kept in balance by neutralist India, the chief of whose delegation—Lieutenant General K. S. Thimayya—would be in the chair.

Under this NNRC's orders was Custodial Force India, commanded by Indian General Thorat, less than 3,000 men, about half of whom were armed, charged with keeping those 22,604 in order.

Quickly United Nations observers saw that India had combed her armies to send soldiers of tact, sound sense, and firmness for this delicate task. Lieutenant General Thimayya, a veteran of World War II and six towering feet of soldier, brought to this Neutral Zone a thick slice of that tradition of fairness (and dry humor) which was the Anglo-Saxon legacy to the army of rising India.

Yet with the take-over, trouble immediately began. The arriving prisoners, covering their fear of kidnapping with an almost hysterical defiance, had been braced to meet Communists at the explaining tables. But they were utterly unprepared to find their former masters, glittering in those uniforms the prisoners had now rejected, standing stonily at the check-in tables, as the Indians were marking off each name.

Perhaps it was only the first of many tricks. Maybe the Communists wanted names so each man's family could be harassed, and so that he might, in the explanations, be confronted with data.

Furious, the first POW group arrived with fist-sized rocks, with which they pelted the Communist observers. Lieutenant General William K. Harrison, Jr., Chief of Staff of the UN Command, now pointed out that weeks ago the Indians had been warned the prisoners, on sight of uniformed Communists, "might be violent . . . the incident of 10 September in

which Communist personnel were stoned during the delivery of the POW bears out our fears."

General Thimayya now asked both sides "not to send observers while the prisoners are being taken into custody."

The UN assented, but North Korean Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho answered that since the riots were caused wholly by "the special agents who mingled with the prisoners of war" the Communist side "cannot agree at all."

The truth is that near the head of the parade of incoming prisoners was that very "So sorry—big mistake!" compound of 400 Koreans who for three years had remained Communists but, at the final hour, had made a complete flop. It was they who, to prove their new zeal, had stoned the observers.

At the time of transfer, however, nine of this group had run to the Indian troopers and asked repatriation. They were probably agents who had been deposed after their three-year rule of this compound.

Thimayya now confessed to General Harrison that the NNRC had had no idea of "the highly-organized fanaticism of the men we were taking over."

Thimayya was meanwhile getting bitter memoranda from the Communists, who charged that "the United States Side" had long been "hatching plots," with the result that "special agents" of the "puppet Rhee" and "bandit Chiang" had "usurped the names of Prisoners of War," had given the prisoners "the flags of Chiang and Rhee, the photographs and messages of bandit Chiang and clothes printed with the insignia of Chiang and Rhee," and were now "openly demanding" that their "present organizations recognized by the United Nations Command be maintained." They were also furious to learn that the prisoners had asked that "the Red Cross Society of Free China (that is, of Bandit Chiang)" be let to "come to their quarters and comfort them."

They further charged that agents "have forced the Prisoners of War to bring a great number of flags of the Chiang Kai-shek brigands and the Rhee clique, which are openly . . . hoisted in front of the tents under the control of Custodial Force India and the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission," and the "so-called camp guards" had "given command to Prisoners of War with their whistles," to the end that the camps had become "a living hell under the control of special agents of Chiang and Rhee!"

Behind this eloquence there was truth, only if you translate the Communist term "agent" as meaning any anti-Communist Oriental.

The Swiss and Swedish members of the Neutral Nations Commission were later to find "no evidence" that all were not bona fide prisoners of war. It was surely true, however, that the anti-Communist prisoners, whose political faith had already survived several careful screenings, were now marching as an army with banners. Their leaders (elected as Geneva requires) were enforcing that discipline which the men felt was needed if they were to survive the pressure of explanations, detect (and punish) spies, hold waverers in line, and march out to freedom on January 23rd.

None of this fierce spirit was of our American making, but rather a product of the place and hour.

The Communist side, backed by its Czech and Polish members on the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, now moved that this NNRC smash the prisoners' organization—"essentially of a terroristic nature"—by segregating its leaders.

The Swiss and Swedes demurred. They pointed out that POW organizations were allowed by the Geneva Convention, so the NNRC should only "punish wrongdoers."

India here took still a third position. They agreed with the Communists that it would be desirable to remove the

leaders. But they pointed out that for the moment Custodial Force India lacked the number of rifles to do the job, and doubted that, considering the danger of a break-out, it would be worth "the results achieved." For India had at the moment only "1,524 effective riflemen" guarding 22,604 prisoners.

The Communists, however, persisted, on September 26th handing the NNRC a list of 400 names of men who "according to reliable information" (i.e., their own secret Communist agents) were not captives at all, but "special agents of Chiang and Rhee."

Who actually were these 400? The elected anti-Communist leaders of each compound. But if they could now be removed, the trained Communist agents might then have a chance to win control. Already the prisoners were frightened. If their elected anti-Communist leaders were now torn from them, most would be sure that India was selling them down the river, and that their only hope would lie in making quick peace with Communism.

Meanwhile, as the 22,604 prisoners filed past the NNRC's check-in tables, about every 30 minutes a prisoner would step out and ask for repatriation, while Communist onlookers cheered. Some were hidden agents, now throwing in the sponge. Probably more were waverers, deciding at last to go back.

But when later questioned by the Communists, their stories would of necessity be the same. The agents, as a matter of patriotic duty, would spin a tale of horror concerning the camp they had left. The waverer would need an alibi, and so would tell a similar story.

Nung Sam, who defected to the Communists in early September with such a story, was probably such a waverer, for in his tale, released September 20th to the Communist

press, he gives a narrative of prison life under the Americans, in which a structure of basic fact is adorned with horror.

In his Compound #93 our screening had begun April 8th. His version is that in this compound of almost 5,000, "the Americans segregated approximately 1,200 POW insisting on repatriation" who "underwent brutal tortures [unspecified] day and night."

Throughout our compounds, that spring, thousands of anti-Communists were writing to UN leaders letters in blood begging that they not be sent back home. Nung Sam's charge, of course, is that American authorities "mobilized more than 300 men of the so-called Anti-Communist Youth League" who "forced the POW to write blood letters . . ."

And if any Communist now wondered why Nung Sam's signature had been so included, this was only because he was "beaten for over an hour by five individuals," was in "fear of death" and "unable to speak a word of my cherished desire to go home."

To impress UN leaders that they would never go back short of force, anti-Communist prisoners had tattooed slogans on their bodies. How does waverer Nung Sam now explain his tattooings? The brutal Americans had issued a "special order," and "as for me I was beaten and tortured" and finally let them tattoo "the letters 'Absolutely Resist Repatriation'" only "to escape from death."

At the time of the turn-over, we had let the prisoners take with them all the precious books and vocational tools they could carry. Nung Sam's distortion is that in his camp secret agents of Rhee, "disguising themselves as prisoners," brought along "4 axes, 2 saws, 4 hammers and 3 files . . . for the purpose of killing prisoners who heartily desired to return to the Fatherland."

In this period, the Communists scored on us a victory of some importance. On the night of September 24th, Chinese

Compound D-31 had already filed past the check-in point and were settling down in their new quarters under Indian custody. One of their staunch anti-Communist leaders was Sergeant Wang Hasin, who, because of his seeming devotion to the cause, and his undoubted skill as an organizer, they had elected assistant compound leader.

This night of September 24th was chilly. Sergeant Wang Hasin now explained that he was leaving his tent to ask the Indians to provide them with more blankets, and would be back shortly.

When he failed to return in half an hour the prisoners grew restless. When he was not back at midnight the entire camp, awake, alarmed, and angry, were demanding of the Indians the return of their kidnapped leader.

What they could not then believe was that all along Wang Hasin had been a secret Communist agent, who had chosen this hour to return, feeling that further effort was hopeless.

When the Indians tried to tell them the truth, the prisoners started a first-class riot, not realizing that at that very moment, Wang Hasin, surrounded by adoring Communist journalists, was delivering a tale of American atrocities, perpetrated by "spies from Taiwan" (Formosa) who had "carried out the election of leaders of various units."

General Thorat, head of CFI, handled it superbly. Entering the excited compound (he might have been mauled), he reproached the rioters with lack of that traditional courtesy the Chinese show visitors. He demanded tea and cigarettes, which presently he got. Squatting now with the bewildered anti-Communist leaders, at last he persuaded them that their trusted colleague had really defected, and so could not be returned.

As for Wang Hasin's story to the Communist world there are, embedded in his vein of fancy, sizable nuggets of fact. His account of the rehearsed explanations on Cheju—as em-

bellished for publication by Winnington and Burchett—was hung on a framework of fact. His version of the delegations openly sent after the Armistice by the Chiang Kai-shek government to invite anti-Communist prisoners to Taiwan, has few (if important) distortions.

As might be expected, he depicts the Taiwan officials as instructing the prisoners that “all waverers must be killed,” either by “slow hanging” or “poisoning, with powder made from steel wool,” showing them “how to powder it and mix it in the victim’s food.”

The Communist side, however, enthralled by these and other flights of fancy offered to them by returning agents and waverers seeking to please, missed in Wang Hasin’s account an ominous truth. For, in concluding, he admitted that the anti-Communist leaders had “a hold on the majority of prisoners.”

Although explanations could have begun the next day (September 26th), the Communists, seeking more delay, now made objections to the explaining stockades (they had been planned by the Indians) and demanded new ones, although this might take three weeks.

Keeping faith with our prisoners, however, we rejected the Communist demand that these three weeks be added—General Harrison’s timetable must be followed—and the Indians agreed.

But now came a surprise. Back on Cheju the anti-Communist Chinese had given us a list of 85 they suspected of being Communist secret agents.

These 85 we had segregated (over their violent protests). The Indians had assigned them to Chinese Compound B-11. So no American was amazed when, on September 27th, the spokesman of this compound asked to talk to an NNRC sub-committee, and explained the 85 had been “coerced” into refusing repatriation.

But then, as they were leaving, 21 lagged behind. And when the other 64 were a safe distance away, they told the Indians they did not want repatriation.

Here was news as staggering as it was comical—21 known Communist agents, in the end choosing the side they had secretly been working for months to betray!

The remaining 64 agents, however, showed little gratitude to the Americans for saving their lives by segregating them from the vengeful anti-Communist Chinese, and presently were star performers at a Communist press conference where they passed themselves off as innocent waverers, and at which “for many minutes,” according to the ever gullible Winnington and Burchett, “there was nothing but uncontrolled sobbing, as first one and then another started recounting their experiences.”

One agent displayed “half his right ear”—the other part having been lost in a political dispute. Another could show black-and-blue marks on his shins, which the Communist audience acknowledged with dutiful “gasps of horror.”

Others told “how hunks of flesh were cut from their arms and legs, and how their comrades were forced to cook and eat them.” Winnington and Burchett also swallowed this with gusto.

Yet privately the top Communists now began to see that they had been the victim of their own bad intelligence. With explanations ever closer, it was becoming increasingly dangerous for their returning agents to lie. Whatever they might say to the Communist press, they now had to tell their bosses privately that the camp was overwhelmingly anti-Communist and not terrorized by “Chiang and Rhee agents.”

So what to do? First, by any pretext to postpone explanations: objections to the explaining stockades took care of this for now. Secondly, by some means to get rid of the elected

anti-Communist leaders. Then perhaps the confused mob might be stampeded.

But before explanations could begin, the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission had the task of informing the prisoners of their right either to ask repatriation or reject it. America now protested strongly, insisting (it was true) that prisoners had already been informed while in United Nations care.

Sensibly the NNRC now overruled us. They could hardly ask the protesting Communist side to take our word that this had been properly done. So the Commission told the prisoners, "We are here to enable you freely to exercise your right to be repatriated," assuring them that "no one can prevent you from returning to your homes, nor is anyone allowed to compel or force you" and that, if "anyone attempts to put such pressure on you," their names should be reported to Custodial Force India.

Furthermore, those who wished to go home would be sent back at any time, and the announcement added that some who had asked the Indians for repatriation "have already been released."

Translated into Korean and Chinese, this was passed out to the prisoners, whereupon we loosed a second bellow. The Chinese text, we charged, had been twisted by a Communist translator to give the impression that the NNRC felt it was almost the duty of all prisoners to go home.

Two Chinese-speaking Swedes on the Commission who had made the translation later privately admitted there were differences between their text and the one passed out to prisoners. However, Sweden voted with the Commission unanimously to overrule us, feeling (probably wisely) that, in so niggling a matter, it was best to lean over backward to be fair to the Communists.

These meanwhile had been grappling with their major ob-

stacle, which was how to rid the compounds of their elected anti-Communist leaders.

The UN's insight into such Communist problems is based not on unsupported guesses, but instead on word-for-word reports of top Communist conferences we were to get much later from a pivotal defector. Lee Chun Bong, their top interpreter, later came over to our side, bringing his complete story, as a climax to a strange career.

He had been by profession a schoolteacher in the southern part of Korea, but in 1944, seeking a better job, he took his wife and two children to Japanese-occupied Manchuria. Here, working in a coal mine, he learned Chinese.

When Japan collapsed, he joined (in 1945) the Chinese Communist Army. Three years later they admitted him to their Communist party.

When in May of 1950 (two months before the Korean War) the Chinese Communists ordered 45,000 Korean-born members of their party to return to that People's Democracy to take part in the coming assault on South Korea, they held back Lee Chun Bong. He was now a Chinese Army captain, to be saved for higher things.

In October 1950, the Chinese People's Volunteers officially entered North Korea, so he was ordered along as a crack interpreter, since he spoke flawless Japanese, Chinese, and Korean.

With the Armistice, he got the top honor for his skills—appointment as chief interpreter to North Korean Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho, chairman of the Communist delegation to the Military Armistice Commission, who spoke good Russian but no Chinese.

Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong was now a part of every top Communist huddle. Already planning to defect, he made careful notes, so that much later when, at the very end, he strolled casually over to the United Nations lines after

nine years' service in the Chinese Communist Army, he could tell us exactly what each side had said in every intra-Communist argument, at every stage in that six months' struggle.

Disposing of the prisoners' elected anti-Communist leaders remained throughout, according to defecting Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong, a major Communist problem.

On the morning of October 4th they put into operation a carefully devised plan. At dawn, two hidden Communist agents bolted out of Chinese Compound #28, and ran screaming toward the Indian guards. During the night, they insisted, there had been a murder most foul. A loyal member of the Chinese People's Volunteers named Chang Tsu-lung, earnestly desiring repatriation, had been done in by Kuomin-tang agents.

Alarmed, the Indians now asked the two agents if they could identify the murderers. They could. And, of course, they put the finger on seven elected anti-Communist leaders of Compound #28.

Now previously the NNRC had turned down all Communist demands to segregate compound leaders, agreeing to remove only "wrongdoers." But, since these seven were accused of murder, the Indians felt they would have no choice.

The trouble was, however, that neither on Indian nor on United Nations rosters could the name of any Chang Tsu-lung be found in Compound #28. But the Communist side for the moment seemed in no hurry to press for a murder trial.

In a situation so complex (and so squirming with intrigue), it is small wonder the Indians were often bewildered. General Thimayya, for instance, was puzzled by the leaflet bearing, on one side, "a printed flag of India: on the reverse of it a short essay on India's foreign and domestic policy."

Thimayya now urbanely wrote us that, "however flattering an account it may have been" to India, it served no useful purpose.

He was presently straightened out on this point by General Mark Clark, who replied that this and other educational material on India had been provided "at the express request of the head of the Indian Red Cross" to allay the prisoners' "deep mistrust of India and the NNRC," and only "to encourage them to share our faith and trust in the integrity and impartiality of India."

As for the prisoners, General Clark pointed out, they had "made their choice many months ago," and was sure (he proved to be right) "the vast majority will adhere to this decision."

General Thimayya, while mollified on the subject of the pamphlet, whose purpose "I confess I did not understand," on the subject of the prisoners' allegiance remained skeptical since, even before explanations, "some 110 prisoners of war" (they were largely discouraged agents) "have already asked for repatriation," and "even more significant is the fact that not one of the POW dare openly in their camps to ask for repatriation."

General Thimayya had only just arrived. His judgment here was based on the lurid stories told by Communist agents who had scuttled to safety. There was, however, truth in what he said.

For the prisoners, filtered through five screenings and now bolstering one another in their choice, were inflamed to a pitch of anti-Communist fervor hardly understandable in America or Western Europe; still less in neutralist India.

The anti-Communists now held themselves to be a fighting army in which deserters deserved contempt, and spies, death. Any waverer stupid enough to proclaim that he planned to

desert would, in some compounds, certainly be roughed up, and might run the risk of being taken for a spy.

Yet it was also true that, during each hour of those long months under Indian custody, a waverer with even a vestige of sense could pick his moment to walk up to an Indian and be whisked back to Communism without risking a hair on his head. As all prisoners understood. And as several hundred (of these many thousands) were to do.

The prisoners were meanwhile fearful of the explanations. One Chinese compound, addressing the NNRC, introduced themselves as having "escaped from beyond the Iron Curtain," since "Communists had enslaved our country and sold it to Russia," and now regarded "Chou and Mao as the biggest tyrants in our history." They felt that "Communist explainers have chased us here, and intend to deceive us to return to the state of torture."

The nub of this protest was a rule the NNRC had adopted governing explanations. It had estimated that a compound of about 500 prisoners could be explained to each day, if all went well. It seldom did and, also foreseeing this, the NNRC had provided for splitting such a compound into separate pens.

Those who had been explained to and had asked repatriation would be released. Those who, after listening, had refused repatriation would be led to a new pen. At the end of the day any part of the compound still unexplained to would stay in that compound awaiting explanations.

When the prisoners read these rules, their objections to this seemingly unimportant paragraph (No. 20) was passionate. For suppose, in a given compound, all elected anti-Communist leaders were called out early, and then put in a distant pen? Back in the old pen, hidden Communist agents might come into the open and, by terror or skilled wheedling,

stampede the rump. They could see Rule 20 only as a Communist plot.

Removed as we are by years and thousands of miles from those compounds, such fears seem silly; they were, to the prisoners, intensely real: protests poured in. Saluting Thimayya as "Friendly General!" Compound #50 proclaimed that

—all of us anti-Communists, except about 60 betrayers who escaped into the hands of the Communists since we have been here, refuse to meet the Communist explainers with desperate courage!

On October 13th the Communist side told the NNRC it would be ready to explain on the 15th, and asked for a thousand Chinese from Compounds #31 and #28.

Mark well that #28 was the "murder" compound where, two Communist agents now insisted, the butchered half-devoured corpse of nonexistent Chang Tsu-lung lay buried under one of the tents, for which crime seven of #28's elected anti-Communist leaders had been removed and now were locked up by the Indians awaiting trial.

However, leaders of both compounds balked, and over Rule 20. Before they would come out, they wanted to talk matters over with the Commission, in the presence of the world press.

The Commission's Czechs here objected, for, according to Communist logic, all "leaders" were imported assassins who should not be dignified by recognition. However, the Swedes, Swiss, and Indians prevailed, and a parley was held. But even after the prisoners were promised that Rule 20 would be waived, so that "those who desired not to seek repatriation would be brought back to the same compound from whence they were taken out," still they were uneasy.

For months the Communist side, outraged at the whole concept of letting prisoners choose, had given no list of their UN prisoners who might refuse repatriation. Now at this zero hour, they produced—not those missing thousands of South Koreans, but a tiny clutch of 335. In addition they flaunted the 23 Americans and a lone Englishman who, the Communists said, refused to go home, but would now let us try to coax them.

In this delicate matter America had called in Dr. Joseph Lohman, sociologist, penologist, and criminologist on the staff of the University of Chicago, who, after pondering case histories of the American 23, advised that we let them simmer longer in uncertainty. So, with Britain and South Korea concurring, we told the Indians we were in no great fret to get at them.

They and we could wait.

Explanations · The Chinese

NEXT morning (it was October 15) the curtain rose on the first explanations. The United Nations team of representatives, interpreters, and observers consisted of 75 Americans, 50 Republic of Korea officers, and 50 Chinese or Chinese-Americans under Mr. Chen Yi, who holds a master's degree from the University of Chicago.

Although the Communist side monotonously roared that these last 50 were paid assassins sent from Taiwan by "Bandit Chiang," not one was from Formosa and few had ever touched that isle. Yet all had loved ones on the Chinese mainland who might suffer if they were identified. And although

press cameras and tape recorders were barred from the explanations area, the NNRC members were free to take all the pictures they liked, so the Communist Czechs and Poles sneaked candid shots.

The UN headquarters was a group of about 80 floored tents, sealed with wallboard and heated with potbellied stoves, in an apple orchard next the completely flattened Korean town of Munsan-ni, on the south edge of the Demilitarized Zone. Colonel William R. Robinette, who was in charge of the Korean group, remembers it as "an international city—Chinese, Koreans, Americans, and reporters from all over the world.

"There was a little recreation room where we could meet our friends, and discuss the day's events in the explaining tents over a bottle of beer. In the nearby hills were thousands of pheasant, which on our off-duty days, we hunted amongst the land-mines and barbed-wire." On the opposite side of the demilitarized zone the Communists had a similar camp, unseen by any UN eyes.

Munsan-ni, according to reporter Paul Garvey of USIS, is about 12 miles from the Demilitarized Zone, to reach which you cross the Imjin River over Freedom Bridge. Beyond were the UN and Indian checkpoints.

"We would leave before dawn in jeeps and busses holding about 40 people each," remembers Colonel Robinette. "Our road led past the prisoners' compound. Always they were up to greet us with cheers and songs, and we would wipe the fog off the bus windows to wave back at them, so they could see our UN armbands. Their trust in us was touching. They cheered us as liberators. It brought a lump to your throat.

"Some of our people who were working with the Chinese had sewed China-Burma-India theater patches on their shoulders so that, in the explaining tent, the prisoner would realize he had a friend. One man sewed them on both shoulders."

The explanation area was still more cosmopolitan—a Paris Ritz Bar set down on a lonely moor. For here the UN delegation met Lieutenant General Thimayya, whom Garvey remembers as “tall, handsome, and very smartly turned out in a pre-battle-dress British uniform with brass buttons shining—and always carrying a swagger stick.”

Many officers of General Thorat’s Custodial Force India wore green turbans, and their troopers usually had their rifles slung over their shoulders, since, as Colonel Robinette remembers, “often both hands were needed to handle balky prisoners. Sometimes they carried lathis, which are three-quarters the length of a pick handle. All of us were impressed with the Indians’ efficiency—they seemed able to cope with any emergency.

“The Swedes on the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission wore a greyish uniform not unlike that of our Air Force. The Swiss color was close to it, and they wore jaunty overseas caps. The Communist Czechs and Poles were in olive drab, like our American uniforms but of a different cut, with gaudy shoulder boards—and always toting briefcases.

“Of the armies opposing us, the seediest were the North Koreans. They wore olive-drab coats but blue trousers with a red stripe, and their black boots were shabbier than those worn by the Chinese, Poles, and Czechs. Sometimes the Chinese sent observers into my explaining tent. They wore a cotton quilted uniform, a cloth cap with earflaps and a cloth visor, which would be worth about 30 American cents—and long, padded coats which came almost to the knee. They were not impressive.”

In the explainers’ compound were six urinals, each an oil drum sawed in half and partly screened by canvas. Colonel Robinette, a Virginian interested in Marxist etiquette, once noted “a Communist using the urinal and, with his free hand, gallantly tipping his hat to a passing Communist lady journalist.”

Explanations were held in two areas of 16 tents each, with holding pens for about 250 prisoners awaiting their turn.

"On that first day we arrived shortly after dawn," says Paul Garvey, "to find that the prisoners had refused to come out, and everything was held up. While we were not allowed in that area, we later found out from the Indians that Thimayya was coaxing the Chinese hanchos—telling them that if they were as strongly anti-Communist as they said, they should go in and make this clear to the explainers. Finally he had to bring several truckloads of hanchos over, so that they could case the area for themselves, see that there was no great body of Communist troops nearby who might kidnap them—only Indians who would protect them. Then they could go back and tell the other prisoners it was safe to come out.

"Here, at last, they came, in a huge truck convoy. It was a bright, crisp day, and they were yelling and chanting '*Hui Taiwan!* [To Formosa!].' For them it was like a football yell. One prisoner in his explanation repeated it 2,000 times. It was the only thing he said, but he yelled it angrily, trying to drown out the explainer."

From the holding pens they went in file to the 16 explanation tents, each escorted by an Indian trooper. "It was," says Paul Garvey, "like trying to watch 16 plays, all going at once.

"For weeks we had been waiting for the curtain to rise on this great drama. What we now saw was the same little play, repeated over and over, without variation in the cast except for the prisoner. When a new one entered the tent, what would he do?

"As he came in, the three Communist explainers would always stand, bow, and smile. Almost always the prisoner would spit at them, curse them, and, on this first morning, immediately leave. The explainer would, with his coat cuff, wipe the spit off his face, and pull his expression back to

normal. The next prisoner would enter. The three explainers would stand, bow, and smile—and that was where I came in. Short, brief interviews most of them, and they lasted most of the day.

"In theory a lot of pressure could have been put on those prisoners back in their camp. But, once in the explaining tent, each man could see he was truly free. And that is what they did.

"While we reporters were almost as shocked by the violence as the Communist explainers, these were, in addition, deeply humiliated. Their suffering from this was plain for us to see.

"When I stepped outside, walking among those tents you could hear 16 prisoners shouting at once—muffled voices coming through the tent walls. Also, when a Chinese wants to make a point he stamps. You could hear their heavy GI boots coming down on the planking, like timpani.

"It was as though each felt he now had a chance to speak for all of China—at last to tell the Communists what he thought of them. It was eerie. To a mind of the Western World, so much hate was frightening."

On both sides of this struggle, the lines were well rehearsed. According to Colonel Robinette, after the Communist explainers had bowed and smiled, they then went into a stereotyped routine both to Chinese and later to Korean prisoners, which made four main points:

- (1) If you come back, all previous political sins will be forgiven you.
- (2) We soon will rule all Asia, so best come over to the winning side.
- (3) Back in your homeland, we are building a wonderful new way of life.
- (4) Please come home, for the motherland needs her sons.

Following this (according to Communist schedule), there would be a pause to let the prisoner ask any questions. These having been answered then, in the early explaining days the Indians would tell the prisoner that, since he had now been informed about his homeland, particularly of "your full right to return to a peaceful life," so then, "if you wish to be repatriated, leave by this [gesture] door: if you do not wish to be repatriated, leave by that [gesture]."

"This Indian spiel," says Paul Garvey, "was very confusing to the prisoners. Because in its Chinese translation 'to be repatriated' was rendered as 'to go home.' And to most of the Chinese, 'home' had come to mean Taiwan.

"Occasionally a prisoner who had been very violent to the Communist explainers would, after all this garbled talk from the Indians, start out the wrong door. Once a UN Chinese observer stood up and shouted to such a man that it was the wrong door, just before he stepped through it—he wheeled about and jumped through the other. There was some nominal protest by the Czechs and Poles at this intervention, but by then he had passed through the Taiwan door and could not be dragged back. But there had been no doubt—even in the minds of the Czechs and Poles—but that this was what he had really wanted.

"After the first few days, word spread among the prisoners that the door to freedom was the door by which the man had entered. The other led to Red China—or North Korea.

"In the beginning the prisoners were given light folding chairs to sit on—just opposite the small green field table the Communist explainers used—until one prisoner came in, picked up the chair, and sent it crashing through the air toward the explaining team, who—terrified—flattened themselves against the tent wall. After this, heavy benches were substituted.

"As it sailed through the air, the prisoner had also cursed

the explainers, calling them filthy turtle eggs, which is the most derogatory and insulting expression in the Chinese language, by comparison with which our American 'son of a bitch' is pale and colorless. For in the Chinese hierarchy of creation, the turtle is the lowest of creatures."

In one of the Chinese compounds on Cheju-do they had a display of sculpture by native artists. One was a figure of Stalin, rigged up with a rubber hose so that, when water was poured in by a funnel, the old gentleman was depicted as smiling complacently under his moustache while urinating on a small crouching figure which represented captive China. But their masterpiece—they insisted—was one showing Stalin with a turtle riding piggyback on his shoulders—Stalin, they gleefully explained, was even lower than a turtle!

"Some prisoners," says Paul Garvey, "while shouting and kicking, would break into tears of anger and hate. I was sitting behind a Chinese-speaking observer, who gave me a running translation of what was going on."

When the explainer came to the passage "we are here to welcome you back to the arms of the people of China—" one prisoner screamed:

"What people of China? The Russians have made all of you their slaves!"

"—your parents and your future await you."

"My parents are dead, and there is no future for me with you!"

Paul Garvey remembers that one prisoner sat silent while the explainer wheedled, until at last they came to that point in their litany:

"'Come back to your homeland—you can get a job in the fatherland—you can go to school—your father and mother are ready to welcome you home—'

"—at which the silent prisoner, glaring in cold fury, stood up and said, in a low voice between clenched teeth,

"I watched you kill my father and mother."

"They didn't bother any more with him. On that first day when it was clear that a prisoner did not want to go back, the explainers did not try to hold him." So explanations lasted only from one minute to a maximum of fifteen.

"Often as prisoners were being led away, a man would turn and, over his shoulder, scream back at the explainers a few more purple insults which in the tent had slipped his mind."

Of the 491 prisoners explained to on that first day, all but 10 had gone out through the door to Taiwan. Of these 10, only four had paused for any length of time to hear the explanations. The other six had immediately walked over to greet the Communist explainers warmly, often had spat at the UN representative, and then had darted through the door to Red China as all the Communists in the tent cheered.

Later, when Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong defected to our side, he confirmed our guesses. For of those ten, six had been secret Communist agents. Of the total 491, the explanations had changed the minds of only four—which was disastrously under Communist expectations.

So they had cabled to Peiping a résumé of this calamity, and asking fresh orders.

The real leader on the Communist side (again from Lee Chun Bong) was not ornamental North Korean Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho, its chairman. The actual boss was an inconspicuous Chinese ex-journalist named Chiao Mu—without uniform, rank, or title.

In this period at the explanations, Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong was translating between powerful Chiao and Kim Il (he understood no Chinese) and also interpreting explanations for Korean General Kim and for Chinese Colonel Lee.

Chiao knew it would take time for Peiping to digest their

cable. To gain this, he now ordered his delegation to ask the next day for Korean prisoners from Compounds #34 and #48. As Chiao well knew, all Korean compounds were for the moment in hysterical rebellion against explanations.

A message intercepted by the Indians as it was being passed between two Korean compounds gives the flavor of this hour. One fiery anti-Communist leader is assuring his men that "even the Neutral Nations are our enemies," which included "barbarous Indians." The prisoners had come here "not to hear the explanations, but to demonstrate our free will, according to the official notice of our President" (Syngman Rhee), who "has never told us to listen to explanations" and, for that matter, "didn't approve the cease-fire, either."

These anti-Communist Korean prisoners denounced the Neutral Nations as "the fellows who came to Korea to be faithful to the Armistice Agreement, which was not even approved by the Republic of Korea." On this line they stood firm, and it was to take weeks of Thimayya's tact to coax them into the tents.

The request for Koreans produced a crisis, as the Communist side had expected. But to Indian General Thorat, commander of CFI, it seemed no problem. He proposed sending his men into the two compounds to clear them tent by tent, but explained that if his men were attacked, "he should have the Commission's authority to open fire."

The Neutral Nations now squirmed painfully. Tentatively they assured Thorat he had been already told he could fire, either (1) to protect his men or (2) to prevent a mass outbreak. But when Thorat now returned with an estimate that the compounds were "so tense and threatening" that "a new situation had arisen," in which force would cause "about 300 or 400 casualties," they wobbled.

A majority of the NNRC now proved to be as squeamish of responsibility for bloodshed as the pre-Boatner American

commanders had been in their 1952 attempts at screening. In this early period the Panmunjom Communists had howled loudly at any use of force in our rebellious prison camps.

Now, however, they were generously prepared to expend foaming oceans of blood, since anti-Communist corpuscles were involved. General Thorat, the NNRC Czechs and Poles felt, should go in shooting, since he "had already been given clear directives"; he should not pester the Commission by asking it to "discuss steps of a purely military character."

The Swiss and Swedes, however, felt that this "new situation" called for a "new decision." They argued that "the letter and the spirit" both of their Terms of Reference from the Armistice Commission, and also of the Geneva Convention, forbade using force. Before committing themselves to wholesale bloodshed, the Swede wanted to consult his government, and the Swiss felt that Berne might pull him out entirely, thus breaking up the Commission.

The Indians, in a procedure which was to become a pattern, now demonstrated that nation's genius for neutrality. Heartily they agreed with the Communists that, according to the Armistice Terms of Reference, "force could be used" and perhaps should be, since the prisoners' actions were "unlawful." Having thus given the Communist side the rhetoric, India now moved to give her vote to the Free West, ruling that since, in a matter involving "heavy casualties," the decision should be "unanimous," she could not join the Communists alone in a vote for force. So CFI suspended operations, and gave up all attempts to root out the balky Koreans.

The one method left was persuasion. But to this the Czechs and Poles strongly objected, arguing that the prisoners' elected spokesmen were all "agents," who should not be dignified by recognition, and presenting the Commission with a list of 50 who should be segregated.

On this point, however, India now voted with the Swiss and Swedes in assuming the leaders all were "bona fide

prisoners." They could not drag off elected compound leaders just because their names "appeared on a list" supplied by the Communists, but only if any were found guilty of some offense.

Back now to the lovers' quarrels of the Communist side, on which we may eavesdrop with the help of Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong. Peiping had wired back that they must contrive to stop all explanations, since the previous day's beating forecast a propaganda defeat before the world.

But now the Kaesong Communists demurred. Civilian boss Chiao thought improved techniques used by the explainers should get better results. His subordinate North Korean generals were sure their people would make a far better Communist showing than the Chinese.

Peiping now answered that Chiao could go ahead if he liked, but responsibility for results lay on his shoulders.

Chiao now assembled the explaining teams to rake them over the coals. The big roadblock, he said, was Formosa, which should be attacked directly. Chinese prisoners should be told that to join Chiang Kai-shek was suicide, since Communist banners soon would fly over Taiwan.

At this even the Czechs and Poles (asked to sit in on this Communist rally) protested. It would be a threat, forbidden under their NNRC rules, at which the UN side would surely protest and be upheld.

Chiao said it was the only way. He also lashed his explainers for giving up too quickly. If a prisoner showed any signs of wavering, they were to keep hammering—for hours, if need be, on one man.

When some explainers protested that even the Indians might complain, Chiao pointed out that under the rules they might talk as long as they liked. He ordered some objecting explainers to criticize themselves for their part in the previ-

ous day's disaster. These (reports Captain Lee Chun Bong) were so angry they could eat no dinner.

On the following morning (October 17th) the Communist side firmly demanded Koreans. As expected, they refused to come out. It took the NNRC until noon to persuade the Communists to take more willing Chinese from Compound #33.

To cope with the violence of the first day, the Indians now changed their methods. "Each prisoner," says Paul Garvey, "was brought in with an Indian trooper on either side. If he made a move—if he even called the explainer a turtle egg—the guards would grab his arms. Often the prisoners would try desperately to squirm away from the guards in order to attack the explainers."

Sometimes they succeeded, with the result that one Chinese prisoner was able to kick a Chinese Communist observer in the stomach, and another failed by inches to connect with a roundhouse swing at a Communist explainer.

These, now sweating profusely in their quilted uniforms, buttoned Lenin-style to the throat, would glance apprehensively at American reporters. It was no spectacle which the Communist East wanted the Free World to see.

Toward the end of the day the tension exploded into a roughhouse. "One prisoner," says Paul Garvey, "stood there for—as I remember it—more than three and a half hours, never uttering a word while the Communist explainers, working in relays, talked themselves hoarse."

Air Force Captain Donald Sletter, the American Observer, later said he asked seven times that they be made to stop, but was overruled. Twice the prisoner moved to go through the Taiwan door, and then hesitated as the Communists shouted. To Sletter it was clear Taiwan was his real choice.

But the Communists were waving and beckoning the confused man in the other direction. Inside the tent a diplomatic incident occurred.

"As I heard it later," says Colonel Robinette, "it was alleged that some American in the tent had allegedly called an allegedly Polish observer an alleged son of a bitch. But that night over our beer, the camp wit asked who ever called that son of a bitch a Pole? For we were sure he was a Russian in Polish uniform."

During the melee outside the tent, a Communist representative saw fit to kick a Chinese-American observer in the leg, which added to the confusion.

The Commission now decided that the bewildered prisoner who started all this should be segregated until it could find out what he really wanted, so he was thereupon whisked away in Lieutenant General Thimayya's car.

Embedded in the Commission's report is one close-up, from this period, of life within the compounds, coming not from a Communist agent nor from an anti-Communist prisoner, but from a simple man who wanted to go back to his family.

THIMAYYA: We have one prisoner here who wishes to be interviewed by the NNRC. He is the same person who was removed by me from Tent #7. . . .

PRISONER: I want to go back to my fatherland, the Chinese mainland . . .

THIMAYYA: Ask him why he did not come out and say that he wanted to go home.

PRISONER: There were people in my compound of whom I was afraid.

POLISH MEMBER: Were they agents of Chiang Kai-shek?

PRISONER: There are quite a number of people in the compound who do not like anyone going back home . . .

CZECHOSLOVAK MEMBER: I should like to ask the prisoner if he has some knowledge of acts of violence committed in the compounds against the prisoners . . .

PRISONER: I have heard about acts of violence, but in my compound I have not seen any . . .

CZECHOSLOVAK MEMBER: If a prisoner wishes to be repatriated, has he the possibility within the compound to express his wish?

PRISONER: It is very difficult for anyone to say openly that they want to go home. Of course, there are prisoners who crossed the wires and went away. I know a number of persons in my own compound who have done that. But, they are afraid of expressing their desire openly . . .

THIMAYYA: Did he get any explanation from the compound leader as to how he was to behave . . . ?

PRISONER: We were told that, when you go to the Explanations, don't say that you want to go to the mainland of China. If any expresses his wish to go there, they will kill him.

POLISH MEMBER: Who are "they"?

PRISONER: Other prisoners at the back of the Explanation compound. They said that if anybody wanted to go home, then they will create a confusion, make a noise, etc., get hold of him and kill him.

THIMAYYA: Is there anyone in the camp who is not a prisoner?

PRISONER: I have only heard that Chiang Kai-shek had sent a number of agents in the camps. I have not seen anybody myself.

Applying to the statement of this simple man the ancient Anglo-Saxon rules of evidence, which exclude all hearsay gossip, we learn that:

(1) The vast majority of prisoners in his compound do not want repatriation.

(2) An idle threat, impossible of execution, was made to him as to what might happen if he chose repatriation in the explanations, and yet

(3) Of his own knowledge, he knows "a number of persons" who, wanting repatriation, simply "crossed the wires and went away."

(4) In his own compound there has been no violence, nor has he ever seen a "Chiang Kai-shek agent," although both may exist elsewhere.

By what mistake (or through whose cunning) did such a waverer get mixed in with the anti-Communist prisoners?

Later questions brought the answer. He had not been captured until July 1952, after our principal screening. Apparently he was badly wounded and missed later screenings while in the hospital because, before he arrived in the Neutral Zone, "I was a sick POW and nobody asked me anything."

While no one should grudge this poor man his freedom to go home, the circumstances surrounding his exceptional case prove the general fairness of our screenings.

Yet even with such waverers, the Communist score was not good. In two days of explanations given to 900 prisoners, according to our count, they had recovered only 20. But in their book, reports Captain Lee Chun Bong, it was worse. For 12 of the 20 had been agents now returning from duty. They had actually converted only eight.

Their alibi to the world came in a letter addressed by the Communist side to Thimayya on that date. Their failure was due solely to "the reign of terror of the secret agents of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee." They complained that "reactionary elements of the Kuomintang" had dared come even inside the explanation tents "in the guise of interpreters" * and stormed that "this cannot be tolerated."

But we had still other faults. Because "military aircraft of

* Here they refer to the UN's Chinese-speaking interpreters, many of whom were native-born American citizens, and none was from Formosa. W. L. W.

the UN," they charged, had been "constantly circling the area," and, presumably through the hum of these motors, the UN was able "to maintain their influence over the prisoners."

Having got a bloody nose from the Chinese, the Communist side asked the NNRC to produce Koreans on October 18th and 19th. Knowing that none of the 7,900 would at this time come out, the Communists demanded that the NNRC use force, since difficulties came only from the "special agents of Chiang and Rhee" instigated by the Americans.

We later learned they hoped that violence, if now used, would provoke a mass break-out. With prisoners scampering south, the Communists could shout the men had been kidnapped, and would be relieved of further embarrassing explanations.

But by now even the Indians were tired of the game. They had, before the world, a responsibility to see that all 22,604 men got explanations. The 14,704 Chinese were willing to come. If the Communist side would only take whatever prisoners the NNRC could offer each day, the Koreans eventually could be persuaded, no force would be needed, and, in what remained of the 90 days, all prisoners could easily be explained to.

The Commission's majority view (Indians, Swiss, and Swedes), as set forth in its final report, was that it alone was the "final authority to approve the plans" for each day's explanations. It could reject any which was not feasible.

So, backed by the Swiss and Swedes, Thimayya on October 19th drafted a letter to the Communist side, asking Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho to "continue explanations to the Chinese prisoners," which would give the NNRC "more time to finally induce the Korean prisoners to appear before the explainers."

Here was a showdown. Had this plan been put into execution, the Communist filibuster (to avoid explanations) would have been ended. Without bloodshed, every prisoner would have got his explanation within the time limit. A majority of the Commission favored sending this stiff letter.

The Communist side now took the only way to stop it. Just before the roll-call on this stiff letter, the Czechs and Poles, instead of voting against it (they knew they would have lost), rose and stalked out of the tent.

This did it. Under the NNRC's rules, it could take no action unless all five members were present—regardless of how they voted.

Here was a turning point—a Communist victory of enormous importance. Now they sat in the driver's seat. They could call up for explanations only the compounds they believed would give them victory. They could (and did) avoid, indefinitely or forever, facing those they feared. Or they could (and for weeks did) halt everything simply by demanding compounds they were sure would not come out.

As for instance, Korean Compound #48, which now in a communiqué to Thimayya gave:

... hearty thanks to the Indian Government and its soldiers, that make every effort for the sake of a lasting peace [and] treat us humanely, kindly, lovingly. . . . [And yet they firmly told him that] we saw with our own eyes that Communists deceived and deprived peaceful people of their property and butchered democrats. . . . [Wherefore,] We boycott explanations to the Death!

Our future is to be decided by ourselves!

Nobody can interfere!

By insisting on such compounds, the Communist side seemed safe.

Explanations • Stalemate

WHY did the Korean prisoners at this time refuse to come out? The NNRC blamed "The Republic of Korea, whose incursions made it impossible for the Commission to come to any other conclusion." For Indian guards had intercepted messages which pointed to a general headquarters for POW organizations "in Seoul, under the Provost Marshal of the Republic of Korea," and from there branching out to all the compounds.

They found evidence that Korean nurses in the "64th US Field Hospital" (which served the prisoners) constituted the most significant link "in its communications system."

Our American halo of self-righteousness was knocked slightly askew when Thimayya drily notified the UN Command that CFI had intercepted a radio receiving set from a drum of yeast issued to "E" Enclosure (Chinese), which, according to its packing label, had been made by the "Silver Trading Co., Tokyo, Japan: Date Packed, 9/53" for original delivery to "F. Co., 1st Radio & Leaflet Group, 8239th Army United, APO 500." Thimayya, with sly wit peeping through his official restraint, suggested we prevent "further deliveries" of such gadgets, as they were "not the character of logistical support as provided for in the [Armistice Agreement] Terms of Reference . . ."

From whatever source, the prisoners were well informed. One news bulletin captured by Custodial Force India was "from Anti-Communist Branch #43," addressed to "each team leader," and brought news of those who, in Big Switch, had

chosen repatriation: the "Reds who were so blindly boisterous on Koje-do are still going to their death," but "we must, however, feel sorrow" for those who have abandoned "priceless freedom" because of their "single desire to see their wives and children." Because, "most of the more than 70,000 are now confined in Chin Chou Province, Manchuria. . . . not one of them has returned home."

Other intercepted notes carried orders. One "from the Branch" to "Teams 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54 & 55" sent instructions pertaining to "the demonstration for this morning," which "will be carried out from 8 until 11."

Meanwhile General Thimayya was working on the balking Korean compounds. In order to help soften them, he brought their hanchos together with those from Chinese compounds which had already gone through explanations. These could tell the jittery Koreans that they had nothing to fear—that instead it would be an opportunity to defy the Communists—to show that if they only went through the tents, perhaps they could even beat the Chinese score in this matter of defectors from their ranks.

There was, however, a difficult language barrier. In these negotiations Thimayya could not use interpreters provided either by the Communists or the United Nations Command, and prisoners who could speak both Chinese and Korean were not fluent. But slowly the idea began to penetrate, and presently he began getting from the balking Korean leaders hints that perhaps they would soon give him an answer.

And on October 27th the Indian guards intercepted, outside a Korean compound, this significant message, presumably intended for anti-Communist organizations outside the area—perhaps in Seoul:

We, the Anti-Communist Youths . . . are able to decide the future for ourselves, because we love peace and liberty

. . . we have made the Reds understand that arms and threats will not force us to attend the explanations. . . . That is because we want to attend the explanations voluntarily.

Now if, yielding to Thimayya's skillful coaxing, the Koreans went to explanations, this would be a violent reversal of orders which the Communist side charged the prisoners were getting daily from Seoul.

Next comes a message grabbed by Indian guards as it was being tossed from a Korean compound to a Korean nurse from UN Field Hospital #64, who would have passed it on to Seoul.

The prisoners here are telling their Seoul leaders that "as to whether the explanations should be attended," that had already been decided by "all the Anti-Communist Youths": Seoul was told to stay out of the prisoners' "internal difficulties" because "the higher level" could not possibly understand "the actual situation," which was that "we all have decided that we should attend the explanations," and as for Seoul's advice, "although we expect support from the Outside, yet all problems should be solved by ourselves."

Already North Korean Compound #35 had told Thimayya that they would appear for explanations.

Explanations • The North Koreans

ON the last day of October the Communists finally got the Koreans for whom they had been asking.

"Each prisoner would be brought in by guards," says Colonel Robinette, "—in half the cases dragged in kicking,

biting, and flailing his arms. This first compound manufactured masks to avoid identification by the Communists. The Pole of course objected to this, but was overruled by the Indian chairman—they could come nude or in suits of armor, as they pleased. But the Indian guard usually would handle the prisoner so that his mask would fall off.

“Often the press of both sides was in my tent, but generally they were roaming the area looking for violence, which was easy to find, because every quarter-hour or so a prisoner would throw a chair, upset the explainer’s table or start chanting or reciting poetry at the top of his lungs.

“Presently they brought in a particularly violent prisoner—it took two guards to hold him down on his heavy bench. Gradually he seemed to relax. When he could see that his guards had done likewise, quick as a cat he was up, grabbed his bench, and had sent it sailing through the air at the explainers.

“Naturally the Pole protested. So, maybe to accommodate him, the prisoner began to spit at the explainer. We quickly saw he was no mere gentleman amateur spitter, but a professional. For he began digging up solid hunks of phlegm, and aiming them well.

“But the Pole, who seemed hard to please, also objected to this, and wanted the man court-martialed.

“So I, as the American representative, asked if it wasn’t true that the prisoner had just been promised that if he returned to Communism, he would get no punishment?

“They said it was.

“So then I asked that if the man did go back, would he be court-martialed as the Pole was now demanding?

“The Pole said no, he would not. But he demanded that he be court-martialed now, while still in the hands of the Indians. It was all very confusing.

“While the Indians ruled out spitting and throwing

benches at the explainers, they allowed the prisoners to call them any names they could think up, and the one most frequently used is a Korean litany which goes:

Your father is a man of no brains—
Your mother, a woman of no shame—
And you are a fat slob!"

Many interviews lasted only a minute. By closing time at dusk 459 Koreans had gone through, but only 21 (less than 5%) had chosen repatriation. Chiao, bitterly disappointed, now moved to change tactics.

The next day the Communists asked permission to broadcast explanations to all compounds. This seemed reasonable, but the Indians pointed out they did not have enough troopers both to keep order in the explaining tent and to prevent the mass break-out which those broadcasts might provoke.

It was settled that broadcasts would be given only to those small pens holding prisoners for that day's explanations, which, on November 3rd, was to be North Korean Compound #48.

After some delay in setting up their public-address system, the Communists put on the air a North Korean lady and a smartly uniformed colonel, who explained that only a few days before he had defected from a prison compound. Both told the prisoners they had nothing to fear if they came home.

During the lady's appeal, the prisoners only sang to drown her voice. But when the colonel began, they gathered around the compound posts and, pushing and pulling as a team, began to rock them loose.

When the Indians came running, the prisoners paused to explain they had no thought of trying to escape. They intended only to flatten the fence and tear that broadcasting truck and amplifier into pieces long enough to bash in the

head of that traitorous colonel who had deserted them. If the Indians only kept a safe distance neither they nor the lady Communist would be touched. It took all the Indians' tact to quench this project so that the broadcast could proceed.

This over, Korean Compound #48 took the explanations in its stride. One, sitting quietly to allay the suspicions of his guards, suddenly let fly with a rock. Another listened intently, seemingly with rising interest, and Communist hopes soared. He let them woo him for an hour—moonlight and roses about the wonderful life ahead for him in the Communist North—and then:

“You have wasted your time!” And, grinning, he stepped through the door to South Korea.

Another captive (by rank a major) tried earnestly to convert his converters. “Come South with us!” he teased them, until the explainer, weary after an hour of being “explained to,” ordered the Indian guards to push him through the door to South Korea. Yet the Communists remembered this major, and presently were to order their North Camp prisoners to copy his tactics.

Most explanations were a series of open threats: “This is your final chance! If you do not come back, we will get you when we make war again. When we do—and surely we will—again we will win! And we will come after *you*!”

Sitting in such a tent as an American representative, Colonel Robinette “watched these poor prisoners fighting—it seemed to them that everyone in the tent was against them, because we could not speak up. They would spring to their feet, raise their hands, scream how strongly they felt against Communism—it was like listening to a series of Patrick Henrys, each shouting for liberty or death.”

After the opening, American reporters say the explainers would vary their tactics to the prisoner. Mild men would get

a "brotherly touch," while the more fiery ones would be explained to in kind. Typically it might be:

EXPLAINER: Welcome, Comrade!

PRISONER: You say "Comrade" but I am your enemy.

EXPLAINER: Even though the prisoner before you wore this [the South Korean orange-and-black headband] he still went back home.

PRISONER: I will never go back.

EXPLAINER: We won't harm you, even though you have said you want to go to South Korea. So why don't you decide to come home?

PRISONER: I am a man. I have made up my mind.

EXPLAINER: Land, jobs, and a good education await you. Your family and your friends also await you.

PRISONER: My family has already been killed by you.

EXPLAINER: You shouldn't be so sure about South Korea. You say you will be free, but you will find none will welcome you.

PRISONER: You say North Korea is free? What is free there? Religion? Politics? I know when I was there I was never free.

Toward the end of the day the talks grew shorter. Reporters noted that the few who did choose Communism scampered through the Red door instantly—clearly they were hidden agents, or men who had known what they wanted before they entered the tent.

As for those equally positive on the other side, the explainers, seeing there was no hope, either would dismiss them or the Indian chairmen would cut off the interview.

Paul Garvey reports that casualties were light—only one explainer was bitten by a prisoner. By closing time, of North Korean Compound #48's total of 499 members, 483 had gone to the explaining mill, but only 19 (it was about 4%) chose repatriation.

From the Communist standpoint it could hardly be worse.

So Chiao decided on a complete shift in tactics, and also played his ace in trumps by asking the Indians to bring him for the next day (November 4th) Chinese Compound #28, the Murder Mystery Compound!

Explanations • Corpus Delicti

FOR days the Communist side had been pressing the Indians to avenge the alleged barbarous butchery of one Chang Tsu-lung in Chinese Compound #28. The trouble was that, outside the affidavits of defecting Communist agents, the Indians could not find one trace of evidence that such a man had ever existed.

This name was not on the UN roster at the time we turned the prisoners over to the Indians. Nor could the Indians find any such name on their records of Compound #28.

Yet two Communist agents—Chein Sung-kuei and Hseuh-ho—defecting from this compound swore that there had been such a man—a loyal Communist most piteously done in, and in execution of orders issued by the Americans.

As their story went, Chang Tsu-lung, on the occasion of a recent demonstration in Compound #28, had refused to wave the Nationalist flag offered him, and also refused to insult Mao Tse-tung. "Instead he had shouted, 'Long live Chairman Mao!'"—this in a passionately anti-Communist compound!

Was Chang Tsu-lung insane as well as nonexistent? But never mind, let us hear more.

The agents insisted that after nightfall he was "strung up

on a tent pole with his hands and feet bound" and beaten so hard that "several times the tent poles were broken with the force of the blows," he meanwhile egging his torturers on with still more furious cries of "Long live Chairman Mao—Long live the Communist Party!" Shortly thereafter the anti-Communists "poured petrol over his cotton shorts, which burst into flames," and subsequently "a long nail was then driven into the top of his skull," and then, "one great convulsive shudder, and he was dead." Thereupon, "his intestines, liver, kidneys, and heart were pulled out."

Of these dainties, "one half was cooked and eaten on the spot" by anti-Communist Chinese, faithfully following their American directives. The other half "was sent to the compound kitchen" to be prepared for future midnight snacks.

The gnawed remains of the hypothetical Chang Tsu-lung were then "buried deep underground in the corner of Third Co. Headquarters" in Compound #28.

Understandably perturbed by the violent Communist prose in these affidavits, the Indians took a party of Allied and Communist newspapermen, plus the two defecting "agents" to Compound #28, which they were able to enter after a small riot, during which one anti-Communist was shot by the Indian guards. The agents now led them to Third Company Headquarters, pointed to the corner, and digging began. But several hours of it not only failed to produce a single gnawed bone of the nonexistent Chang Tsu-lung, but also made clear to the reporters that the soil had not been disturbed since the last Ice Age.

Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho's protests increased. Even though there was no trace of Chang Tsu-lung, there had been a murder (said two Communist "witnesses"), so there must be vengeance.

Accordingly the Indians now lined up Compound #28 so that the "witnesses" could identify 10 other "witnesses" (these were hidden Communist agents, now being recalled from duty), plus seven "murderers" (they were Compound #28's elected anti-Communist leaders).

This last achieved Chiao's over-all purpose. With these "terrorists of Bandit Chiang" removed, Compound #28 should be ripe for the harvest. But the 10 witnesses now changed their story. They said the deeply buried body had been dug up (from that undisturbed clay) and burned without a trace.

But meanwhile the Communists had demanded that leaderless Compound #28 appear for explanations on November 4th. Instantly Chiao's new tactics became obvious.

"They would take as long as five hours to explain to one man," says Colonel Robinette. "It was clear to all of us that they could not explain to everybody at that rate."

In one tent, reporters noted that, as the prisoner got weary, the explainers got more hypnotically repetitious.

"Why don't you want to go back?" they would chant, over and over, until one explainer got hoarse, whereupon the explainer next him would take over. After two hours of this the prisoner would start "losing control," might "scream back answers" and then sag in his spirits, and "turn his eyes imploringly to the five NNRC members, begging to be taken away."

In one tent the Swiss walked out in protest after the Communist explainer had been torturing such an unwilling prisoner for more than an hour. At closing time, of leaderless Compound #28's remaining 463 inmates, only 203 had been explained to in those 16 tents, and the Communists had squeezed out only two repatriates—percentage-wise their

lowest yet, and from exactly that purged compound from which Chiao had expected most.

Because of this slowdown, the "unexplained" remainder of Compound #28—260 men—had to be returned and mixed with those 201 who rejected repatriation: pens were lacking to keep them separate. This was presently to make trouble, as the Communists foresaw.

We have it from Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong that Chiao was now in a frenzy. He could not halt explanations without losing face before the world. It was clear even to the Communists that the prisoners had made a firm choice against return.

But, lashing at his explaining teams, at the end of every session Chiao would shout that they had caused Communism to lose face before all mankind. He fired four North Korean and three Chinese explainers for lack of zeal. He told the others it was their task to free these soldiers who hung back only because they lived in a hell of terror. But when alone, the explainers joked about this "terror."

Still another hope remained. According to General Harrison's 180-day calendar, 90 days had been set aside for explanations, so there could be none after midnight of December 23rd.

Already the Communists had wasted most of their time. Explanations were dragging. But General Lee Sang Cho was insisting that toward their total of 90 days only those five should be counted on which the Communist side so far had actually explained.

The strategy was clear. What with the greatly increased time per man, explanations could be spun out for endless months. The anti-Communist prisoners would find their 180-day calendars had been junked. Feeling the UN's promise to them had been broken, and fearing that the Communists were now free to harass them indefinitely, the prisoners might break down and return.

Lieutenant General Lee's argument lacked even the faintest legal base in the Armistice Agreement text. And, however irksome the antics of the prisoners, the NNRC knew that responsibility for delay was squarely on the Communist side; so the NNRC tactfully but firmly rejected Lee's argument.

Clearly the only Communist hope lay in the slowdown, so next day (November 5th) it was imposed on Chinese Compound #22, which marched quietly to the explaining area, saving its strength for the ordeal.

For this day William Jorden, reporting the session for the *New York Times*, gives this composite dialogue:

We want you to come home. Don't you know your father, mother, wife and children are waiting for you?

You Communist dog, I have a family waiting for me, but in spite of that I will not come home until you Communist beasts are killed. You dirty murderers—aren't you ashamed to come here—the blood is still on your hands!

Don't you know we are building a new country now? In China there is no unemployment.

You turtle-egg! I myself was unemployed for ten months in Peking.

Yes, but things are better organized now. We are putting the principles of Lenin and Marx to work.

Don't talk to me about Lenin and Marx, you Communist dog! I know more about them than you will ever know, for I was a higher-ranking officer than you will ever be!

I can see you are a man of some education. We need men like you to help build our country. If you go to Formosa, we will liberate that island soon. Then where will you be?

You Communist dog, if the neutrals were not here I would tear you to pieces!

However, because the explainers can work on him in relays, after an hour or so of this the prisoner loses his voice from shouting, and finally, turning to the five neutrals, says piteously,

"Please protect me! Stop the explanation. I want to go to Formosa!"

"This is getting to be absurd," Thimayya exploded to reporters. "It's got to stop some place." And, stalking into six tents where explanations had been going on for about an hour and a half, he ordered a recess for the protection of the prisoners.

It was a day of clashes. In one tent, a tortured prisoner put his fingers to his ears. The Communist explainers insisted that the Indian guards pull them out. But the five neutrals—even the Czechs and Poles agreeing—balked at this, so the explainers walked out in a huff.

Meanwhile, reporter Robert Alden for the *New York Times* was shrewdly noting that during the explanations, the Indian troopers "are the only ones who give the prisoner any comfort during his ordeal. Many times, even in the midst of struggling, guards pat the prisoner reassuringly on the back, as if to tell him that all will be over soon."

By the day's end, out of Chinese Compound #22's 485, the Communists had explained to only 156, from which they had extracted only two converts. Again this "unexplained" portion had to be mixed in with those who had not wavered. In the cumulative score to date, explanations had netted the Communists only 62 prisoners, while almost 2,200 had rejected repatriation.

Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong later told us that on this night Peiping furiously accused Chiao of continuing explanations in spite of instructions—demanding that he assume "full responsibility for failure."

Explanations • Stalling for Time

WITH this frightening cable in his hands, Chiao's problem now was to halt explanations, but in such a way as to put all blame on the prisoners. It was easy. For the following day (November 6th) he had intended to shift to North Koreans, and had asked the Indians to produce them.

He now rousted Thimayya out of bed to demand instead those 329 remaining Chinese from yesterday's Compound #22 who had not received explanations due to the slowdown—exactly those and no others.

They had, of course, been mixed in with those who had, before the explainers, rejected repatriation. But how to sort them out? The prisoners, furious at the slowdown, would not cooperate. The Indian troopers could not tell one Chinese face from another, and Thimayya and his officers spent all morning talking with Compound #22's hanchos, vainly trying to get them to undertake the task.

The Swiss were by now almost as indignant as the Chinese hanchos, pointing out that the Communist "slowdown" was senselessly hard on the prisoners, a violation of the Geneva Convention, and at least of the spirit of the Armistice Agreement.

Even Lieutenant General Thimayya told reporters that in his opinion no session should be allowed to go more than two hours, as they were extremely wearing on the prisoners, and furthermore useless since most prisoners clearly knew what they wanted before they entered the tents—"I haven't

seen but three or four men who were actually converted by the explainers."

There remained almost 20,000 prisoners who had not been through the tents, most of them eager to attend explanations for the pleasure of shouting at the Communists. Day after day, however, General Lee put in his demand only for those two tiny "unexplained" tag ends of compounds, and would accept no others.

Meanwhile, a campaign of note-writing. Thimayya, anxious to get on with the work, pointed out to the Communists that "on the first two days [in mid-October], complete compounds were explained to," but "now it appears you have considerably slowed down . . ."

He pointed out that the unexplained tag ends could not be segregated because "there were no spare compounds" and even if there were, "Custodial Force India lacks the men to guard more."

Thimayya now offered to build one extra compound, provided the Communists agreed to finish each compound before they asked for another.

But at this point the Chinese prisoners entered in, for Thimayya's offer did not take care of the Communist slowdown. The men refused to come out if, at each day's end, such leftovers were to be segregated. As the Swiss and Swedes were presently to point out, explanations which "were prolonged up to five hours per man" were "considered by the prisoners undue pressure."

But this only angered the Communists, who now flatly announced that "the length of time . . . shall be decided upon exclusively by . . . *our* side."

On November 16th, however, the Communists decided on a final try. Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho, himself a North Korean, had been getting from defecting agents hopeful reports on Korean Compound #53, which he now called

up. These, however, were braced for the "slowdown." They arrived quietly but seemed in high spirits. During the long sessions, instead of wasting their strength by storming at the Communists, most sat back silently and let the explainers talk themselves hoarse. Now and then a prisoner would rise to refer to his explainer as a "running dog of Communism" and then relax to drift with the verbal tide.

One quiet, attentive prisoner roused Communist hopes and, after a two-hour travelogue lecture on the beauties of North Korea, the explainer produced a photograph of another repatriated North Korean, now happy in the bosom of his family.

"May I see it more closely?" asked the prisoner, plaintively. Communist hopes soared. Quietly the prisoner put it in his pocket.

"But what are you doing?"

"I want to study it more carefully when I return to South Korea."

Due to these tactics, the prisoners remained fresh while the explainers knocked themselves out. At the end of the day, of Korean Compound #53's total 498, only 227 had gone through the tents, of whom only six chose repatriation—again a ruinously low percentage.

The Communists were desperate—and divided in their opinions. For the following day they had asked for Chinese, but Chiao, fearing another world humiliation and stinging rebuke from Peiping, could not face it. At 3:30 in the morning he roused the slumbering Indians to inform them that they wanted no more Chinese—insisted on that unexplained tag end of North Korean Compound #53.

Once more that unexplained tag end (this time North Koreans), who, mixed in with the others, now predictably refused to come out. Again the Communist side insisted (day after day) on these 271 North Koreans and no others.

Now Thimayya, with the backing of the Swiss and Swedes, composed a stiff letter to the Communists. He reminded them that "in the early days of explanatory work, your representatives, within a period of about four hours, were able to explain to approximately 500 prisoners. Since then, in spite of an improvement in the behavior of the prisoners, the duration of your explanations has, on the contrary, steadily increased."

There was still time, in the 37 days which remained, to bring them "all prisoners by complete compounds for explanations each day." Thus, all could be explained to.

Flatly the Communists refused and, on each of those remaining days, went through the stately formality of asking Thimayya for that particular half compound of 271 Koreans they knew would refuse to come out.

Explanations • The North Camp

MEANWHILE, the UN turned to its own small headache—those 335 South Koreans, one Briton, and 23 Americans in Communist hands who had said they did not want to go back to the Free World. They were housed in North Camp of the Neutral Zone, where the Communists had hastily swept out the tiny village of Songgong-ni.

This North Camp had, however, a few wavers. When Corporal Edward S. Dickinson on October 20th told the Indians he wanted repatriation, the list of American defectors was cut to 22.

On December 1st the UN Command told the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission it would be ready to ex-

plain the following day, and asked for 30 Koreans. Republic of Korea explainers then began a sober appeal, but failed to gain even one of these orderly but unyielding Communists.

On December 11th came a shift in prisoner strategy. At this point 255 South Koreans had got explanations. Not one had weakened, but acting under perfect discipline, these prisoners began a filibuster of their own.

Down in South Camp, the anti-Communist prisoners had been objecting to long explanations. So now, up in North Camp, these pro-Communist prisoners began insisting on them. When UN explainers tried to break off and send them back to Communism the Indians had to drag them from the room by force.

Whereupon in a letter to Thimayya the prisoners represented themselves as "genuinely educated Korean youth and peace-loving citizens of the world" who felt that "in the explanations we have a right to raise questions. . . . It has been a long time since we were in South Korea . . ."

The UN, however, seeing they were convinced Communists, had been in no mood to frolic with them. "Why," these Communists now mourned, "should the NNRC force us out" (of the explaining tents and back to the Communist side) "without even asking us which we would choose?" The explainers, they charged, had "only carried on vile slanders, insults, intimidations of the vilest and most dextrous means," and the prisoners had been "dragged out by CFI before we had time to state our attitude!"

So now, protesting this "injustice," the North Camp Koreans went on strike, refusing to attend explanations.

Obediently the 22 foolish Americans and the lone Briton in North Camp now mouthed the shrill dialogue and went through the stiff gestures required by this strange Communist Morality Play.

They too sent Thimayya a letter (in English, but in Communist jargon) questioning "the nature and intentions" of "the United States and Great Britain," which were to put "pressure on their lackey, Syngman Rhee," to drop explanations to the South Koreans, so the explainers "may get at us, the American and British prisoners not desiring repatriation." Their Korean brothers, these Anglo-Saxon Communists insisted, "demand and welcome explanations. Therefore, we demand they be explained to"; and, until this was done, the Anglo-American traitors said they, too, would refuse to come out.

We left it at that.

For each of the two remaining weeks of explanations, the UN put in a daily request for any prisoners of whatever nationality the Indians could produce. None would budge, unless promised unlimited time to "explain to the explainers."

Answering their letters, Thimayya was "sure you will agree" that the right to explain belongs, not to prisoners, but "to the side conducting explanations."

The End of Explanations

TIME was running out. But on December 20th the Communist side startled everyone by asking that Chinese Compound #3 appear the next day. To the further general amazement, this compound agreed to come out.

Both puzzles were solved, for #3 turned out to be bursting at the seams with Communist agents. Of the 482 explained to, 56, or almost 12%, asked repatriation—the best Communist showing of the explanations.

On the final explaining day, 250 men from Chinese Compound #4 also agreed to come out, but the yield was only 11—not 5%.

Meanwhile, on this terminal day, the UN was making its last gesture toward its prisoners in the North Camp—using loud-speakers beamed into their tiny compound.

According to Colonel Robinette, “a good friend of mine, Major Edward Moorer, of the UN Command explainer group, made the broadcast to the American defectors, telling them that ‘Indian guards are present to insure your safety—we are personally here to receive any who desire to return.’ He could see the Americans—outside their huts. There were plenty of Indian troopers standing around anxious to received them.” But they all locked arms with the pro-Communist South Koreans, singing and stamping in a wild folk dance and the British Marine, Andrew Condron, pranced with them.

Being in no great need of any further supply of disloyal citizens, we did not beg them to come back. All stood firm for Communism. We get one last sad glimpse of them through Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong, who chronicles a meeting of the “agit-prop section” called by Chiao that evening, to make sure that, in the North Camp, his orders had been carried out.

They could report success. Though after the UN broadcast—that final call to come home—some of the Americans, retreating to their tents, had sobbed, with their faces buried in their knees.

But because not one had left, Chiao was delighted. “Today,” he told the agit-prop section, “we have recovered all the face we had lost to the United Nations side!”

Now came the final score on explanations. Of the 22,604 presumably anti-Communist prisoners delivered that sum-

mer by the United Nations, explanations had been given to 3,190 prisoners, in 10 of the South Camp's 50 compounds.

Of these, 137 (just over 4%) after hearing explanations, asked repatriation. However, from the same 10 compounds, an almost equal number had gone to the Indian guards asking repatriation—bringing the repatriations from these 10 “explained” compounds up to 275, which was 8.6% of their total.

In addition, from the 40 “unexplained” compounds, 94 prisoners had asked the Indian guards for repatriation.

Of the 10 compounds the Communists chose, they made their best showing in Chinese B-3, where, out of 482 men, they harvested 62 repatriates.

But consider the worst two of those carefully chosen ten. Compounds D-31 and D-33 held 930 men, of whom 921 got explanations, from which they converted to repatriation only 21—barely 2.25% of the total.

Applying this percentage to the 40 “unexplained” compounds, we find that, had all 22,604 prisoners gone through the tents, the Communists might then have gotten 711 converts to repatriation. By choosing only the 10 compounds in which they knew they were strongest, they had, as of Christmas Eve, only 369. This would seem to leave in the compounds a possible balance of 342 waverers who might have turned back to Communism, had they gone through the tents.

Yet a score of only 711 repatriates would have been a world disaster for Communism. It would then have been beyond dispute that almost 22,000 other prisoners from their armies after explanations had refused to return.

From the Communist standpoint, it was far better to sacrifice these theoretical 342 waverers. For it now allowed Lieutenant General Lee to roar, for the benefit of the Communist and neutralist worlds, that “more than 85% of the captured personnel of our side,” loyal Communists “approximately 20,000 in number, are prevented entirely from attending

explanations" by terror instigated by "the United States side, and the secret agents planted by it."

The ground for this complicated work of fiction had been well laid. No one could conclusively prove it was not true. It would be possible for the gullible to believe it.

But then, quite suddenly, this whole delicately contrived alibi was threatened with collapse.

For neutralist India was worried. Both Thimayya and Thorat felt they had a responsibility to see that any waverers (however few) got a free choice. Although explanations were over, during the 30 following days any prisoner could still have repatriation for the asking.

So India on December 31st broadcast this fact to all prisoners in the compounds, and then began what India's newspapers called a "screening"—which actually it was. One by one, the prisoners were led out of their tents into the sector between the inner and outer barbed wire of their compound.

Now at this point, as Indian soldiers checked the names with their roster, each prisoner was free as air. Any Chiang or Rhee "terrorists" who might frighten him were far away.

Already some 9,000 Chinese prisoners of "B" Enclosure had been called up. Of these, 131 waverers had asked for repatriation. Then the Communists got wind of it, and loosed an agonized bellow!

For it was exactly the kind of fair test of prisoner-opinion which, ever since October 17th, they had been maneuvering desperately to avoid. Even if it gained them a few unimportant hundreds of waverers, thereafter they could no longer claim that American terrorists had kidnapped the remaining 22,000.

Instantly Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho, in a frightened and angry note to Thimayya, denounced the screening as "a tearing up of the [Armistice Agreement] Terms of Reference," and announced that the Communists "will ab-

solutely not concede to such an unlawful act." He threatened that the Indians would "impair their neutral position," since "real neutral nations" would not "legalize the scheme of the United States side for retaining the Prisoners of War." They did not want their propaganda picture exploded by the Indians' "disguised screening."

And at this point, the prisoners got into a badly over-crowded act. The Korean captives announced they wanted no screening, so the Chinese, "because of a sense of solidarity," also changed their front.

Thimayya now backed down—and what else could he do? He mollified the outraged Communist side by a statement that his "checking up of rosters" in Chinese Enclosure "B" had been "not at all a screening in any form."

Yet the Indians were deeply mindful of any honest waverers* who might still be entangled in the ranks of the anti-Communist prisoners, and were soon to give them a final chance.

Freedom Day

THE explaining period ended on Christmas Eve, and now a brief paper wrangle. The Armistice terms left the prisoners in Indian custody for another 30 days, while a "political conference" presumably could decide the fate of those who had not chosen repatriation.

The political conference never even met: so now what to

* After deducting those who came out in this last Indian screening, there still could be a theoretical 211 waverers left in the compounds at this point. W. L. W.

do? Perfunctorily, the Czechs and Poles shouted that the Communist side had explained only on a total of 10 days, and should have another 80. Firmly the Swedes and Swiss pointed out that the Armistice terms barred all explanations after December 23rd.

Holding the center of this East-West seesaw, Thimayya now continued unswervingly on India's predetermined zig-zag course of scrupulous neutrality.

He first agreed with the Czechs and Poles that the NNRC had been unable to carry out adequate explanations.

Then, swivelling about, he agreed with the Swiss and Swedes that the NNRC would, after January 23rd, have no further authority to hold the prisoners.

So now, acting swiftly, deftly, and in the highest tradition of military service, Lieutenant General Thimayya moved to pass the buck, in a proposal to give back to each detaining power, on January 20th, the prisoners it previously had held.

If either side did not like what then happened, it could blame only the other, and not India.

This brought from the Communist side the expected moan of protest. They insisted that "each Prisoner of War has the full right to refuse to be forcibly restored to the former Detaining Side, and to demand to attend further explanations."

The UN answer was that if Thimayya sent the anti-Communist prisoners back to us, we would, on January 23rd, release all of them as free civilians.

Thimayya now placated the Communists by announcing that he would strongly deplore such action as a violation of the Armistice Agreement.

But he then overjoyed the United Nations by adding that, even though we planned to perpetrate this dastardly, he would turn the prisoners over to us, anyway.

He then pleased the Communists by letting them set up,

on the surrounding hills, loud-speakers from which they told the prisoners they had a right to stay in the NNRC custody, to listen to explanations, to be repatriated and, if forced to leave their compounds, to seek refuge with the troops of Custodial Force India.

General Thorat of CFI then delighted both sides by making his own broadcast to the prisoners, telling them they still had a right to be repatriated.

Captain-Interpreter Lee Chun Bong, who was soon to stroll across to our side, says at this point Chiao had one last desperate plan which, even if it did not come off, should be set down for the record.

Summoning the officers of the North Korean division stationed just on the northern rim of the demilitarized zone, Chiao told them that, during the transfer back to the United Nations, a number of South Camp prisoners would make a break for freedom.

"We must open fire to cover their escape and then, advancing, head off the rest, rounding them up by force. If anyone should criticize us later, we will say that the UN forces opened fire first, to retrieve the escapees."

"I missed the final release," says Colonel Robinette, "because of a report that the Communists might start an attack, which would result in a mass break-out. To cope with this if it came, we had built a new reception area just south of the demilitarized zone, with signs in Korean and Chinese directing each nationality to its new assembly point.

"We had food ready, and wood for fires to warm them, with Chinese and Korean interpreters and a battalion of Marines. We didn't want all these many thousands scattering wildly over South Korea.

"During this period my tentmate at Munsan-ni was a man named Fairbault, and we had duplicate jobs. If they marched

out on schedule, his was to entruck them in an orderly way.

"But if the Communists attacked and the prisoners had to flatten their wire and make a run for it, mine was to handle this situation. The Marines, who were down at the new area to protect them, were terribly disappointed that it didn't come off."

Somehow and at the last minute, apparently Chiao's agents lost their nerve. For no shot was fired, and there was no wild scramble for safety.

Instead, the anti-Communist prisoners went through what was, in truth, their seventh screening.

There had been the original one on Koje, after Boatner's paratroopers had entered the Communist compounds, followed by another when they were shipped to the Korean mainland and Cheju-do, and again on arrival at those two camps.

Still another had come when we were loading them for Big Switch. They had yet another chance to return to Communist rule as they passed into the Neutral Zone.

Their next chances were during the months they spent in the hands of Custodial Force India.

Now came the last and final call for waverers—as the unarmed prisoners marched out between the rifles of India's Custodial Force.

In the NNRC's final report, India did the Communists a supreme favor in not calling this a screening and, in fact, leaned over backward to join the Czechs and Poles in charging that representatives of the prisoners "so devised the emergence of the POW from the compounds" that only ". . . the most fearless and desperate" of them dared approach the Indian guards.

But the Swiss and Swedes dissented from this dark view, pointing out that CFI had arranged the exit so that any

prisoner could then seek repatriation, as proved by "the fact that 104 prisoners [72 Chinese and 32 Koreans] availed themselves of this opportunity."

Exeunt Omnes

So now 21,805 prisoners taken from the armies of our Communist foes marched out of the Neutral Zone toward freedom—singing, cheering, and waving handmade banners of Nationalist China and South Korea, playing on horns and bugles hammered from tin food containers—a parade so long that it took 15 hours and 43 minutes to pass the checkpoint, carrying their bedrolls neatly folded, many leading pet dogs, and all grinning and happy. As they crossed Freedom Bridge over the Imjin River, an American military band was on the nether bank to serenade them, as well as a huge sign reading "Welcome" in Chinese.

"At the line," says Paul Garvey, "they were given a tremendous cheer by high-ranking officers in the Nationalist army and government officials come from Taiwan to greet them. Then they were loaded into trucks for the trip to Inchon, and promptly pulled down the trucks' canvas sides so that they could return the roaring cheers of the throngs that lined the roads.

"At Inchon, the Chinese colony was alerted, and the streets rang with the clang of cymbals and Chinese music—paper dragons fluttered overhead, and pretty girls in the traditional costume greeted them on stilts. What homesick Chinese could ask more?"

The next day Thimayya got the expected protest from the Communist side which, mildly and for the record, "resolutely oppose your restoring to the UN Command the captured personnel of our side . . . transferred to the remnant Kuomintang brigands on Taiwan, and the Syngman Rhee clique of South Korea, to be readied for serving as cannon fodder. . . . We hereby lodge a strong protest."

In support of this protest, their 327 pro-Communist prisoners in North Camp (including the 21 foolish Americans* and the lone Briton) were obediently acting out their second Morality Play.

Since the Communist side had argued that South Camp prisoners should have been held for *more* explanations, the North Camp handful now went through the stiff motions of demanding just this. Even after India removed her guards, they refused to leave their huts. Followed presently an elaborate hocus-pocus, in which the Chinese and North Korean Red Crosses finally took the North Camp handful in tow, to get for them residence rights in Communist Asia.

The Battle of Words now moved back into the NNRC. Thimayya, having voted to follow Free World standards of honor and decency in giving the prisoners their freedom of choice, now zagged toward the Communists by agreeing with the Czechs and Poles (in the Commission's final report) that the strong anti-Communist organizations among South Camp's prisoners: ". . . negate all assumptions or assertions about Freedom of Choice. . . . any prisoner who desired repatriation had to do so clandestinely and in fear of his life."

This was sharply challenged by the Swiss and Swedes, who, "while admitting the existence in the camps of strong POW organizations," felt that the prisoners had adequate

* Claude Batchelor had defected from the Communists on New Year's Day. W. L. W.

chances to ask repatriation, as "shown by the not inconsiderable number (726*) of prisoners who, in the period of custody, actually were repatriated" or sent to neutral countries.

India now found herself saddled with the vexing problem of the waverers. Among those 726 who had deserted the anti-Communist prisoners were 12 Chinese and 89 Koreans who, thoroughly tired of the pro- and anti-Communist struggle, said they wanted to start life anew in a neutral country (under the Armistice Terms of Reference this was possible), and India offered a refuge. They were joined by two other waverers from the North Camp.

Whereupon some of these waverers re-wobbled and, on February 4th, 15 Koreans were, at their own request, restored to UN custody. The remaining 12 Chinese and 74 Koreans sailed four days later for India where, by now, they presumably have ceased wavering.

Last to gain freedom were the seven leaders of Chinese Compound #28, accused of killing, eating, and/or burning the nonexistent Chang Tsu-lung. Although not one gnawed or charred bone of this imaginary corpse was ever produced, the murder trial of those seven had been set by the Indians for December 11, 1953.

The seven defendants had asked the United Nations to provide them with a lawyer. Instantly Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho had protested to General Thimayya, for this was a violation of Soviet principles of jurisprudence. As developed under Stalin, on the rare occasions when an accused man is allowed a lawyer, it is one appointed by the judge, and he has the sole duty of frightening his "client" into a confession.

* Compare this actual figure with my estimated 711, which was the probable number of repatriates the Communists might have gotten had each man in all 50 compounds received an individual explanation.
W. L. W.

On February 16, 1954, Thimayya notified the Communists that the seven accused of Chang Tsu-lung's murder would be turned loose "because, as you are aware, their trial could not take place, as the prosecution witnesses were not produced by you before the court." There was only a sigh of Communist protest.

In this chronicle are severe criticisms of the South Korean government, and not from Communists alone. The International Red Cross had condemned its treatment of Communist suspects in 1950. The Indians later resented Seoul's efforts (not always successful) to direct the anti-Communist prisoners under the noses of the Indian guards.

But if there was, on both sides of this Korean conflict, a bitterness which seems unreasonable to the Free West, it stems from the blistering heat of that Civil War which knew no bournes of geography.

For Koreans of all factions could unite in denouncing the 38th parallel. This surveyor's line represented no difference in peoples on either side, but was instead a monument to the post-war bickerings of the great powers who had "liberated" that sad land. No Korean respected the wisdom of these squabbling Solomons who sawed his country in half. All passionately wanted union; but under different flags.

That barrier has assigned to each Korean a purely arbitrary allegiance, based on accident of birth. The facts are that many of South Korea's ablest anti-Communist leaders were born north of the Parallel, and countless other anti-Communist thousands were in 1950 liberated by the UN armies, before we were rolled back. It is also true that there was, in South Korea, a Communist minority large enough to be troublesome in peace and dangerous in war.

Only after weighing such facts can the Free World understand why South Korea felt betrayed by her allies when, at

Panmunjom, seemingly bored with her war, they ceased to press the Communists for those more than 50,000 South Korean prisoners and instead weakly settled for return of only a fraction of South Korea's huge total.

It therefore follows that South Korea could, in June 1953, release the anti-Communist North Koreans with no twitch of conscience. She was only giving to brother Koreans the freedom they deserved, in partial recompense for her kidnapped sons.

Hence also, South Korea's iron determination to strengthen anti-Communist leadership, even within the NNRC compounds.

She could do this with honor, for her word was not pledged. Her powerful liberators had elbowed her aside at Panmunjom: Syngman Rhee's signature was not on the Armistice: she was still at war.

The NNRC on February 1, 1954, voted to dissolve. The final page of its report is briny with the tears of Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho, shed for "the overwhelming majority of the Korean and Chinese captured personnel," who were "not given the opportunity to be repatriated," but instead were "forcibly retained by the United Nations Command," for which kidnapping its perpetrators "will have to answer to history."

The late Chancellor Adolf Hitler once said he had no fear of history's verdict, since it is always (he wisely pointed out) "written by the victors." If by some good chance it should fall to a non-Communist to pen the final chronicle of this century in Asia, he will surely laugh in the tear-stained face of Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho.

What Communist will "answer" for those 75,000 anti-Communist soldiers who, according to UN records and

official Communist boasts, were captured alive by them in Korea? Which Chinese Volunteer or North Korean will "answer" for those who starved or froze?

As for the rest, we know that in Big Switch the Communists returned 12,760. We know that of the huge remainder the Communists dared trust only 359 who could be sent to North Camp with a fair certainty that they would reject repatriation.

But what Communist will "answer to history" for the missing balance of 60-odd thousand? Certainly Lieutenant General Lee Sang Cho will not "answer": this sobbing soldier now blandly denies that these men ever existed.

All to What End?

EACH side offered to the prisoners its creed, which was denounced by the other as propaganda. In each case it produced a split between those prisoners who accepted the new doctrines and those who would not.

The Communist side seemed to have had every advantage. Its indoctrination began only after the prisoners had first been broken by measured starvation. They were told that if they rejected those Communist truths they might never see their homes.

In our United Nations prison camps on Koje, Cheju, and at Pusan, regularly inspected by the Red Cross, food in all compounds was adequate and equal. The prisoners we held were free to refuse any or all of our educational program, always knowing that they could go home if they liked.

In this struggle between ways of life, let us look at the result. Of the 75,000 UN and South Korean soldiers captured by their Communist armies more than 60,000 were unaccounted for, but 12,760 were allowed to go home and, according to Communist tabulation, only 327 Koreans, 21 Americans, and one Briton were converted to Communism.

Now for our side: of the more than 171,000 prisoners we took, only 83,000* chose to go home. Of these, probably not half were really pro-Communist. But an astounding total of 88,000 men who had worn Communist uniforms, with no coaxing from us, refused to go back. It was a situation without parallel in human history.

The Indians could not understand why the family ties of these men had not drawn them home. What manner of men were those who chose to stay?

Some light on this comes from a survey we made in a number of compounds, breaking the prisoners down as to occupations, ages, and degrees of education. It uncovered sharp differences between the Chinese and Koreans, most of them easily explained, a few of them puzzling.

An important difference is that most Chinese "volunteers" actually were regular-army veterans with many years' service. Some had not seen their wives and children since World War II when they had left home under Chiang Kai-shek to drive out the Japanese. With the fall of Free China, they had been impressed into the Communist armies. So now, with few home ties, they could make a clearer choice between Communism and Freedom as ways of life.

By contrast, very few of the Koreans had been professional soldiers: links with family and village were strong.

Divided as to age groups, some differences are puzzling. Among our Chinese prisoners, 43% of those over 45 chose

* This includes those 6,000 returned in Little Switch on the basis of their health, not their politics. W. L. W.

to go home. But of those under 18, less than 1% wanted repatriation. Communism is supposed to appeal to youth: what happened here? Or in Hungary?

Among the Koreans, we find 59% of those over 45 wanting to return, and 54% of those under 18. For whatever reason, our huge harvest of those rejecting repatriation came from the middle age group—between 18 and 45.

Educational surveys turned up other strange differences. Among the Koreans, most of whom had attended good schools under the Japanese, literacy was 66%. Only 18% of the Chinese captives could read, but this reflects no difference in intelligence.

Among the Chinese, we found that of those with nine years or less of education 80% were anti-Communist, with no difference between degrees of learning. However, those with slightly more schooling (10-12 years) were only 68% anti-Communist. When the educational level rose to college age, only 38% were anti-Communist.

Now comes another surprise. Some of our Chinese captives listed themselves as "students," meaning they had been pulled from Communist schools or colleges when the Korean War began. Of these, not one would go back to China. This was also true of those who listed themselves as merchants, professional men, or government employees.

Turning to the Koreans, there are some upsets. North Korea, beginning with the Japanese surrender in 1945, had had five solid years of Communist occupation before their war broke out. Among Koreans with no education, we find the pro-Communists number 41.5% (contrast this with 20% for the illiterate Chinese).

But turn now to the Koreans with college training. We find only 4.2% of them willing to go home—as contrasted with 62% of the Chinese of equal education.

From these somewhat baffling figures a few conclusions

may be drawn. One is that Communism, whatever its appeal to the few Chinese intellectuals, is detested by the toiling masses, 80% of whom wanted no more of it.

A second is that among the North Koreans, who have had a longer, harder dose of Communism than the Chinese, this creed has for the intellectuals no appeal whatever, for 95% were frantic to leave.

Since the battle within our prison compounds was purely a struggle between two ways of life, these figures give us a look—clear and deep—into the soul of Asia.

Undoubtedly the appeal of Communism is strong in Asia. But the Korean War proved that it tugs only those millions of Asians who know it least. The more distant millions of Indochina, Burma, Indonesia, and India may build on Communism fantasies of hope. But such dreams were impossible for the men in our prison camps, who, whatever they once hoped of Communism, now had known it naked.

The emergence of these sprawling Communist Serf-Empires which mar our century brings new problems to international law. The Geneva Conventions—a product of that 19th-century humanitarianism at which Communists sneer—were written not in the interest of Governments, but for the protection of Peoples.

Although in recent millennia, governments have varied widely in degree of perfection, none until our era has been so bad that prisoners did not want to go home. So the gentle idealists who penned the Hague and Geneva Conventions made repatriation of prisoners a basic human right.

Yet today the Serf-Empires are faced, in any conflict with the Free West, however minor, by the grave problem of their runaway slaves. Consider their viewpoint: dare

they sign anything which would let their armies scamper off to freedom?*

America can help bridge this gap in East-West thinking. A similar issue was burning in our politics exactly one century ago, with its climax in the Dred Scott decision in 1857.

Today, the wrath in Moscow and Peiping over their defecting prisoners is just as real as was the anger of American Senators from the slaveholding Southern states toward anyone who would entice their chattels, and then refuse to herd them back.

When, during the Korean struggle, Soviet Delegate Andrei Vishinsky, speaking in the United Nations on November 24, 1952, contended that all prisoners were "GI"—"government property"—that should be returned, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney of Maryland would have applauded.†

As the NNRC was dissolving, one of its Swiss members pointed out that on the issue of forced repatriation, the Geneva Convention was not clear, only because no one had foreseen it. The Korean settlement had been possible because a special Armistice Agreement had been made for this particular war which, however, will be binding in no other.

* Visiting Austria after the recent uprisings in Budapest, Reporter Paul Garvey, interviewing refugees who had fled over the border, found one North Korean who, because of his honorable war service on the Communist side, had been awarded, with several hundred others, a kind of Marxist Fulbright Scholarship to study at the University of Budapest.

Mixing however with European students, all had been "contaminated" with western concepts of freedom and, when the uprising against Russia came, most had joined their fellow students on the barricades. However when it was quelled, most were returned to Pyongyang in disgrace. W. L. W.

† In his opinion in the case of Dred Scott, a runaway slave, in 1857, Chief Justice Taney argued that slaves had been recognized as property by the Constitution, and so Congress was bound to protect, not prohibit, slavery. W. L. W.

He stressed the need for a new Geneva convocation, to draft a clear statute on this moot point.

Much must be cleared up, starting with the question of whether the signature of any Communist state to the Geneva Conventions has real meaning. Is the real need for new covenants, or is it for honorable Communist compliance with those they have already signed? Communist governments have only recently been coaxed into the Geneva orbit. Looking at what happened in Korea, the Free World may well now ask if the result was worth the trouble.

The Soviet Union had refused to sign the Geneva Conventions of 1929. In World War II it was Joseph Stalin's paranoid suspicions of the International Red Cross (they continued until his death) which probably cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of both Russian and German prisoners.

Shortly after Hitler attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, that government announced that prisoners would be treated in accordance with "the principles of the Hague tribunal" and declared itself willing to send out names of prisoners, if the Germans would reciprocate.

This the Germans did, and presently a list of 300 Soviet prisoners—"written in pencil," the IRC reports—"was received from Germany, and sent on . . . it was also the last." For the Germans, "in view of the fact that no news whatever was being sent from the USSR, refused to furnish any further information until reciprocity became effective."

The same thing happened in the matter of Geneva's efforts to inspect prison camps.

The Germans had allowed one early "unofficial" IRC inspection of Russian prisoners in their Hammerstein Camp. But when the USSR refused to admit IRC delegates to visit the German prisoners, from then on out the Germans barred the IRC from inspecting Russian prisoners.

In 1949 the Swiss called a second International Conference to bring the Rules of War up to date, and the Free

World was pleasantly surprised that Soviet Russia sent delegates who took an active part in the talks.

America got a modification in the food requirement for prisoners. Previously the stipulation was that they be fed the same rations as depot troops of the power which captured them.

World War II had shown, however, that western prisoners sometimes starve on an oriental diet, so the new standard was that food should be sufficient to preserve health and prevent loss of weight.

But a brisk discussion followed over Article 85 of the new Convention, on prisoners of war, which provides that a prisoner prosecuted

FOR ACTS COMMITTED PRIOR TO CAPTURE [i.e., a war criminal] SHALL RETAIN, EVEN IF CONVICTED, THE BENEFITS OF THE PRESENT CONVENTION.

These benefits ensure the prisoner a fair trial, under the same laws that would apply to a soldier of the power which is holding him, and an IRC delegate attends the court hearings. He may pick his own lawyer and if convicted he has the right of appeal and to get mail and food parcels, and the IRC visits continue.

Even if sentenced to death, he may not be executed until six months after the IRC or other "Protecting Power"** has been notified.

Article 85 was proposed because international law still was haunted by the disturbing precedent of the Nuremberg-Tokyo trials—a concept to which in 1945 even America subscribed—that Victors or Captors may unilaterally hang Prisoners or Vanquished for "Crimes against Humanity" defined

* Throughout, the Geneva Conventions provide that this Protecting Power, which guards the rights of prisoners, need not be the International Red Cross—although this body is set up largely for that purpose—but may be any neutral state or humanitarian organization the warring powers can agree on. W. L. W.

by these Captors, and in courts of their picking which (America also provided) "shall not be bound by technical rules of evidence."*

When, during World War II, the Japanese (who had not signed the Geneva Convention) tried and beheaded the captured Doolittle flyers for bombing Tokyo (presumably, in Japanese eyes, a "Crime against Humanity") we protested this wartime execution as a travesty of justice.

But presently a victorious America put on trial captured Japanese General Yamashita, who in the Philippines had commanded the 14th Army Group, holding him personally responsible for the Bataan Death March.

Yamashita was convicted, but on the basis of considerable hearsay and deposition evidence, which would have been thrown out by any American court, either in civil proceedings or in a court-martial.

On these grounds, his case was appealed to the American Supreme Court. Here was our chance to show the Japanese—who presumably were learning Democracy at our knee—that American courts were above war hysteria, and would see that an enemy prisoner on trial for his life got his full measure of rights under our laws. Furthermore, Ordinance No. 7 was no Act of Congress, but only a War Department promulgation, which should hardly abash an American Supreme Court Justice.

But what our highest court did was to uphold US Military Government Ordinance No. 7, under which we then proceeded, with appropriate ceremony, to hang General Yamashita. Ironically, this Supreme Court precedent also cleared the Japanese of much blame in beheading our Doolittle flyers. For if we can enjoy the luxury of wartime shortcuts to justice, with free-wheeling rules of evidence, why could not they?

* From the text of the US Military Government Ordinance No. 7, authorizing the Nuremberg and Tokyo trials. W. L. W.

It was in part to halt the codification of such Neanderthal precedents into international law that the Swiss convoked the Geneva Convention in 1949. At this conference the American delegate favored a return to more civilized standards as represented by Article 85, which guarantees a prisoner the rudiments of justice at least while in captivity, however savagely the victors may dispose of him when the war is over.

The Soviet delegation, which had opposed Article 85 in the discussions, signed this 1949 Geneva Convention with a lengthy reservation, announcing that the USSR would not give the benefits of the Convention to any prisoner they might see fit to convict, "in accordance with the principles of the Nuremberg trial, for war crimes. . . ."

This Soviet reservation was presently carbon-copied by every Communist satellite "Tank Democracy" which later signed or approved the Conventions, including the Chinese Communist regime, in 1952.

The Korean War has shown that this reservation is an escape hatch whereby Communist states may evade Geneva's most solemn obligations. An American soldier became, by Communist definition, a "war criminal" simply by setting foot on Korean soil. His rights as a prisoner of war then vanished.

Still more vital is the matter of the Protecting Power, which is the Geneva Convention's only machinery of enforcement. Although in July of 1950 the North Korean government announced it would abide by the Geneva Convention, these pages have chronicled (perhaps in tedious detail) Swiss efforts to get access to our prisoners.

Again this follows sad Soviet precedent, for never, since the establishment of Communism in November of 1917, has any Communist state ever opened its frontiers to any neutral inspector on any matter, however paltry, this ban extending even to the stratosphere above those sorry lands, as America

was to discover when, in 1955, President Eisenhower proposed mutual aerial inspection of armaments.

If the paranoid xenophobia of Communism bars even inspection from the air in time of peace, who will dare hope it would admit neutral inspecting delegates in wartime?

Without neutral inspection, what value has any Communist signature on any Geneva Convention?

Some, perhaps.

For although no Communist state is concerned over its own tightly controlled public opinion, it still must (and does) give heed to that of the Free World.

So, even though we are now forewarned of the small value of any Communist promise, for the sake of future prisoners it is surely worth another earnest effort to strengthen and clarify the Geneva Conventions.

But now, shrill and timid voices surely will ask, why concern ourselves with prisoners since, when war next comes, all without distinction of uniform may well be fried by nuclear fission?

The answer is that if, in our almost two millennia of Western Christendom, anything remains worth saving from the brutish materialism of Karl Marx, it is surely typified by the quaint 19th-century kindness of those gentle Geneva Swiss:

—the concept that Man is more worthy of respect even than those governments which, in his folly, he creates.

—that Man, even in defeat and humbled as a prisoner, has a dignity which should be inviolate.

If ever a time should come when we find these sweet and simple truths no longer worth our striving, then let the Termite State take over, and All Hail the Coming of the Night.

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